
Class No.....

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THICK darkness brooded over the blue waters of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, and spread its black pall above the gardens of the Serai and the dusty waste of the Bezestan, the domes of Aya-Sofiah, and the crumbling arch of the Bab-i-Humayun. From the Port of Kara-Keui to the Tepeh-Bashi, the hill-top above the English Embassy, the busy buzz of life was hushed through the crowded hives of Galata, and the eddies of traffic crossed and chafed no more in the steep and stony high street of Pera.

In a word, Stamboul slept.

But in *one* inner room of *one* Konak there were eyes yet open and brains still wide awake. This was in the Inner Chamber of the Palace of MIDHAT PASHA, where sat A COUNCIL OF THREE. On the right, in the red fez and blue surtout of Stamboul officialism, sat MIDHAT; on the left, in the ample green turban of the Hadji and the flowing robe of Osmanli orthodoxy, was the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM; and in the centre, Turk for the nonce as to the outer man, Tartar to those who might try to catch him, and True Briton, as ever, in heart, the "Pasha-in-Pasha" of endless tales—PUNCH!

Yes, I was there—in that pregnant moment big with the future of at least one Turkey, and, probably, several Eagles—as the Representative of Great Britain, by a warranty over-riding Foreign Office credentials, and higher than mere diplomatic functions; the confidant and *secrétaire intime* of BRITANNIA, the mouthpiece of JOHN BULL.

I had found MIDHAT buried in what, in my playful manner I had ventured to call his "Mid-hat-ations among the tombs,"—for, indeed, the blood of the wretched ABDUL AZIZ was scarce dry on the marble floor of the Cheragan Palace, and the imperfectly cleansed stains of CAPTAIN HASSAN'S wholesale slaughter were still visible on the pavement and walls of the Council Chamber in which we sat.

Yes. "Turks" were down with a vengeance: Never did "Bear" under a heavy "*contango*" work more desperately for a rise in the market, than did poor MIDHAT, now Master of the Situation—such a situation!—and the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM work to get a diplomatic rise out of PUNCH!

"Allah-il-allah, Mahommed ressoul Allah!" I heard the SHEIKH muttering, as he ran the beads of his chaplet helplessly through his fingers.

"He means," interposed MIDHAT, with a rather sickly smile, "'there is no power but England, and PUNCH is its prophet;' and you are here for *our* profit, too," he added, stooping, in his mortal anxiety, to what your dignified Turk rarely condescends to—a pun. "Say it is so. The English are our friends. Yes—you are going to back us up once more against those Kaffirs—those dogs, the Russki—as in the old Crimean days? *Bono Johnny!*"

"Distinguish," I said—it is so hard not to talk French in one's diplomatic moments. "There are 'friends' and 'friends.' Your best 'friends,' just now, my dear MIDHAT, and my Venerable SHEIKH, are those, believe me, who will tell you disagreeable truths——"

"All truths are disagreeable," interposed MIDHAT, with a sigh.

"What can a Christian dog know of truth, agreeable or disagreeable?" growled the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM. "There is no truth outside of the Koran."

"There it is!" I said, in English, to MIDHAT. "How do you propose to give equal rights to the SULTAN's subjects, Christian and Mahometan, under your new Constitution, while you have this orthodox old Gentleman in the green turban to settle accounts with?" MIDHAT groaned. "We had better come to a clear understanding at once," I continued. "England is quite disposed to stand between the SULTAN and foul play. We don't mean to allow Russia to take possession of your iron-clads, or to occupy Turkish waters. That's why BRITANNIA is just now counting her chickens, and their shells, in Besika Bay."

"And the Russkis know it," chuckled MIDHAT. "That's why IGNATIEFF is so civil all of a sudden."

"But we are just as unwilling to stand between Moslem misgovernment and its retribution. We won't help Russki or Prusski, Austrian or Magyar, Teuton or Slav, to bleed you to death under pretence of breathing a vein, or to hamstring you on the pretext of giving you a lift out of the ditch; but we don't mean to aid you in putting down insurrection which is the natural fruit of oppression. If you can't turn your Slaves into subjects, the less you look to us to help you keep them Slaves the better. If you can trust Osmanli and Christian alike with arms for military service; if you can restrain both alike from carrying arms in time of peace; if your Oadis can be made to enforce the same law fairly against both Christian and Moslem; if you can find officials fairly to levy fair taxes on all creeds alike; and Valis to treat Rayahs with respect, and their women with decency; whether the miracle be wrought by dint of your New Constitution, or by a new reading of my friend the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM's old Koran, then PUNCH will undertake that JOHN BULL will stand your friend, and that it *shall* be Bono Johnny again, as in the old Crimean days. But, if not—if the old abominations are to be perpetuated, with no change but a MOURAD for an ABDUL AZIZ—don't trust to England to stand your friend. All I can promise in that case is that, if it comes to a fight between you and those you are not strong enough to govern well, but who have grown too strong to be any longer ill-governed as of old, England will see you have a clear field, and no favour. More than that she won't and can't do——"

As I spoke, MIDHAT's face had been growing longer and longer. As for the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM, I fancy, though he still kept mechanically fingering his beads, that he must have fallen asleep; at all events, he gave no sign of understanding. Just then I heard a rustling behind the curtains which veiled a doorway. I recognised the thrilling *frou-frou* of feminine garments.

"Ah, ha!" I exclaimed, with a wink at the Minister.

"My *hareem*!" blushed MIDHAT. "She *will* do it. The other day I imported a cargo of Western notions for Office use. A report of the Woman's Rights Association must have been slipped in among them. Ever since she has led me such a life! The Eastern Question was bad enough, without this worst of Western Questions turning up in my *anderoon*."

As he spoke, a mysteriously muffled figure, in *feridji* and *yashmak*, stepped majestically from behind the *portière*. Her right hand was raised as in menace; with her left, she laid a rose-tipped finger where the gleam of red lips and white teeth shone temptingly through the semi-transparent muslin.

The Eastern Question, provocative, veiled, mysterious, seemed suddenly to have taken bodily form, and to stand revealed before me.

"Hem!—as I said—the Eastern Question,"—faltered MIDHAT, with an uneasy glance at the muffled apparition, and in a voice in which marital authority seemed ineffectually struggling to keep up appearances. "May I request you will——"

"Pop it?" I exclaimed, gallantly raising to my lips the warm, white fingers of the shrouded *odalisque*. "By all means—if you, my poppet, will only be good enough to answer:—but on one condition—that, before I pop *that* question, you read, mark, and digest *this*—to help you to answer it." And dexterously contriving to catch hold of the veiled Beauty's hand under her *feridji*, I slipped into it—my SEVENTIETH VOLUME!





THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(With a series of the Month.)

JANUARY.

JANUARY brings its Bills,
So the year begins with ills.
If one's credit be precarious,
Hilarity finds us not hilarious.
Frequent winds from S. and W.
Blow no good, but tease and trouble you.
Frosts to nip and wet to weary,
Nights all dark, and days all dreary,
Most things that may plague and pain us
Meet us with the Month of Janus.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY, short not sweet!
Noses nipped and chilly feet
Still in fashion. Salmon fishing
Now commences. Boobies wishing
That absurdest sport may try it;
When I fancy fish, I buy it.
Fools on things called "Pancakes" dine,
Others court St. Valentine.
Which is worst,—an open question,—
Mooncalf love or indigestion?
Leap Year! So more muffs will marry
In this present February.

MARCH.

March brings with it lords of cares,
Makes one mad as its own fairs.
Dust, a breeze, the weather boreal,
Polar winds or equinoctial.
All alike in bringing bother
In its forms of slush or smother.
Lady Day! poor tenant's sorrow,
Lent, bad times for those who borrow.
Vernal equinox,—day and night
Equally without delight.
St. Patrick's Day,—its senseless wars,
For this blustering Month of Mars!

SPECIAL NOTE FOR 1876.—Leap year. Quadrennial celebration of birthdays all over the world. Great excitement in the hunting-field. Extraordinary facts at Athens: Sports. Grand International Leap-frog Competition at the Alexandra Palace. Paper read before the Statistical Society, giving the average number of persons who look before they leap, and quoting instances of people who have taken a leap in the dark during the last four years.

JANUARY 1.—Good-resolution-making begins.

JAN. xxxi Days.

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|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | W | 2 | Tu | 3 | We | 4 | Th | 5 | Fr | 6 | Sa | 7 | Su |
| 8 | Mo | 9 | Tu | 10 | We | 11 | Th | 12 | Fr | 13 | Sa | 14 | Su |
| 15 | Mo | 16 | Tu | 17 | We | 18 | Th | 19 | Fr | 20 | Sa | 21 | Su |
| 22 | Mo | 23 | Tu | 24 | We | 25 | Th | 26 | Fr | 27 | Sa | 28 | Su |
| 29 | Mo | 30 | Tu | 31 | We | | | | | | | | |

MARCH.

Mar. xxxi Days.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| 1 | W | 2 | Tu | 3 | We | 4 | Th | 5 | Fr | 6 | Sa | 7 | Su |
| 8 | Mo | 9 | Tu | 10 | We | 11 | Th | 12 | Fr | 13 | Sa | 14 | Su |
| 15 | Mo | 16 | Tu | 17 | We | 18 | Th | 19 | Fr | 20 | Sa | 21 | Su |
| 22 | Mo | 23 | Tu | 24 | We | 25 | Th | 26 | Fr | 27 | Sa | 28 | Su |
| 29 | Mo | 30 | Tu | 31 | We | | | | | | | | |

SIGHS TO THE SIGNS.

(By a British Hydrophobist.)

MERE watery sameness wearies, dear AQUARIUS,
Let New Year's weather, then, we pray, be various!

Remember mortals are not piscine, PISCES,
Even in such a pluvial isle as this is!

Wind, and not wet, we look for under ARIES,
Hydraulic RAM we hate—love RAM when fair he is!

If some few vernal showers should come with TAURUS,
'Tis well; but why with floods come Bull's-run o'er us?

Whelm not May's flowers with tears, O gentle GEMINI!
Or *Flores nunquam respondebunt semine!*

Regard the Roses, be not crabby, CANCER,
Shine when we ask—with showers do not answer!

Sprinkle no raindrops from your mane, great LEO,
But from St. Swithin's spell the forty free, O!

Swift Summer takes her flight with thee, and, ergo,
Be not *all* Niobe, O gentle VIRGO!

Spoil not our sports with daily deluge, LIBRA,
Not e'en hard cash can buy blue sky or bribe ray!

October Ale! god tippie, SCORPIO,
Blest hard, if to it his song's weft and warp he owe!

November fogs attend thee, SAGITTARIUS,
Bid not hydraulics make us *less* hilarious!

A dry December grant, dear CAPRICORNUS,
So plead we round the Zodiac. Signs, *don't* scorn us!

DISTRESSING SPECTACLE.—A short-sighted person
looking into futurity.

MAD MATHEMATICS.

THE inventor of the following proof fancies it not
unworthy of the Mathematical Department of Colwell
Hatchney. To prove that 10 is an even number—

9 is IX
6 is SIX
∴ by subtraction 3 is -S
But 7 is SEVEN
∴ by addition 10 is EVEN Q.E.D.

FEBRUARY 2.—Candlemas. Gas discovered.
FEBRUARY 14.—Bishop Valentine took his seat in
the House of Lords. Cupid born. General Post Office
enlarged.

DEFINE the difference between a Musical-Box and a
Band-Box.



PISCATORIAL.

Miss Blanché (to the Old Coachman). "O JOHN, WILL YOU PUT THIS WORM ON THE HOOK FOR ME? I CAN'T BEAR TO DO IT!"
 Old John (dubiously). "WELL—I'M SURE SOME O' THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN WOULDN'T MIND, MISS,—BUT I'VE RATHER A DALLICOT STOMACH MYSELF, MISS, AND I'VEAVE AT ANYTHING!"

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT MEN.

It is not generally known that the Poet Laureate is liable to painful attacks of doubt and hesitation. Not long ago he went into the shop of MESSRS. PIESSE AND LURIN, and, after chatting with the two eminent Perfumers for some time, looked sadly at them, shook his head, and saying,

"I know not which is sweeter! No! not I!"

sighed, and left the shop.

MR. BASS, as he one day escorted MRS. HEMANS over his brewery at Burton, expressed in warm terms his admiration of her poetry, and told her how much he coveted her power of giving pleasure to thousands. The Poetess laughed at his enthusiasm. "Your success is greater than mine," she said, "for

"Earth's noblest sons thy bitter cup have shared."

POPE was very much attached to LORD ELCHO, and was accustomed, in familiar conversation, to call him "Honest Instinet." Being asked by LORD RANELAGH to explain this singular appellation, POPE replied, "You would not ask such a question had you read my *Essay on Man*, but would remember

"How Honest Instinet comes, a Volunteer
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK was surprised one day at meeting THOMSON in Threadneedle Street, and asked him, in much astonishment, what had brought him into the City. The Poet of *The Seasons* pointed to a number of grey-headed old gentlemen, who were walking briskly in the same direction, and said, archly, "This is Dividend day, and

"I seek the Bank where flowery elders crowd."

The same Poet, hearing HERR DANNREUTHER praise the works of WAGNER the Composer, asked what WAGNER had written; and, on being told that his music was called "*The Music of the Future*," replied, "Yes, yes; I understand! We had such music in the *Castle of Indolence*. It was

"A certain music never known before."

BOSWELL one day told DR. JOHNSON that the REV. REND JOHN MACAULAY, in his *History of St. Kilda*, had stated as a well-authenticated fact that, whenever a stranger approaches that island, all the inhabitants take cold.* "Why, Sir," replied the Doctor, "you are

* Vide BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

not to suppose that there is anything singular in that. It only shows that the islanders prefer the stranger's rheum to his company."

During the frost, the RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON went into the office of the *Spectator*, in Wellington Street, and asked for a little brandy and a clothes' brush, giving as a reason for this singular request, that he had just had a severe fall on a slide. The Editor, who did not quite comprehend the exclamation, exclaimed hastily, "When did you fall?"—"O!" replied the great moralist, "it was

"When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran."

"How is it that you always get an invitation to the Guildhall dinner on the ninth of November?" said SIR JULES BENEDICT to MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. "I don't exactly know," was the reply; "but I think that I must owe it to my connection with *Boosey's Annual*."

HORACE and MÆCENAS were walking down the Strand one day last Spring, just as a great crowd of ladies was pouring out of Exeter Hall. "What is all this about?" said MÆCENAS. "Don't you know?" said HORACE. "*Jam veris comites*. This is the time for May Meetings."

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE APOTHECARY.

January.—Came up to London in a Cheap Jack's cart, and established myself in lodgings in the East End.

February.—Thought out and perfected my Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health. Inserted advertisement in a newspaper asking for a capitalist.

March.—Met a capitalist, who entered into my scheme with enthusiasm. Arranged that he should find £10,000—I the invention. Explained, on leaving him, that I had eaten nothing for three days. He expressed his regret, but refused to allow his servants to give me any dinner.

April.—Appearance of the Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health. Immense success. Branches for the sale of the same established in all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

May.—The price of soap (the principal ingredient of the Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health) having risen, forced to take advantage of the laws of my country. Made the acquaintance of the Chief Judge of Bank-

ruptcy, and asked him to kindly accept the arrangement of my money matters.

June.—Became Consulting Chemist to a tavern-keeper, and, by scientific adulteration, increased the profits of his business largely.

July.—An inquest having proved to me that my connection with the tavern-keeper was a dangerous one, turned my attention to other branches of industry. Wrote the prospectus of the New National Hospital for the Cure of Baldness.

August.—At work all the month on the National Hospital. Obtained the names of several Dukes and many M. for the first list of Vice-Patrons. Vice-Patrons £20 to £50.

September.—The National Hospital flourishing greatly. The list of Vice-Patrons (after the appearance of the names of the Dukes and the Marquises) increased a hundredfold. Foundation of the seaside branch of the Hospital laid at the close of the month.

October.—The National Hospital at the height of its popularity. A very crowded staff of officials and one patient. Grand dinner on Michaelmas Day. The Secretary (myself) in old English fashion called the goose.

November.—The New National Hospital for the Cure of Baldness taken up by the medical papers, and exposed.

December.—Went back into the country, and passed Christmas Day in the privacy of my Cheap Jack's cart.

SLIGHTED ATTENTION.

I TOOK a Narcissus
 Home unto my Missus
 On the morn of our blest wedding-day.
 She might have bethought her
 To put it in water;
 But she smelt it—and threw it away.

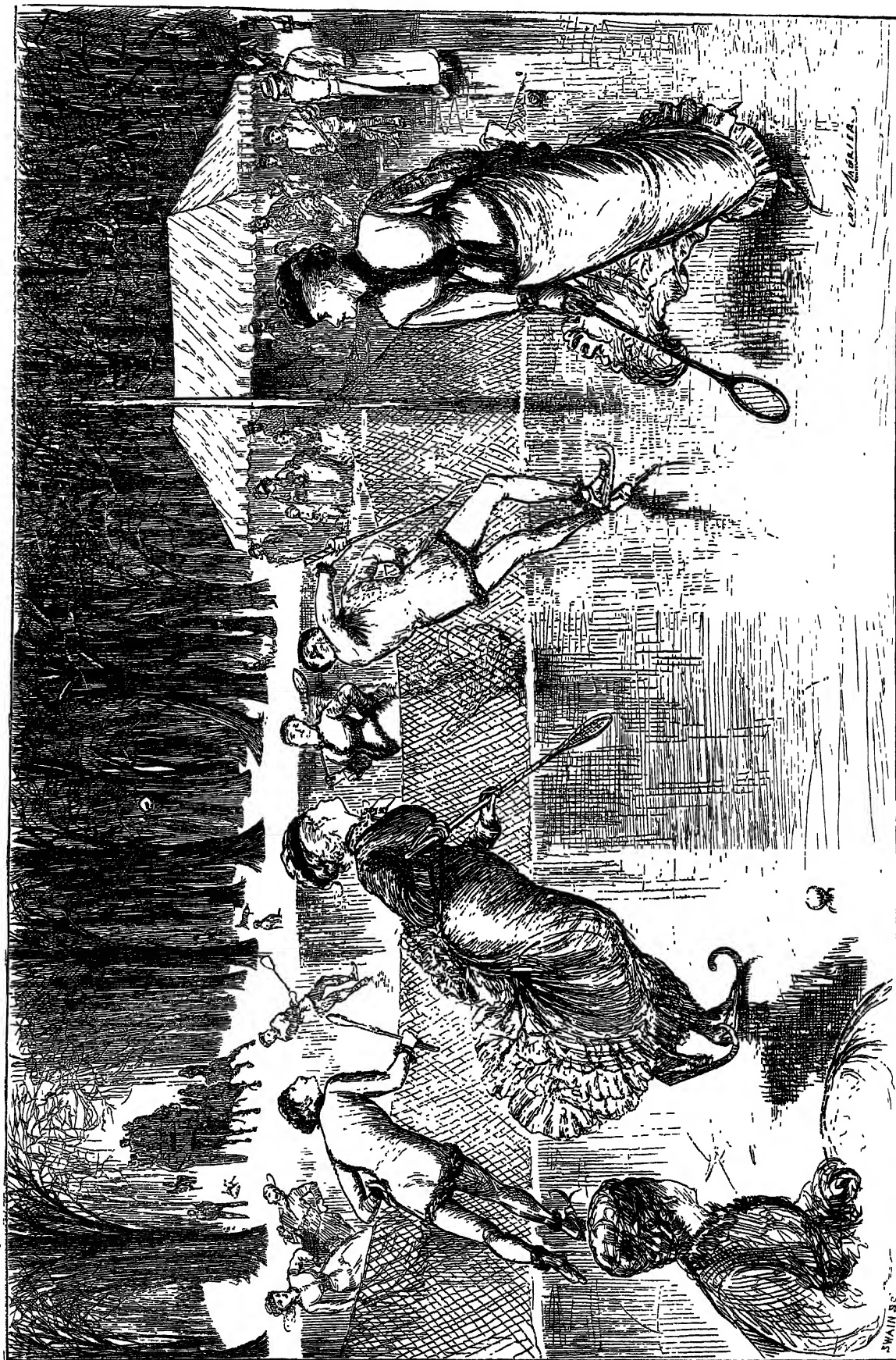
A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—The reason why so many people go to sleep in church is, because they rest against the "poppy heads."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—Natives at five shillings a dozen.

HOME MEASURES.—A tablespoonful three times a day.

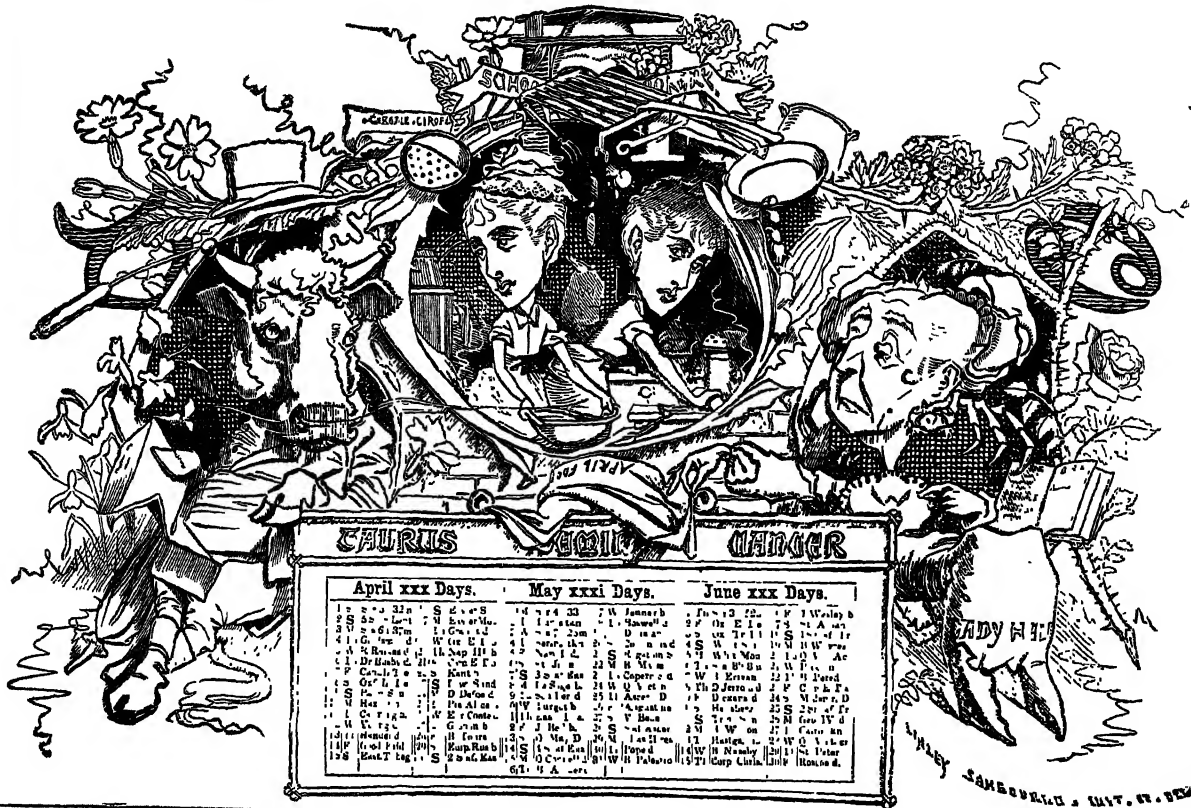
SOME persons are thoroughly imperturbable. Nothing can shock them—not even an earthquake.

A TEMPERANCE PUBLIC-HOUSE.—A Slop-shop.



RINK-TENNIS.

SWAIN S.



DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE SOLDIER.

January.—Entered the Service as a recruit, in spite of the protest of the Rector of my native village. Spent my bounty money in dissipation, and was passed over to the dépôt.

February.—Found myself in the Infantry. Immediately on receiving my kit, deserted, and came up to London.

March.—After a fortnight's pleasuring, shaved off my whiskers, and entered the Service again. The Magistrate who "swore me in" warned me that I was sacrificing my prospects in life by becoming a soldier.

April.—Found myself in the Cavalry. Took a distaste to "stables," and deserted.

May.—After living upon the proceeds of my "free kit" for a short time, determined to enter the Service again. Shaved off my moustache, and was duly sworn in. A Clergyman on the bench admonished me that I was throwing my future to the dogs by wearing Her Majesty's uniform.

June.—Found myself in the Artillery. Gun drill appeared to be hard work. After a fortnight at Woolwich, made up my mind to desert, and deserted.

July.—Thought I would try the Militia. Joined a Metropolitan regiment, and finding "position drill" a nuisance, deserted.

August.—My funds being low, made up my mind that I had not given the Militia a fair chance. Left London and joined a country Militia regiment.

September.—Early morning drill unpleasant. Deserted, and went to Scotland. True to my love for the Auxiliary Forces, joined a Highland Militia regiment.

October.—Requiring change of air, deserted to Ireland, and joined a Militia regiment in the Emerald Isle.

November.—All the trainings seem now over; suddenly tired of the Militia. Came back to England, and, leaving my regiment (in my usual fashion), joined the Royal Engineers.

December.—Found I was expected to learn a trade. This did not suit me, so I "exchanged" (in my old style) into the Marines, purposing to take a little sea voyage to escape the kind inquiries of many military friends. Eat my Christmas dinner, and on the last day of the old year packed up my traps and—deserted!

GEOLOGY OF IRIN.—"Snakes," says an Irish Naturalist, "never existed in Ireland, where they became extinct entirely through the preaching of St. Patrick." Search the bog-formations, however, for the remains of the O'FIDIANAS.

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

APRIL.

APRIL starts with All Fools' Day
(That runs all the year I say);
Poets call this month the *vernial*,
Weather commonly infernal!
Spring is on us—with a spring;
Blows and pours like anything!
April showers—in the form
Of a (frigid) tropic storm.
Bards sing Canticles—sheer cant!
Time for planting—all a "plant!"
Stick the Bards on dunce's stools,
They but make us—April Fools!

MAY.

MAY! pet month with every poet.
Flowers blow—and winds too, blow it!
Bards! On their own "lines" I'd string 'em
For their ribs. Top coat and gingham
Still essential. One flesh bore—
The R.A.'s throw wide their door!
Table-talk is all of pictures,
Critic cant, and stupid strictures.
May in Nature is a sham,
May in Art gush, crush, and cram!
Pipe me no more ditties pray
On the "merry Month of May!"

JUNE.

JUNE! Again the Bards begin.
"Summer is yocmen in."
Yet without a Sangster stout
He's a fool who'll venture out.
Roses! pretty in a poem.
Did you ever try to grow 'em?
After toilsome eyes and morns
Find a crop of—leaves and thorns?
Year attains another quarter,
Days, and tempers too, grow shorter.
Muse, your lyre is out of tune,
Leave "the leafy Month of June!"

RULE AND EXCEPTION.—"When things are at the worst they sometimes mend." Some things are too bad to mend any more. A saying true of things in general, if not *à propos de bottles*.

IN QUEST OF LODGINGS.—Recollect you can always obtain bed and board, without any additional payment for the latter, by sleeping on the floor.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE SAILOR.

January.—Found myself on board the *Lively Polly*. Could not account for my presence on deck. The last thing I remembered was the parlour of a riverside tavern.

February.—The *Lively Polly* quite safe in calm water, but being heavily insured was unlucky enough to sink in a storm.

March.—After ten days in an open boat, made the land. Kindly treated by the owner of a public-house.

April.—Found myself suddenly on board the *Copper Coffin*, with a cargo of cotton. The *Copper Coffin*, being manned with a crew of "choice spirits," caught fire.

May.—After an unpleasant journey on a bit of broken spar, made the land. Having acquired a temporary distaste for the sea, entered the lighter service.

June.—In charge of a lighter freighted with gunpowder and other innocent materials. Met an old friend, had a glass of ale, lighted a pipe, and blew up.

July.—Joined the Naval Reserve, and found out the secret of obtaining the maximum of pay for the minimum of work.

August.—Entered the Royal Navy, and was draughted into an Iron-clad.

September.—Went in the Iron-clad to the bottom of the sea.

October.—Having risen to the surface, made my way to London, and started "The Deceased Mariners' Aid Society." Lived sumptuously upon the subscriptions.

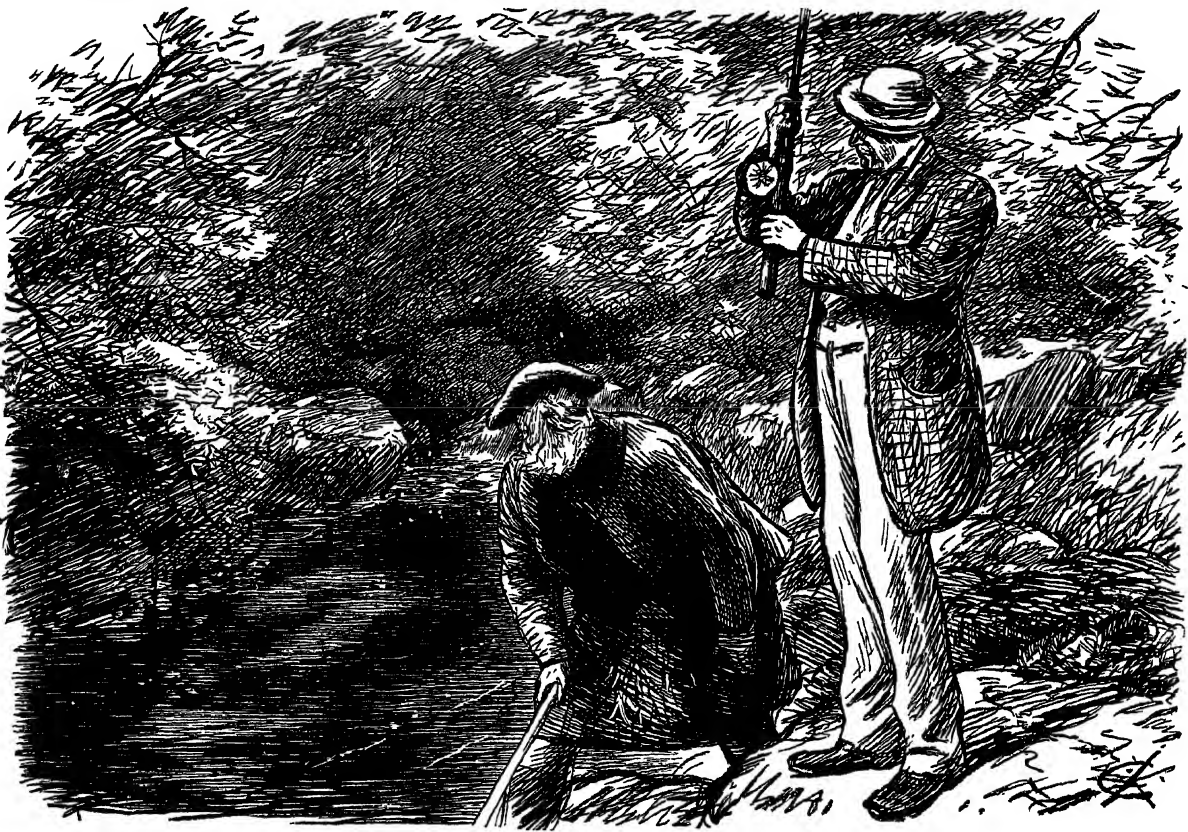
November.—The subscribers of "The Deceased Mariners' Aid Society" asking disagreeable questions, entered the Merchant Service—on this occasion with all my wits about me.

December.—Assisted in putting my Captain in irons, and kept Christmas merrily by breaking into the spirit cupboard and going to the bottom. Not being born to be drowned, picked up and brought to England. Ended the year in the parlour of a sea-side tavern, in a happy state of unconsciousness.

"RINKUM TENEATIS, AMICI."

OFTENTIMES in merry May,
When the water nearly freezes,
Tender leaves on many a spray
Shrivelling droop in Eastern breezes.

Christmas come again you think.
Then, whilst genuine ice awaiting,
Go, glide o'er the mimic "Rink,"
And sing, "What a day for skating!"



WORDS AND WEIGHTS.

Angler. "DEUCED ODD, DONALD, I CAN'T GET A FISH OVER SEVEN POUNDS, WHEN THEY SAY MAJOR GRANT ABOVE US KILLED HALF A DOZEN LAST WEEK THAT TURNED TWENTY POUNDS APEIGE!"

Donald. "AWEEL, SIR, IT'S NO THAT MUCKLE ODDS I'TH SAWMON,—BUT THAR FOWK UP THE WATTER IS BIGGER LEERARS THAN WE ARE DOON HERE!"

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE TINKER.

January.—Began the year as Private Secretary to a popular Member of Parliament.

February.—Prepared several speeches to be used at charity dinners by my Chief.

March.—The Session having commenced, armed myself for the coming campaign by reading the whole edition of the *Annual Register* and learning HAYDN'S *Dictionary of Dates* by heart. Bought a *Lemprière* to be used in the concoction of classical speeches.

April.—Very busy on the orations of my Chief. Added to my library a good *Dictionary of Quotations*.

May.—Went down to the borough of my Chief, and represented "popular enthusiasm" on his arrival.

June.—Wrote a pamphlet upon the Currency, and contributed (to two leading magazines) a couple of articles, headed "International Law" and "Persian Learning in the Middle Ages." The brochure and the papers appeared with my Chief's name attached to them.

July.—Attended Committee Meetings at the House of Commons, and suggested questions to be put by my Chief to the witnesses summoned before him.

August.—My Chief being away shooting in the Highlands, attended to the thousand and one claims of his five hundred and two constituents.

September.—Travelled down to the borough of my Chief, and got up his Testimonial Committee. Became Honorary Secretary to that not very distinguished body.

October.—Organised the rejoicing on the arrival of my Chief in the borough of his adoption. "Laughed" and "cheered" at the proper time during the presentation of the Testimonial Inkstand.

November.—My Chief weary of politics, accepted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and invited me to accept my dismissal.

December.—Out of work.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—BOSWELL has nowhere recorded the saying, attributed to DOCTOR JOHNSON, "Sir, it is of no use for a nation to enlist sympathies unless it can also enlist soldiers."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Do not attempt to feed Pigs on Grains of Paradise. A Calf is none the better for being reared on Asses' Milk.

NEW LONDON STREET DIRECTORY.

Adam Street.—Antediluvian anecdotes and traditions still linger here.

Air Street.—Doctors send their patients to this locality for change.

Aldermanbury.—Visited by numbers of bereaved relatives.

Amwell Street.—Always healthy.

Barking Alley.—To be avoided in the Dog Days.

Boy Court.—Not far from Child's Place.

Canonile Street.—See Wormwood Street.

Coldbath Square.—Very bracing.

Distaff Lane.—Full of Spinsters.

Farm Street.—Highly sensitive to the fluctuations of the corn market.

Fashion Street.—Magnificent sight in the height of the Season.

First Street.—Of immense antiquity.

Friday Street.—Great jealousy felt by all the other days of the week.

Garlick Hill.—Make a little *détour*.

Glasshouse Street.—Heavily insured against hail-storms.

Godliman Street.—Irreproachable.

Great Smith Street.—Which of the Smiths is this?

Grundy Street.—Named after that famous historic character.—MRS. GRUNDY.

Hercules Buildings.—Rich in traditions and stories of the "Labours" of the Founder.

Homer Street.—Literally classic ground. The house pointed out in connection with "the blind old bard" has long since disappeared.

Idol Lane.—Where are the Missionaries?

Ivy Lane.—This, and Lillypot Lane, and Woodpecker Lane, and Wheatshaf Yard, and White Thorn Street, all sweetly rural. It is difficult to make a selection.

Lamb's Conduit Street.—Touching description (by the oldest inhabitant) of the young lambs coming to drink at the conduit.

Liquorpond Street.—See Philpot Lane.

Love Lane.—What sort of love? The "love of the turtle?"

Lupus Street. } Both dangerous.
Maddox Street. }

Milk Street.—Notice the number of pumps.

Mincing Lane.—Mincing is now mostly done elsewhere, by machinery.

Orchard Street.—The last apple was gathered here about the time that the last coursing match took place in Hare Court.

Paper Buildings.—Wonderfully substantial! Brief paper extensively used in these buildings.

Paradise Street. } Difficult to choose between the
Peerless Street. } two.

Poultry. } Crowded at Christmas.

Pudding Lane. }

Quality Court.—Most aristocratic.

Riches Court.—Not a house to be had for love or money.

Shepherdess Walk.—Ought to be near Shepherds' Bush.

Trump Street.—Noted for whist.

Type Street.—Leaves a most favourable impression.

World's End Passage.—Finis.

LINES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

To-day the year begins,
To-day your task commence:
Pick up the casual pins,
And one short twelvemonth hence,
You'll be rewarded for your pains
With fourpence as your thrifty gains.

MYTHOLOGY AND MUSIC.—In the Grecian Sculpture Room at the British Museum, inquire of the attendant to see the portions of the walls of Thebes, said to have been originally built by Amphion at the sound of his lyre. That is a mistake: as you will find that the columns were fluted.

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—"Circumstances alter cases"—but never, not even in the greatest emergency, the nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, vocative, or ablative.

GOING INTO THE OTHER EXTREME.—Some men carry their aversion to what they call "gush" to such an extent, that they will not allow their feelings even to trickle.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—BAXTOPP, the noted cricketer, speaking of the shape of his daughter's face, described it as a Kennington Oval.

HOW UNLIKE AN ALMANACK!—Assizes have no Saints in the Calendar.

COUNTY DISTINCTIONS.

Ayrshire.—Shares, with the Isle of Skye, the distinction of having inspired more jokes than any other district in Her Majesty's Dominions.

Beds.—Noted for its excellent sleeping accommodation.

Bucks.—From time immemorial the male population have been great dandies.

Ches(s)hire.—The head-quarters of this engrossing game.

Corw.—Convivial. Famous for its claret and whiskey.

Down.—Not always—up as well.

Dublin.—See Census returns of population.

Etc.—Music!

Herts.—Does it? Where?

Hunts.—Foxes, packs of hounds, sportsmen in scarlet, and whippers-in everywhere during the Season.

Oxon.—One great Cattle Show.

Somerset.—The inhabitants are brought up from infancy to turn heels over head.

Stirling.—Of genuine worth.

W. S..—Of less consequence and a great deal, so largely taken the place of a lake.

Wigtown.—The evening parties here are a great sight.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

LOVE, yonder Autumn leaves are gold,
Our locks turn silver when we're old.
But like the trees we need not fare,
A fluid can revive grey hair,
And when, as foliage, hair is shod,
Men, unlike trees, wear wigs instead.

HOW TO OBSERVE ALL SAINTS' DAY.—Devote yourself particularly to St. Julien, St. Estephe, and St. Emilion.

CHANGE FOR AN ADAGE.—Half a loaf is better than no sugar.



FOR THE MOORS.

De Tumkyns (who is ordering a Shooting Suit). "I-AW-WANT SOME KIND OF-AW-STUFF—COLOUR OF HEATHER, Y'KNOW,—SO THAT THE GWOUSE WON'T RECOGNISE ME, Y'KNOW!"

ANACHRONISMS.

The Lady who does not follow the fashion.

The Parson who does not go in for Ritual and Confessional.

The Tradesman who does not adulterate.

The Bishop who gives his reasons for doing wrong.

The Premier who does not let his subordinates make blunders.

The ex-Premier who does not use his hatchet upon everything.

The Poet who does not think himself greater than SHAKESPEARE.

The Novelist who is not of the female sex.

The First Lord of the Admiralty who is not an old woman.

The Critic who writes the truth of his enemy's book.

The Financier who pays his clients eighteen per cent., and is never a bankrupt.

The Publisher who cannot afford oyster-sauce with his rump-steak.

The Author who can.

The Stockbroker who makes less than twenty thousand a-year.

The Yachtsman who is never sea-sick.

The Lady who "Winks" without fear of a tumble.

The Prince who has great fear of any adventure, however brilliant and perilous.

AT THE RINK.

Of what is the old man thinking,
As he sits in his old arm-chair?
He's thinking that he'd be Rinking,
If try it he only dare.
He's thinking, that, when you're Rinking,
Unless you take lots of care,
You'll be on your back, like winking,
And stunned before you're aware.

A TRUISM FOR ALL TIME.—No rooms like mushrooms.



A BELGRAVIAN MOTHER.

Ethelinda. "MOTHER! ISN'T IT WICKED TO SAY 'YOU BE BLOWED,' AS ALGY DOES?"

Mother. "IT'S WORSE THAN WICKED, MY DEAR—IT'S 'VULGAR!'"

A WET DIARY.

January.—Buy a house in the Midland Counties. Put a Housekeeper in it to look after it.

February.—Housekeeper writes to say that, owing to the floods, the neighbourhood is very damp and unhealthy.

March.—Housekeeper writes to say that the garden is under water.

April.—Housekeeper writes to say that there is two foot of water in the drawing-room, and that the furniture is floating about.

May.—Housekeeper writes to say that eighty feet of the garden wall has been washed away.

June.—Housekeeper writes to say that the two horses, one cow, and four pigs are drowned.

July.—Go and stop in the house myself.

August.—Escape from the bedroom windows in a boat.

September.—In bed with rheumatic fever.

October.—Housekeeper writes to say that the floods are out worse than ever.

November.—Somebody writes to say that the Housekeeper has been drowned.

December.—Will try and sell house in the Midland Counties.

LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

WHEN Hero saw Leander die,
"O, Leander!" she did cry;
And what the cruel ocean slew,
Into an "O-Leander" grew!

A MAIDEN ATTEMPT.—Said EDITH to MABEL, "Is not that a pretty tree?" She pointed to a handsome *Acer platanoides*. "A pretty tree!" answered MABEL. "I call that a plane tree." "O!" rejoined ETHEL.



"GENTLEMEN HELPS."

Coarsely Greengrocer (who Waits at Evening Parties, to Lady Customer) "SHALL I 'AVE THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU THIS EVENING AT LADY FITZWIGG'S MA'AM?"!!

VIATOR'S VADE MECUM.

(Or Compendious Weather-Guide for the British Tourist.)

WHEN the wind is in the North, Gingham take if you go forth. If to Eastward veer the wind, Gingham do not leave behind. If to West the wind should tend, Gingham is your surest friend. If it seek the South, of course, Gingham is your sole resource. Intermediate points demand Gingham constantly in hand. If there be no wind at all, Gingham take, for rain will fall. At all other times, no doubt, Gingham you may do without, Yet 'e'en then an hour may bring 'em,— Showers I mean,—so take your Gingham!

APRIL 1.—Full Moonshine. Poetical Licences taken out. Taxes invented. Mares' Nests discovered by the Horse Marines. The 61st Street Organ brand in London. The last Piccadilly in Dublin. A fine specimen of a Dog in a Manger (from Newfoundland) presented to the Zoological Gardens. "A sixth part every four hours" first prescribed. Paving with gold adopted for the streets of London. Fees at theatres instituted. Inauguration of Weddings with four officiating Clergymen and eight officiating Bridesmaids. Prizes offered for the best Bulls. The first taken by John Bull; the 2nd by an Irish Bull; the 3rd by a Bull in a China Shop; and the 4th by a Bull of the Pope's.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.—June. In dry weather, give your crops water. Of course, some months ago, while you were grumbling at the rain, you took the opportunity of storing a supply.



TRUE POLITENESS; OR, THE CABMAN OF THE FUTURE.

Cabby. "FOUR-WHEELER, MA'AM?"

Old Lady. "NO, THANK YOU, I'M WAITING FOR AN 'ATLAS.'"

Cabby. "AH INDEED, MA'AM; BUT WON'T YOU STEP IN AND TAKE A SEAT IN OUR SHELTER TILL THE OMBLUS COMES UP, MA'AM?"!!



PARLIAMENTARY MOTTOES.

Buckinghamshire.—"Sphinx volucris pennis." AUCURIUS.
Greenwich.—"Continus in courses till those knowest what they are."—SHAKESPEARE.
Oxford.—"Non tam historico quam oratorio genero." CICERO.
Cambridge.—"Spes est expectatio boni."—CICERO.
Guildford.—"Festina lente."—AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.
Finsbury.—"Sermo promptus et ismo torrentior." JUVENAL.
Salford.—"O Charley is my darling." Cavalier Ballad.
Carlisle.—"The nights are long in merry Carlisle,
 "The knights drink deep, din' deep;
 "Quoth a wifful wight, the gay midnight
 "Never was meant for sleep."
MS. picked up near Aspatia.
London University.—"Lo, here am I!"
Maidstone.—"How doth the little busy bee
 "Make honey golden sweet,
 "In that snug hive where bankers thrive,
 "Yeapt ye Lombard Street!"
DR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME.
North Leicestershire.—"Manners makyth man." Old Adage.
Leicester.—"Sartor Resartus."—CARLYLE.
Birmingham.—"Salmo a saltendo."
North Warwickshire.—"I follow the fox, and worry the POPE,
 "And give an account of both, I hope!"
MS. found in Arlington Street.
Oxfordshire.—"Old perry wants water." Oxford Adage.
Stoke-upon-Trent.—"Leo roris." (Free translation: "The lion roars.")
Elgin.—"Survey mankind from China to Peru." JOHNSON.
Peterborough.—"Papam Ortonque cano."—VIRGIL (slightly altered).
Radnor.—"Cavendo tutus."—DEBBETT.
East Worcestershire.—"Hail, all hail!"
East Staffordshire.—"O tempora! O mores!"
Berkshire.—"impies
 "Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada." HORACE.
Flintshire.—"Aquila captat muscas."
Bath.—"I like a good hater."—JOHNSON.

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Memo. on the Miseries of the Month.)

JULY.

JULY! Now the days grow torrid,
 Heat and thirst are something horrid.
 Pass our days and nights in panting,
 Do involuntary Banting.
 School breaks up, Home-Rule breaks down.
 Subtle hints of "out of town."
 Papers full of Cricket Matches,
 Gush about big hits and catches,
 Then St. Swithin turns his main on,
 Bringing his eternal rain on,
 On the whole a perfect teaser
 Is your Month, great JULIUS CÆSAR!

AUGUST.

AUGUST! Glass at something shocking;
 Cockneys to the sea-side flocking;
 Woman's wish to join the throng,
 Daily theme and nightly song.
 Horrid nuisance! Worst of sells,
 Norfolk-Howards, shrimps, and smells!
 Now begins the Oyster Season,
 Prices range beyond all reason.
 Crown of culinary woes
 Fate piled on when molluscs rose.
 Patience? Can her rule adjust us
 To thy maddening Month, Augustus?

SEPTEMBER.

COMES September, and St. Partridge!
 Catch me offering one cartridge
 At his shrine! Swell Sumphs may fag
 All to brag about a "bag."
 Sport, indeed! No greater rot!
 When I shoot may I be shot!
 Sea-side getting full and fuller,
 Morning papers daily duller.
 Sheer discomfort's carnival,
 Equinox brings shower and squall;
 Spouts the wandering County Member.
 Bang! Bosh! Bother! That's September!

BY ADAM SMITH, JUN.—In India, as in most other countries, money is very unequally distributed. The few have a lac, the many a lack-of rupees.

FROM A MISOGAMIST.—Love is blind, and no oculist has ever yet performed a successful operation. There is but one cure—Marriage.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE PLOUGH BOY.

January.—Began the year in the Workhouse.
February.—Got tired of "the House," and tried a little stone-breaking.
March.—Got employment on a farm. Spent a small portion of my time in work, and the remainder in drinking beer.
April.—Listened to the arguments of the strike organiser. Came to the conclusion that play was better than work.
May.—After consultation with my mates, struck for higher wages.
June.—On strike. Found doing nothing, save drinking beer and playing skittles, very pleasant employment. Somehow or another the wives and children of my mates did not seem to thrive upon it.
July.—Starvation. Went back into the Union, and resumed my old work.
August.—Came out of "the House," and went back to the farm on reduced wages.
September.—Travelled about in search of employment. Found the education provided by the School-Board of no great practical value.
October.—Got near the Black Country, and married a hard-working girl for the sake of her earnings.
November.—Altercations with my wife, in which my boots played an important part. Separation agreed upon. Brought before a Magistrate, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment for nearly killing my wife on the eve of her departure.
December.—Released from prison. Had no Christmas dinner, and ended the year (as I began it) in the Workhouse.

OCCASIONAL RAINFALL.

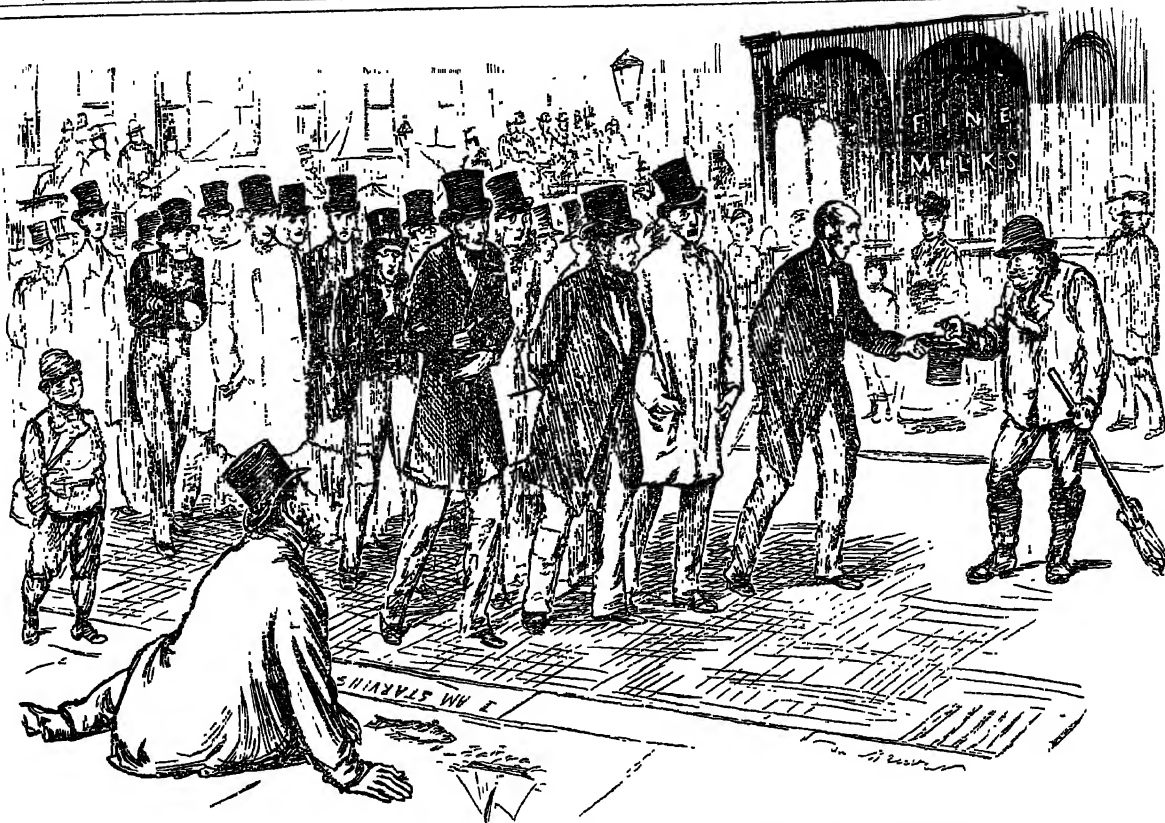
It frequently rains cats and dogs;
 Sometimes, we hear, too, fish and frogs.
 To see that proof of Nature's powers,
 Wait for the First of April's showers.

HINT FOR A NEW PEERAGE.—Of hereditary titles the most ancient is that of Earl. It has come down to us from the Earliest times.

APRIL 1, ALL FOOLS' DAY.—General Meeting of Foreign Bondholders.

APRIL 9, PALM SUNDAY.—Go and observe it among the Endogens at Kew Gardens.

SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO FOR OUR WELL-SHOD NIGHT FORCE.—"The very stones prate of my whereabouts."
 —Macbeth.



DOCTORS (IN HYGEIA) DIFFER (FROM THOSE IN LONDON.)

Scene in Dr. Richardson's City of Health.—Chorus of Medical Practitioners. "WE HAVE NO WORK TO DO!"

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

(Being a Leaf out of our Almanack for the Year 1976.)

For the instruction of posterity, and in order to preserve some record of the way in which we live now, we chronicle a few of the remarkable events which have occurred in the past twelvemonth:—

New Year's Day.—Opening of New London Bridge, built in order to relieve the growing traffic of the City, and extending in unbroken width from Westminster to Wapping.

St. Valentine's Day.—No fewer than five million four thousand and twenty-seven Valentines were received and delivered by the patent postal telegraphic lightning apparatus, within the radius of the Metropolis before six o'clock, A.M.

St. Patrick's Day.—Inauguration of the Submarine Railway from Holyhead to Kingstown. Grand breakfast in honour of the visit of the LORD MAYOR of LONDON, given by the Corporation, in the Phoenix Park, and banquet in the evening to the MAYOR of DUBLIN, who returned with his Lordship by express train to the Mansion-House.

All Fools' Day.—A report gained credence at the Clubs, and thence was waited to the Vatican by private wire from Westminster, that BISHOP BROADBURN had been preaching in Mr. SURGEON's tabernacle, and thence returned to Lambeth Palace on the knifeboard of an omnibus.

Lady Day.—The House of Ladies was opened for the Session by the SPEAKERESS in person, who announced in her Speech that the stringent Act of Parliament which the House had passed last autumn, extending the rights of married women to the privilege of lath-keys, had been threatened with repeal by the Opposition in the House of Lords.

May Day.—Banquet given to the President and Members of the Royal Academy, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the making of the law which prohibits the R.A.'s from hanging their own pictures; a task which is performed now with far greater success by a Committee of outsiders.

Waterloo Day.—Great excitement was caused in certain fashionable circles by a letter in the *Times* from the COUNTESS of COLNEY HATCH, complaining that her Cook, though paid a salary of £500 a-year, insisted upon having her own tea imported overland through Russia, and, besides receiving the usual bonnet-money and culinary perquisites, demanded to be found in turtle-soup for supper, with a pint of iced champagne.

Derby Day.—The annual contest of Aërial Velocipedes was flown on the new course from Birmingham to Bayswater, and resulted in a dead heat between LORD HELTER SKITTER's *Tearaway* and CAPTAIN STIRRUP's *High 'N' Dry*, the race occupying twenty-seven minutes three seconds and a half exactly.

Midsummer Day.—Fancy undress ball and breakfast given at the Guildhall, on the occasion of conferring the Freedom of the City upon GENERAL FITZ-BISMARCK, the President of Prussia.

Goose Day.—Under the provisions of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands, the Honourable Mrs. GREY MAYOR was sentenced to six weeks' exclusion from the Opera, for having dragged her worse half on a round of morning calls.

Lord Mayor's Day.—Having been unanimously elected to the onerous as well as honourable office of Lord Mayor of this immense Metropolis (which now covers the whole country from Bedford to Brighton, and from Salisbury to Southend), Mr. PUNCH presided at the banquet, which, as usual, was held in the Guildhall, and was honoured by the presence of the Sovereigns of Europe, together with the British Governor of China, the KING of CALIFORNIA, and the EMPRESS of the SOUTHERN DISUNITED STATES.

King's Dragoon's.—Grand review of our Steam Soldiers upon Canterbury Common, in honour of the visit of the EMPEROR of AUSTRALIA. Upwards of a million of Mechanical Troops were mustered to march past, and the charge of the Steam Cavalry was described as something wonderful. When the Emperor left the field, a battery of "Woolwich Babies" (each a thirty thousand pounder) opened fire in a salute, which was distinctly heard at the Land's End and John o' Groat's House.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE TAILOR.

January.—Moved up to London from the country with my wife and children.

February.—Obtained employment in a West End establishment, and carried favour with my master's customers.

March.—Got access to the books of the firm, and made copious extracts therefrom.

April.—Became a widower, and married my master's daughter.

May.—Explained to my father-in-law that he was completely in my power. Proved my position by refer-

ring to the extracts I had made from the journal and the ledger. My father-in-law angry, but powerless. Became his partner.

June.—Very busy with legal proceedings against the less important customers of the firm. Constant communication kept up between our Solicitors and the official representatives of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

July.—Enjoyed a tour on the Continent. Travelled strictly *incognito* under the *nomme de voyage* of "LE BARON DE SMITH, Grand Milor' Anglais."

August.—Back to business. Recommenced legal proceedings, and called in all the debts of the firm. Ruined the establishment, and divided the profits. Father-in-law retired to Clapham.

September.—Started business on my own account in the premises lately occupied by my father-in-law and myself. Invented the Royal Khiva Overcoat. Got the garment made by the machine girls for next to nothing, and advertised it largely. Spent a great part of the month in shooting over my new preserves in Sussex.

October.—Explained to the important customers of the late firm that my then partner (my father-in-law) was responsible for commencing legal proceedings against any gentleman of higher rank than a baronet. Upon this, important customers returned to my books by the score, and unimportant customers (following the lead of their betters) by the thousand.

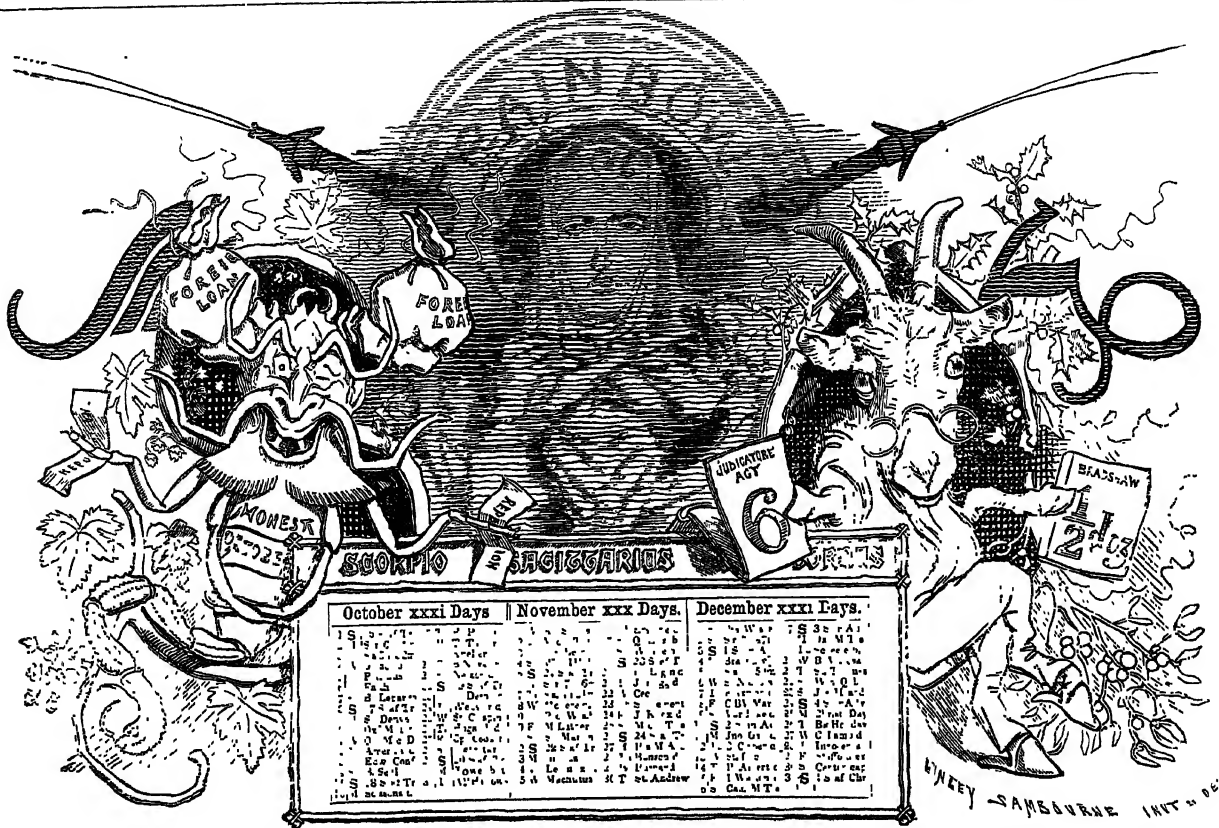
November.—Commenced to accommodate my customers. Lent money at eighty-five per cent. to those of them who could give me proper security. Found this venture even a better thing than the sale of "the Royal Khiva Overcoat, as advertised."

December.—Financial business flourishing famously. Half-a-dozen decoys bringing me customers (each with two good names) daily. Nothing could be better. Ended the year by eating my plum-pudding off silver plate, and marrying my daughter (by my first wife) to a parson!

A TREE OF WOE.—The common Yew (*Taxus baccata*), as an ornament of the churchyard, has acquired melancholy associations. No wonder, considering its botanical name, *Taxus*.

MODERN ILLUMINATION.—February 1. Candlemas. Haven't candles gone out? Isn't it time to re-christen the season?

DIALECTIC WIT.—Hoot awa', as the Scotchman said to the owl.



THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

OCTOBER.

CHILL October, month unpleasant!
Now gun-maniacs pot the pheasant.
Leaves are falling, fields are damp,
Can't go out without a Gamp.
All the Cackle family out,
Primed to prose and prompt to spout.
Zeal at zenith, nous at zero,
Season to trot out a Hero.
Money spent and temper flown,
Think of coming back to town.
Silly season! Sense that's sober
Shuns the precincts of October.

NOVEMBER.

NEXT November. Eugh! its presence
Brings black misery in quintessence.
Sky a pall, and earth a bog,
Intermediate region—fog!
Egypt's darkness could be felt,
Ours is worse, it may be smelt!
Who to peace may make pretences,
Suffering through all his senses?
Fog, big feeds, Guys, rows, and rockets,
Plague ears, eyes, nose, stomach, pockets.
Fawkes I'd gratefully remember
Had he blown away—November!

DECEMBER.

DREAR December ends the dozen.
One day flooded, next one frozen!
Christmas, falsely called the jolly,
Saturnalia of folly.
Gush, dyspepsia, decoration,
Shillingsworth's of stale sensation,
Parcel-plague,—things known as "presents,"—
Wines none want, superfluous pheasants.
Exit old year! Crowning bother,
With next day begins another!
Bills, bad weather, bones,—remember
Don't depart with dead December!

LOOKING UP OUR HISTORY.—How few of those who
admire the roof of Westminster Hall remember that the
original Hall was built by WILLIAM RUFUS!

SEPTEMBER 29.—Michaelmas Day. Roman Capitol
saved by geese. English Capital lost by ditto.

NEW READING.—Necessity is the Mother of Cabmen.

DIARIES FOR THIS YEAR.

THE THIEF.

January.—Having nothing better to do, started a Bank. Christened it the Royal English, Welsh, Irish, and Scottish Banking Association. Appointed agents in all the principal towns in the United Kingdom and the colonies. Agents' premium, £100.

February.—The Bank having failed, turned my attention to foreign countries. Got a concession to establish railways in the North Pole. Immense rush of poor curates and lone widows to invest their "little alls" in my speculation.

March.—North Pole Railway Scheme exploded. Started a journal with the aid of confiding papermakers and too trustful printers.

April.—Newspaper ceased to appear. Issued a prospectus of a Slate Mine. Rush of half-pay Captains and guardianless orphans to the "Temporary Offices" of the Company, in a back street in Bloomsbury.

May.—End of Slate Mine. Took a tentative Engaged a company on credit, and "brought out" an actor with a very small stock of experience, but a very large banking account.

June.—Theatre closed prematurely. Hurried on to the Turf, and made several heavy books upon forthcoming events.

July.—Warned off Newmarket Heath. Purchased a Church, and engaged a popular preacher. Pew rents most lucrative.

August.—Church closed; the popular preacher having accepted a more advantageous appointment in America. Bought some ground on a swamp cheap, and ran up a "new neighbourhood" for invalids.

September.—Several fevers having broken out in the "new neighbourhood," house rents ceased to be productive of profit. Established a new Club upon a new principle.

October.—Paid in all the subscriptions and entrance fees of the new Club into my banking account, and closed the Club-house. Indignation meeting of ex-members. Bought a patent for substituting balloons for steamboats.

November.—Balloons having burst, became agent for a foreign loan.

December.—Foreign loan immensely productive. Received half-a-dozen foreign orders of unusual magnificence. Built several palaces in London, covered my wife with diamonds, and drove to church on Christmas Day in my own brougham!

THE CARD-PLAYER'S PARADISE.—"The Palace of Loo."

LINES ON LOVE.

(By a Postman on Valentine's Day.)

WHAT is this Love? I never felt his fetters,
I hope they're not so heavy as his letters.
Sure Lovers would be proof against his charms
Did their hearts ache as much as do my arms.
How sweetly soft so e'er Love-lines may be,
To have to carry their's hard lines for me.
Would Love could give (perhaps the loved would doubt them),
"Proofs before letters," or at least *without* them.
Perhaps the passion pleasure brings to most men,
I'm sure it little brings but pains to Postmen.
Cupid quotha! If I could snatch his bow
He'd send no arrows through the G.P.O.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

(A Drama in two acts, and a number of "alliterations of the letter L.")

ACT I.—Before the Event.

Adolphus. Won't it make its adored happy by naming the day then—a playful little puss!
Seraphina. Ah! I suppose it must have its own way—a sad young dog!

ACT II.—After the Event.

Seraphina (with emphasis). O! when Mamma comes you will not treat me so—you insolent puppy!
Adolphus (with decided emphasis). Ah! don't talk to me, you cat!!!

"Curtain falls."

NOT QUITE THE TRUE RING.

THE DARBY JONESSES have been celebrating their Silver Wedding with great splendour. Ill-natured friends, recalling Mr. DARBY JONES's frequent moods and Mrs. DARBY JONES's constant tempers, hint that an electro-plated wedding would have been more like the genuine article.

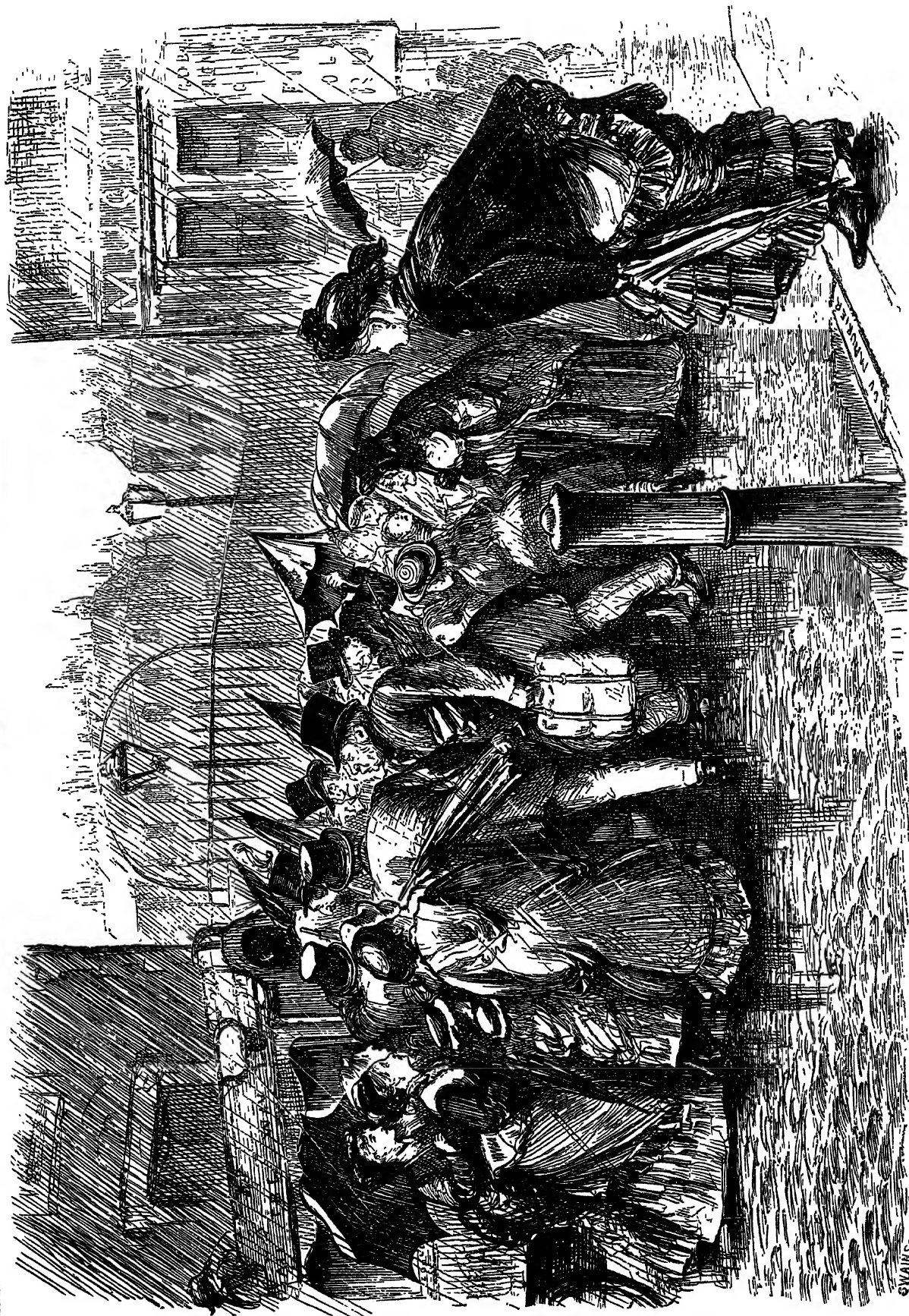
MAY 29, RESTORATION OF CHARLES II.—Make oak-apple pie. Enthusiastic loyalists would have eaten it.

TOLERABLE TEST OF SOBERIETY.—To pronounce correctly the word "Disinterestedness."

THE SERVANT'S "WONT."—Too often the reverse of the Master's Will.

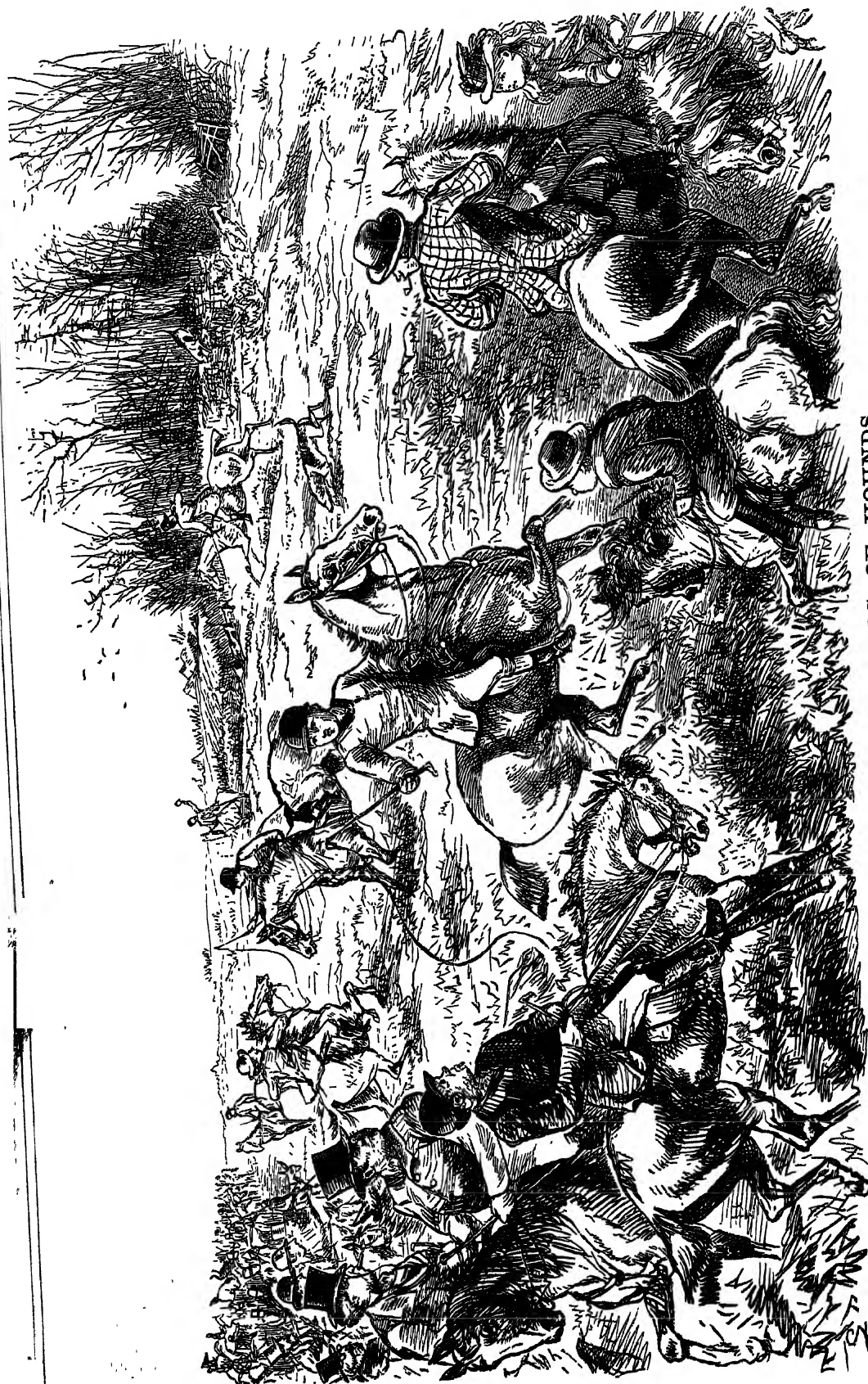
FINE SPEAKING.—Calling a Water-cart a "Patent Hydrostatic Van"!

"THE LITERARY MACHINE."—The Penny-a-Liner.



CHIVALRY IN THE LONDON STREETS.

TO BE OBSERVED ON A RAINY DAY AT ANY OMNIBUS STATION.



SUGGESTION TO MASTERS OF HOUNDS.

PUT ON EXTRA "WHIPS" DURING THE HOLIDAYS, TO PREVENT THE FIELD HEADING THE HOUNDS.

ADVICE TO FARMERS FOR JANUARY.—"Through corn. It won't hit you again. Nevertheless, 'gist to the mill.' Haul materials for building repairs, particularly if you want exercise. Supply live stock with plenty of litter; but keep their sheds tidy."

THE WRONG SAYER'S DAY.—January 21. Vaccination introduced 1799. St. Anthony. Shouldn't it be St. Jenner?

LAWYERS SAY, "YOU CANNOT PROVE A NEGATIVE."

I deny this dictum *in toto*,
And for Lawyers' especial behoof,
I assert that every photo
Is a Negative's Positive proof.

FULL DRESS FOR FISHERWOMEN.—Net.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.—"The course of true love never did run smooth." SHAKESPEARE (for a miracle) omitted to add the cause—the floods of tears.

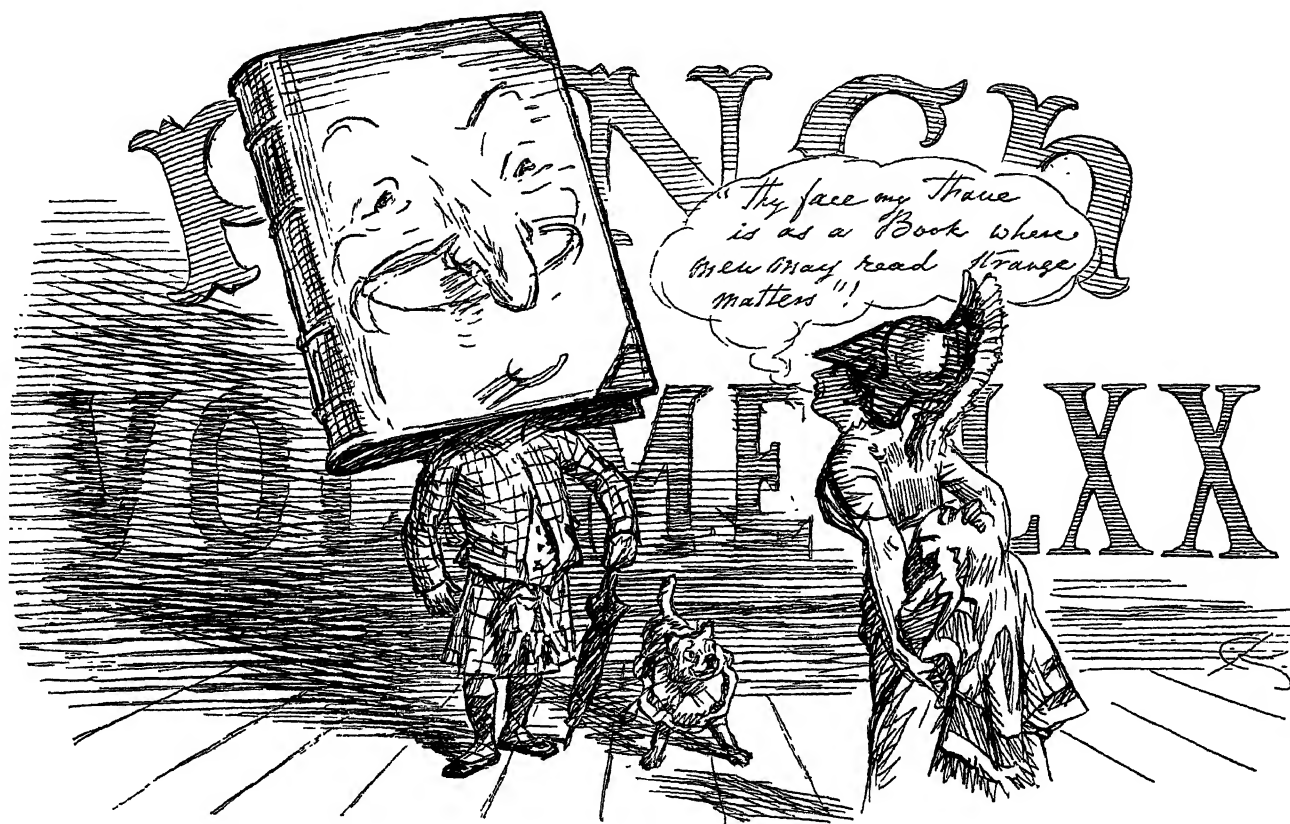
MAY 1.—May Day. (For Can, Should, Would and Could Days, See *Old Moore, Zerkie, Landlady* and other almanacs.)

CELIB-ITY.—Marrying for love and—money.

NEW GEOGRAPHICAL DIVISION.—Turkey in Europe, Turkey in Asia, and Turkey in Leadenhall Market.

NOVEMBER 9.—Lord Mayor's Day. Turtle discovered in the Calipuean Sea.

HOMELY PROVERBS FOR THE KITCHEN.—Wishes won't wish dishes.
"Lord of the (A)isles."—The Parish Pandle.



À LA MODE DE FRANCE.

As Englishmen are very prone to envy the advantages of their neighbours, *Mr. Punch* begs to present the nation with a picture of the House of Commons as it would become were it conducted *à la mode de Versailles* :—

Lower House, Feb., 187—.

The **SPEAKER**, amidst general reclamations from all sides of the Chamber, took his seat at four o'clock.

Immediately after prayers (which were much interrupted by noises from the Left), seven Members sprang to their feet together.

The **Speaker**. I must proclaim order. (*Cheers from the Right.*) Order is the language of Rule. Without Rule there is no true liberty. (*Loud protests from the Left.*) **MR. BROWN** is in possession of the House. I implore **MR. BROWN** to remember that he is an Englishman.

Mr. Brown. The **SPEAKER** tells me I am an Englishman, and I tell him he is another. (*Laughter.*)

The **Speaker**. The House knows that threats are powerless to influence me. (*Cheers from the Right.*) And the House shall now learn that ridicule, the heritage of fools (*protests from the Left, and interruption*)—I repeat, ridicule, the heritage of fools (*renewed interruption, and "Hear! hear!" from the Right*) is equally powerless.

Mr. Brown. I move that the Early Closing Bill be read a Third Time, and pass. It has been read a First and Second Time without provoking a discussion.

Mr. Smith. There was once a grandmother who lived in Putney—

Mr. Brown. We do not want history.

Mr. Smith. No, you do not—neither you nor your party. (*Loud cheers from the Right, and great excitement amongst the Left.*) Your party has made History a record of blood and shame. (*Frantic excitement on the Left.*)

The **Speaker**. I must call **MR. SMITH** to order. The dignity of this House will not permit such a statement to go forth. The history of the greatest nation on the earth (*cheering on the Right*), the home of civilisation (*cheering on the Left*), and the pride of the ocean (*general cheering*)—in fact, England (*tumultuous applause in all parts of the Chamber*) cannot be described as "a record of blood and shame." (*"No, no!"*)

Mr. Smith. I do not speak of History, but of a Grandmother. (*Loud laughter.*) This Grandmother lived at Putney, and was very

stupid. (*Protests from the Left.*) She had a Grandson, and he was called **MR. BROWN**. (*Frantic excitement amongst the Members of the Left, who shake their fists at MR. SMITH.*)

Mr. Brown. An insult is only damaging when it emanates from a worthy man. **MR. SMITH** is not a worthy man. (*Shouts of applause from the Left.*)

The **Speaker**. I cannot permit such a discussion. I call both the Members who have just spoken to order. (*Protests from all sides of the House.*) We must not forget that if we all of us have, or have had, Grandmothers, most of us will have Grandsons; and those Grandsons will be Englishmen. (*"Hear! hear!" from the Right, and protests from the Left.*)

Mr. Robinson. I tell the **SPEAKER** deliberately that he insults posterity. (*Immense tumult, shouts and shrieks from Right and Left, and "Hear! hear!" from the Cross Benches.*)

The **Speaker**. Were I not here to preserve decorum and peace, I would strike **MR. ROBINSON** to the ground!

Mr. Robinson (*rising*). I am waiting for the blow. (*Excitement.*)

The **Speaker**. I shall wait until you leave this chamber. If you fall here, you will fall on honourable ground. The proper place for the slanderer is the gutter. (*Loud and prolonged sensation.*)

Mr. Robinson. Posterity will avenge me.

Mr. Brown. Then posterity will not have much to avenge. (*Laughter.*)

The **Speaker**. I call **MR. BROWN** to order. This House is not the place for recrimination. (*Cheering from all parts of the Chamber.*)

Mr. Tompkins. And yet **MR. BROWN** sometimes rides in a Brompton and Islington Omnibus. (*Protests from the Left, and "It is true!" from the Right.*)

Mr. Brown. A sneer can be endured when the sneerer neglects to pay his butcher's book! (*Great excitement below the Gangway.*)

Mr. Tompkins. This is not the first time that I have been slandered. I demand that my Butcher be called to the Bar of this House to be questioned. (*Loud Laughter from the Left.*)

The **Speaker**. **MR. TOMPKINS** is within his rights. As Speaker of this House, I command that all business be suspended until the Butcher of **MR. TOMPKINS** has been examined. (*"Well done!" from below the Gangway.*)

Mr. Smith. Then your command will not be obeyed. (*Immense cheering from the Right.*)

The **Speaker**. To endure is to be noble, but nobility has its limits. I am here to preserve order, but when my authority is questioned I can only do one thing. I can only take off my wig! (*Imme-*

excitement. Scores of Members rush up to the Chair to dissuade the Speaker from carrying out his intention.) Gentlemen, my mind is made up, but before I go I would ask, is there any Act that requires passing?

Mr. Brown. The Early Closing Bill requires passing.

The Early Closing Bill (which provides that every Englishman shall keep within the limits of his own premises between the hours of five P.M. and seven A.M.) was then read a Third Time, and passed without provoking any further discussion.

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(Containing some Account of the Chapter of the Star, and how it was managed, with much novel information, and many interesting details.)



DEAR SIR, O WHAT a day we are having in India! Never were such times! I am bursting with news, overflowing with intelligence—as I always am—even you, Sir, must admit that—and I scarcely know where to commence. Shall I tell you about Ceylon? or, as I said to my Amiable and Illustrious Friend, “shall I take this seal off my lips to tell him about this Ceylon?”

My Gifted Companion did not see this joke at first; but when he did, nothing save my own inflexible patriotism could have prevented him from creating me a Peer on the spot. But I wouldn't have it; because, on returning home, it would be such a bore to keep up.

“The Jew wouldn't be worth the scandal,” as somebody said. Well, Sir, shall it be of Ceylon, or of Kandy—sweet Kandy? As I remarked to my Royal Co-Explorer, “If I speak of sweet Kandy, I must be candid.” “That joke,” my Illustrious and Intelligent Friend returned, “ought to be preserved.” “O pickles!” I replied, sharp as a knife, on the instant; for I was not to be outdone, even though Royalty, like Femininity, ought to be allowed the last word to the end of the chapter. Chapter I—that's it! I'll begin with that; i.e. with some account of the Chapter of the Stars of India, which my Condescending and most Illustrious Leader held the other day at Calcutta. Its success—and it was a success—was mainly owing to the admirable forethought of Yours, Truly; for in these matters the ordinary Staff are nowhere, including LORDS C-ER-N, B-R-R-P, and the DUKE OF S-TY-BE-ND, who is what the Australians call a “damper”—which is a flat cake—where a *feu de joie* is concerned. But, though I say it, who, perhaps, should not, when there is a real difficulty, “*Je suis tout là*,” and my motto is, as my amusing Friend, the BARON DE LESSERS used to say to the KHEDIVÉ, “*Nil(e) desperandum!*” *Mais, qu'il était drôle ce cher LESSERS!*

Well, Sir, when the notion was first started, my preface to this first Chapter was the following suggestion:—“Sir, these Rajahs, Maharajahs, Jamjams, Jellyboys, and other Princes, will come in such gorgeous costumes, that we, in merely our European uniforms, will be nowhere: we shall be worse than insignificant, and the British Rule in India will be imperilled.” A shadow passed across the open brow—it is becoming more and more open every day—of my Exalted Friend. The Staff were mute.

“What, then,” he asked, “do you propose?”

“Sir,” I replied, “simply this: MR. CHARLES MATHEWS is coming out to Calcutta. Let us telegraph to him to call at S. MAY'S, the Theatrical Costumier's, in Bow Street, and before that estimable person is too busy with his Christmas Pantomimes to attend to us, let us have all the most resplendent costumes that his wardrobe, and my experience, can supply.” *Bien, très bien*, from the left. Joy was restored to every countenance.

“I played *Aladdin* when I was at the University,” suddenly cried out LORD C-ER-N, with all the gusto of a young *Polonius*, recalling his performance of *Cæsar*. “It was a magnificent dress! I'll send for that!”

It was arranged. I made out the list, and before the Veteran Comedian left England he had received his Secret Instructions. Not

a word of this has been breathed till now. I made out the list, and when we arrived at Calcutta we found the boxes awaiting us, with the following dresses carefully packed, arranged, and labelled:—

One Sardanapalus, with sword complete. One Richard Cœur de Lion, with flat King John Helmet. One Captain Crosstree, with extra large silver epaulettes, and double-sized cocked-hat. One Richard the Third, with boots, sword, and crown. Box and Cox, one of each, with three hats for Cox. One King of the Peacocks. Two Sprites, spangled tights. Three Brigands, with russet boots, belt, pistols, and combat swords complete. N.B.—Swords, if not wanted, to be returned at once. Harlequin's Dress, Clown's and Pantaloon's ditto, brand new, with Red Hot Poker lent for the occasion, with MR. CHATTERTON'S compliments, only used in last year's Pantomime, and to be returned immediately if not required. Banners, with emblematic devices worked on one side only. N.B. Care must be taken in carrying to keep this side constantly facing the audience. One Doge of Venice (by kind permission of MR. and MRS. BANCROFT, who have no further use for it. N.B.—Can be bought a bargain). One Dancing Barber in satin, with trick tails to work. One Mephistopheles, with a Faust disguise cloak and second dress to match. Six Pairs of Fleshings, in case they might be wanted. Five Petticoat Trousers for Smugglers, Red Rovers, and Black Wills. One Clancarty, one Buckingham (complete). Aladdin's Uncle. Two Big Heads for Courtiers, not required in the Covent Garden Pantomime, with MR. RICE'S best regards. One Earl of Leicester (Kenilworth). One Henry the Eighth (with jewels). One Shah (with plumes and scimitar). Two Guests (Noblemen), in *Lucresia Borgia*. Ditto, Monks in *Favorita*. Full Suit of Armour, with white tunic, as worn by Jean in *Le Prophète*. And, in case of accidents, one Mr. Golightly, in *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and one Spriggins in *Ici on Parle Français*. One Osrick. One Tyrolean Peasant, and one Jeremy Diddler, and a Harlequin. One Miles na Coppaleen. One Venetian Nobleman, and one Swell in a Pantomime, with Dunderbary Coat in canary yellow. Wigs, by MR. CLARKSON, the Theatrical Perruquier, to match, including one Red Scratch, one Brutus, one Trick Wig, one Light Sparse, two Scalps, three Short Blue Crops, and a Middle-Aged Eccentric.

Here was a choice! Here was, as we say in India, a *Caste!* Lords C. and B. had a tremendous row as to which should be Cox and which Boz. But I stopped that, and locked away the farce dresses and the Big Heads in my bedroom. I was so afraid that if they had been worn, some religious prejudices of the lower orders might have been offended. As for myself, I simply came out as the Earl of Leicester, and carried the Red Hot Poker, for I couldn't intrust it to any of the younger members of the Staff, who might have been inclined to upset everybody by playing the fool with HORRAO DADO, of Outdore, or old RAJAH STUMJAK, who has the very deuce of a temper, and is a thorough martinet in all matters of Court ceremony. My Illustrious Friend put himself in my hands, and the effect of a mixture, admirably selected, of Aladdin, King of the Peacocks, Richard the Third's Crown, and Manrico's White Cloak (from *Trovatore*, you remember?), was simply magnificent.

He was followed by two Cavalier Pages with ringlet wigs, and preceded, as I have already intimated, by myself as Earl of Leicester, bearing the Red Hot Poker. A thrill of envy ran through the brilliant throng as we strode towards the Dais. SIR AUGUSTUS SALAR JUNG and SIR JAK HOLKAR—the Holkar, as he is called here—burst out into involuntary applause, which, however, at a hint from me (with the Poker), was immediately suppressed. The extra costumes, such as Box and Cox, Golightly, the Brigands, and so forth, which we couldn't use, I let out to some of the smaller swells at so much an hour; but I had a great deal of trouble in getting them back, and more trouble in collaring the ready cash. The stout little RAJAH of POJYPORE had got into the Harlequin's Dress—Heaven knows how!—and as we couldn't get him out of it, except by cutting it off him, he was compelled to buy it. He gave me two lakhs of rupees down on the nail, and I left him inside the dress. He will have to wait till he is thinner to get out of it again. He thought himself no end of a swell, but as he could move neither hand or foot, he had to be carried by eight *Bungalows* (i.e. a kind of Yeomen of the Guard)* who supported him during the ceremony.

In the evening we had a little music with SING RUMTUM TIDDY-BHOY and DOREM IFAR DEEP, accompanied by the GUITAR and SIR BASSOON HOBHOY. Then the MAHARAJAH of PUNNAH (a regular old Indian JOE MILLER, and rather a bore after a quarter-of-an-hour of him), dropped in with a funny story to tell us. But fortunately the BOSHAR of POOHPOONAH, was present, who knows all the Maharajah's jokes by heart, and shuts him up without ceremony; so we were spared that infliction, and finished a merry and exciting day with a quiet Indian rubber.†

* We do not think *Bungalow* is a Yeoman of the Guard. Languages do undergo some change, and he may be right.—ED.

† We cannot understand why this account, which seems to bear all the

Next day we held a private encampment of our own, and created two of the suite Knights of By-George and By-Jingo.

My Illustrious and Musical Friend has taken it into his head to learn the Tom-Tom. A native Professor from Banjopore comes every morning and evening. I have protested against the lessons being given after I am in bed, and before I awake. *If this course of instruction is persisted in, my Royal Companion will lose a trusted and valuable servant.* Should you see me at your office sooner than you had expected, do not question me: merely hand me the cheque due,—*you will know why I have returned.*

On Saturday we had a visit from RAJAH BUNDLAR SEGAR SMOKAR, of the Bacca district. He is of a rich brown colour, very strong, and, by the way, draws admirably. He came in his steam-yacht, which is commanded by his Admiral, EIRZAR BACCA STOPAR, who was presented to us in the course of the afternoon. We sat round the *Hookam* (or Royal Tent of purple silk), taking our usual refreshment at five o'clock, slaking our thirst with iced *Jhool* and pounded *Jemadar*, with a small slice of *Goru*—a kind of pickled Jungle salmon, which would scarcely bear exportation.*

Yesterday we visited several manufactures. Among other curiosities I took my Illustrious and Noble Companion to see the machinery employed in extracting the cocoa-nut juice. My Intelligent and Royal Friend was much struck on my pointing out how the ultimate object of this process accounted for the peculiarity of the presence of the milk within the cocoa-nut, though it appears that, even in our advanced stage of civilisation, we are as far as ever from the solution of the problem suggested to all thoughtful minds by the presence of the hair outside.

Our prospective arrangements are thus, subject to alteration. Two days' elephant shooting, and other sport, with NAWAB GHUNNY BANG SHUTAR; a Banquet given by the Indian Legal Luminaries, with SIR JAK HOLKAR, the Holkar, in the chair; a Ball *chez* the BESTM of POLKAR; two days to change cheques, *en route*, at Bankipore in Cashmere; then on a Mission of Peace to the RAJAH MUST HAVA ROW and RAJAH URAR NUTHER, who have determined to accept the decision of our Royal Solomon.

You will be glad to hear that the Gold Umbrella has been found, at least, *the ticket has*, with the name of SMITH on it. The Native Police have traced it as far as Pawnee. I do not attribute any importance to the fact (which will soon be made public), in connection with this strange umbrella episode, that LORD NORTHBROOK will retire in favour of — but no, I couldn't undertake it, or it would undertake *me* in a very short time. Of course I refused point blank. "Don't ask me, Sir," I said. "Give it to LYTTON; he'll like it, and *he wants it more than I do.*" And so, as you will shortly hear†—but it is a secret at present—he has it; and I remain,

As I am,
YOUR VERACIOUS REPRESENTATIVE
(In India).

RECOMMENDED FOR IMITATION.—Great guns are advertised on "the choke-bore system." If the great guns of debate were on this system, how the Session would be shortened!

internal evidence of truth, was delayed in transmission, as our readers must have already seen in most of the daily papers full and detailed accounts of this striking ceremonial, which, to a certain extent, differs from that of our esteemed Correspondent. We have not yet had time to call and verify the facts at the Costumier's in Bow Street, but *we shall*, and for the satisfaction of our readers we will add that if we do not find the above information corroborated, we shall pay *another visit* in Bow Street, and ask the sitting Magistrate's advice. We are not to be trifled with, and, by the way, it is now *three weeks* since we sent out our boy with half-a-sovereign to buy a new Indian Dictionary. We have determined to be patient, and give the boy some law—and when we are in Bow Street *we will*. N.B.—Boy at a distance will please accept this intimation.—ED.

* We have had recourse to our old Dictionary. Somebody's wrong somewhere. We find that *Hookam*, which our Correspondent describes as "a Royal Tent," is "an order or command." *Jhool* is "an elephant's housings," and *Jemadar* is "a Sepoy sergeant." We merely point out the impossibility of slaking one's thirst with "iced elephant's housings, and pounded Sepoy Sergeant." Yet—as there are two sides to every question—what would an Indian say if he heard of our drinking "cobbler," and looked out that word in a Dictionary? *Perhaps Jhool and Jemadar may be slang names of Indian drinks; and this hypothesis would suffice to explain "a small slice of Goru," Goru being, in our Dictionary, "a teacher or priest."* One thing we do not understand, and that is Our Correspondent's description of *Goru* as "Jungle Salmon." Surely, *surely*, there are no salmon in a Jungle! We speak under correction, never having been ourselves in India, yet we must confess we are as astonished to hear of a Jungle Salmon, as we should be were a friend to send us a Tweed Fox, or a Moerland Herring. Still he *may* be right.—ED.

† We begin to believe him. LORD NORTHBROOK has retired, LORD LYTTON has been appointed. Had our Correspondent's letter not been delayed in transmission, we should have received this intelligence *before*, instead of *after*, the event.—ED.

TWELFTH NIGHT.



LDWINKLE'S "curious treatise on Folk-Lore informs us, *inter alia*, that at this season, if twelve persons are assembled together in a room with a south-east aspect, at twelve o'clock, on Twelfth Night, the twelfth person should be

studiously careful not to put any question (except in a whisper), involving an answer from that person in the company who has twelve letters in his name—if he wishes to preserve his self-respect, and to be safe from the fire-engines, during the next twelve months.

If Twelfth Day happens to fall on a Thursday, the last corner of the party must not fail to look earnestly towards the door of the room while the clock is striking twelve.

In ordering a Twelfth Cake, take the confectioner aside, and ask him (in confidence), whether he has a young man on his staff with an artificial limb. If he replies in the affirmative, you must countermand your order with a significant smile, and purchase the cake at some other establishment, where you are satisfied there is no defect in the physical construction of the *employés*.

To spill the salt is at all times an occurrence of ill omen; but to spill it on Twelfth Night betokens the gravest consequences, particularly if the ash that year was in leaf before the elm. There are well-authenticated instances of such a saline disaster being followed by a landslip in an adjoining parish, and a great fall of snow; and a Correspondent, whose address we are unable to decipher, assures us that he knows of one case in his own family, where the table-cloth, the scene of the lamentable occurrence, went, as usual, to the laundress, but *never came back again*.

ACADEMY REFORMS.

(As proposed by the R.A.'s.)

THAT the number of R.A.'s shall not be increased.
That the Associates shall be kept in their proper places.
That every R.A. shall be *ex officio* a Privy Councillor.
That the number of Pictures exhibited by an R.A. shall be increased from eight to sixteen.
That Pictures by outsiders calculated to create anything so vulgar as a "sensation," shall be at once rejected.

(As proposed by the A.R.A.'s.)

That an Associate shall take equal rank with an Academician.
That the number of Associates shall not be increased.
That Outsiders' Pictures shall not be admitted, unless very bad.

(As proposed by Outsiders.)

That the line shall be divided in thirds among Academicians, Associates, and Outsiders.
That a jury, of one-half R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s and one-half Outsiders, shall sit as a Committee of Selection on all pictures whatsoever.
That no R.A. or A.R.A. exhibit more than two pictures.

A CATECHISER CATECHISED.

MR. PUNCH has had the pain of perusing certain extracts, in the form of question and answer, declared to be taken from a little book, entitled, *Some Questions of the Church Catechism and the Doctrines Involved briefly Explained, for the Use of Families and Parochial Schools*. Mr. Punch would fain believe this agreeable

compilation to be apocryphal, and hopes to find its principles generally repudiated. The spirit which it manifests, however, is only too palpable a sign of the times. The extracts made public have special reference to those sinful and idolatrous heretics, "whogoby the general name of Dissenters." In the view of the author of this work, that general name would appear to be a mere alias of Antichrist. The bearers of it are explicitly said to "Worship God according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations, and not according to His revealed Will, and, therefore, their worship is idolatrous." Dissent is declared to be "a great sin," the sharers in which are only saved from excommunication by the culpable laxity of the law of the land as opposed to that of the Church. To enter "a Meeting House" at all is affirmed to be "wicked," and the quotation of Church prayers by Dissenting teachers is denounced sinful and presumptuous.

Mr. Punch is lost in admiration at this outburst of clerical Common Sense, and Charity. Admiration naturally moves to emulation, and he is impelled to try his hand at catechetical composition. He dares hardly hope that, with his layman's pen, he may compete in charity of spirit or in cogency of argument with his clerical exemplars; but mindful of the maxim, that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, he hopes, by framing his on their own lines, to conciliate the compilers of this catechetical "Short Way with Dissenters."

"Q. We have amongst us certain Dissenters from the accepted and Established Church Customs of the Country, who go by the general name of Ritualists. In what light are we to consider them?"

"A. People of sense prefer to consider them as little as possible. Too many of them are vindictive, vainglorious, vituperative, and in our Litany we expressly pray, as strangely enough do they in theirs,

to be delivered from the sins of 'envy, hatred, and all uncharitable-ness.'

"Q. Is, then, their form of worship a reasonable Service?"

"A. No, because they worship according to their own fantastic imaginations, strenuously denying to others the right to adopt a simpler and more serious ceremonial; and, therefore, neither the form nor the spirit of their worship can be said to be in accord with sober sense or good feeling."

"Q. Is Ritualism great folly?"

"A. Yes; it is in direct opposition to our duty towards our neighbour."

"Q. How comes it then, in the present day, that, in some quarters, it is thought so highly of?"

"A. Partly from ignorance of its great absurdity, partly from men and women being more zealous for forms, fashions, finery, and the indulgence of their own fancies, than for serious, and sometimes, arduous, spiritual realities."

"Q. But why have Ritualists not been excommunicated?"

"A. Because the wholesome law of the land does not allow the will of ecclesiastical zealots to be acted upon; but many Ritualists have virtually excommunicated themselves (or, in other words, sent themselves to a sort of clerical Coventry), by setting up a standard of act and speech which is abhorrent to all persons possessed of courtesy, candour, and Christian charity."

Mr. Punch does not venture to follow his priestly pioneers further, having a dread of presumptuous profanity, which they do not appear to share. For example, he hesitates to declare, *ex cathedra*, that the most rabid Ritualist is "not in a state of salvation," to rigorously limit the use of any prayer to priestly lips, or to pronounce it wicked, though he may think it unprofitable, to enter at all one of those places



TWELFTH-NIGHT ON THE BRAIN.

Evangeline (as the Offertory bag is coming round). "O, AUNT! I DO HOPE I SHALL GET THE QUEEN!"

where "Mass in masquerade" is most elaborately "performed." But he would call the attention of the compilers of the *Brief Explanation*, to the fatal facility with which the catechetical form of dogmatism, may be turned to what they would doubtless consider base uses; and would invite a reconsideration on the part of all reasonable Ritualists, of the policy which finds issue in such impotent outbursts of malignant bigotry as this Anti-Christian Catechism "for the use of Parishes and Parochial Schools!"



TINKERING !

FIRST TINKER. "IT'LL HOLD WATER NOW, I THINK!"

MR. PUNCH (*aside*). "NOT IT! ALL THE TINKERING IN THE WORLD WON'T MAKE A JOB OF IT!!"

ON THE OLD WAYS.

(By an Ancient and Quiet Churchman.)

"There is a remarkable instance of longevity at present among the officials at the parish church of Kirkburton, Yorkshire. The vicar, the Rev. R. COLLINS, M.A., is in his eighty-second year, and has been officiating there for a period of thirty-eight years; the parish clerk, MR. I. FITTON, is in his seventy-fifth year, and has occupied his position also for thirty-eight years; the sexton, JOHN ARMITAGE, is eighty-four years of age; and the vergier, JAMES HOYLE, is in his seventy-sixth year. Their united ages are 316 years, giving an average of seventy-nine years. They are all in good health except the sexton, whose duties are performed by his son. The schoolmaster, MR. A. HARGREAVES, who was teacher at the Church Schools, died a few weeks ago, aged seventy-eight years."

WHAT a long-lived parish
Must Kirkburton be!
Instances are rarish
Of such longevity.

In rhyme 'tis hard to state years;
But there's the Vicar, who,
Serving thirty-eight years,
Has reached Eighty-Two!

Parish Clerk is younger;
Still he is alive,
With a healthy hunger
For fees at Seventy-Five.
Sexton chants a merry hymn,
Though it be a bore.
Some boy must some day bury him—
He's only Eighty-Four!

Vergier keeps in order
Schoolboys at their tricks,
Close on Fourscore's border—
Being Seventy-Six.
Schoolmaster has yielded
His ferule up to Fate,
Sceptre having wielded
Up to Seventy-Eight.

Vergier who has listened
Threescore years and ten

To Vicar while he christened
Babies, now old men!
Parish quite ideal
Ruled by elders sage!
Can the tale be real
In this headlong age?

When these ancients travel
To another sphere,
Mysteries to unravel
Which perplex us here,
Should the ruling prelate
Let Kirkburton go
To a heady zealot,
High of Church, or Low!

Full of bile and bitter hate,
Breathing brawl and breeze,
Some raw semi-literate
Buzzer of St. Bees
Pace grows quick and quicker,
Old ways youth eschew,
But give me the old Vicar,
Hale at Eighty-Two!

SPECIMEN PAGE OF PUNCH'S GEOGRAPHY FOR CHILDREN.

(Dedicated, without permission, to the School-Board.)



Q. What is Geography,
my dear?

A. Geography is that
science which teaches us
the correct use of *The
Globe*, and the *Atlas* omni-
buses.

Q. What is the Ruler of
Turkey called?

A. The SULTAN.
Q. Has he any other
title?

A. Yes; in the City he
is often called thief.

Q. Where is Peru?

A. In South America.

Q. What is the nature of
its government?

A. Very bad.

Q. Do we not find guano
in Peru?

A. No; that is just what
we don't find.

Q. Tell me what you
know about Honduras.

A. Nothing. But, if you wish for information on the subject,
enclose a stamped envelope to CAPTAIN BEDFORD P.M.

Q. What are the chief products of Egypt?

A. Khedives, Donkeys, and Bad Debts.

Q. What do you know about Paraguay?

A. Its Representative was not asked to the LORD MAYOR's dinner.

SHORT COMMONS FOR SOLDIERS.

PRUDENT MR. PUNCH.

WE must not be too lavish, Sir—" *Equi et poetæ alendi, non saginandi sunt.*" The rule prescribed by CHARLEMAGNE for horses and poets has been in part at least persistently applied to the British Army with the best results. Our private Soldiers, happily for ourselves, are not fattened. Certain grumblers say they are only half-fed. Because Civilians about Christmas are accustomed to eat a little more meat than is good for them, this is the time that has been chosen by Gentlemen discontented with the diet of others to complain that Soldiers do not get food enough. They come out with Christmas Appeals on behalf of the Army.

The Rev. H. P. WRIGHT, Chaplain to the Forces, states in the *Times* one of the Soldier's many grievances, which in the aggregate account for continual desertion, to be insufficiency of food—his daily ration of meat in particular falling short of a pound.

DR. FARQUHARSON, late Assistant Surgeon, Coldstream Guards, does not scruple to endorse this statement, not only urging that the men ought to be allowed more, but also declaring that the Army Medical Department "have for many years pressed on the Govern-

ment the necessity of making some increase in the Soldier's ration." He even adds:—

"In the regiment to which I had formerly the honour to belong this point was always insisted upon in our Annual Report; and SIR GALBRAITH LOGAN endeavoured vainly to induce the Authorities to consent to add another quarter of a pound of meat to the daily allowance."

DR. FARQUHARSON pays a compliment as merited as undesigned to the civil Authorities who so long and steadily resisted even professional solicitations to relax their system of military economy. Perhaps he expects to seduce a Conservative Government from the path of parsimony pursued by their Liberal predecessors. He appeals to their softer feelings in the name of Temperance with the following rhetoric:—

"When we remember that our troops have nothing to eat between their 12-30 dinner and next day's breakfast, except a cup of coffee and a bit of dry bread, we can understand the craving for stimulants and tobacco which usually exists, and the evil effects produced by adulterated public-house liquor taken on what is popularly called an empty stomach."

If the craving for stimulants and tobacco could be repressed by recurrence to flogging in the Army for drunkenness, the evil effects produced by adulterated public-house liquor taken on what is popularly called an empty stomach would be very much minimised, and a hundred lashes, or so, would be vastly cheaper than the allowance of an additional quarter of a pound of meat per man per day, or even of an "evening meal which might be supplemented in various ways up to the nutritive value of another quarter of a pound of animal food," as DR. FARQUHARSON insidiously suggests with a feigned deference to official frugality. DR. FARQUHARSON is presumably a Scotchman, and ought to be ashamed of himself.

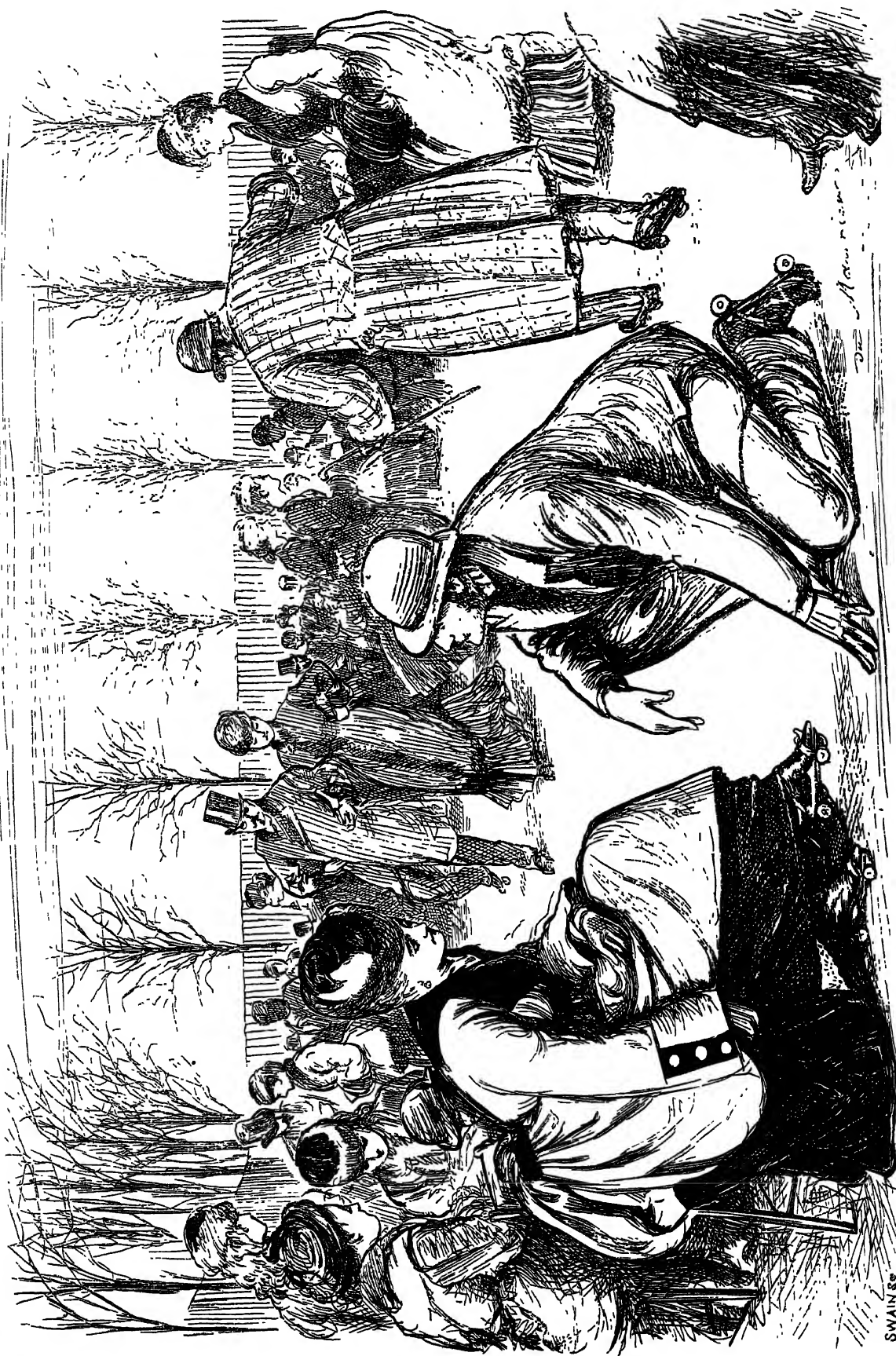
That the British Soldier's courage requires to be maintained with animal food is an antiquated idea. The *Constable of France* in *Henry V.*, says of the English—"And then give them great meals of beef, and iron, and steel, and they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils." To which *Orleans* replies—"Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef." So they were. Nevertheless they fought and conquered at Agincourt.

Everybody knows that foxhounds have to be dieted considerably below the degree which would appease their hunger. It is necessary to keep them reasonably lean. That is also precisely the *rationale* of the Soldier's rations. When the kennel or the barrack is mutinous—apply the lash.

It may be objected that perseverance, with a view to keep down the Estimates, in keeping the Soldier on short commons, diminishes enlistment at a rate which threatens soon to leave us with an inadequate Army. Well, then we can acquiesce in the Admiralty Circular, and make such other concessions regarding the "Comity of Nations," that we shall never find ourselves in want of any considerable Army, if of any Army at all. Or we can ultimately have recourse to Conscription, when we needs must. In the meanwhile we can wait till then, and save our pockets, and not suffer our enjoyment of four meals a day, including five o'clock tea, to be disturbed by Christmas Appeals, demanding for the men who fight our battles a whole quarter of a pound of meat more *per diem* from the country, and the

COMMISSARIAT.

WHAT HEEZEGOVINIANS FIND, BUT LONDON STOCKBROKERS DON'T.
—Turkish Bonds hard to Bear.



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Fair One (to devoted Swain, who has just put her Skates on). "TA! AWP'LY TA!!"

RELIEF AND REACTION.

AN EGYPTIAN TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.—PART I.—RELIEF.

SCENE.—A Saloon in the Palace of the KHEDIVE, handsomely furnished. The KHEDIVE and his First Minister discovered.



KHEDIVE (gloomily). Tell me, thou pale-faced slave, have the French Dogs any more cash to lend me?

First Minister. Light of Lights of Splendour, they keep their money-bags tight-fastened.

Khedive (more gloomily). And the German Pigs?

First Minister. They, too, Sweetness of Sweet Waters, refuse to negotiate our bills. May their beards grizzle in Gehennum!

Khedive (most gloomily). And the Russian Unbelievers?

First Minister. Oh, thou Elect of the Prophet, they, too, higgle and haggle, and give us nothing. May their shadows be less than nothing!

Khedive (after a pause, despondently). And the Austrian Giaours?

First Minister. The same story.

Khedive (interrupting savagely). Bungling dog, hast thou offered them eighty-five per cent.?

First Minister. Bulbul of the Garden of Delights, I have offered them anything and everything.

Khedive. And thou hast failed! Now, by the father of Bowstrings, on my eyes be it if I be not the death of thee!

[About to sentence the Prime Minister to instant execution, when enter Second Minister (of the Menus Plaisirs.)]

Second Minister. Oh, Pride of the Just, I bring thee good tidings.

Khedive. Ha! (holding out his hand.) Give me the money—quick!

Second Minister. O Blossom of the Fruit-trees of Pleasure, as yet it is but promised! The English—

Khedive (pondering). The dogs are wealthy; and yet—thrice accursed be their ancestors and descendants!—they dearly love money's worth for their money. What do they want?

Second Minister. They offer \$4,000,000, on condition that—

Khedive (promptly). May Conditions eat dirt! Not another word! Get the money. When that is safe, we can speak of the conditions. Not another word, I say! The money—get the money!

[Scene closes in, amid great rejoicings.

(Three months are supposed to elapse.)

PART II.—REACTION.

SCENE.—A Saloon in the Palace of the Khedive, still more handsomely furnished than before. The KHEDIVE and the First Minister discovered.

Khedive (referring to a long list which he holds in his hand). Most despicable of dogs, thou hast arranged about the Opera Season?

First Minister. O Pomegranate of Sweetness, I have.

Khedive. Thou hast ordered the new Palace

Khedive (still terribly calm). Proceed! The English Dog is asking—

Second Minister (in despair). How we have spent our money!

Khedive (astounded). What! Surely my ears deceive me! Say it again, thou most abject of beaten pigs!—say it again!

First Minister (maliciously). He says—O Perfection of Wisdom!—that the English Dog is asking how we spend our money!

Khedive. Rakat lakoum! Gurra-gurra! Be cheshm! Salaam Aleikoom! Wallah Billah, Bismillah!*

[Fearful explosion. Swords, pistols, resignations, and awful Transformation Scene, including all the Ministers of the Khedive. Cave out and Cave in. Stock-Exchange Spill and Pelt on all the Bourses of Europe (no rally). Stampede of Bulls pursued by Bears. Scene closes.

* Egyptian expressions too awful for translation.—Ed.

and the diamond necklace for the—(enter hurriedly, Second Minister)—Well, dog, thy news?

Second Minister (trembling). Lord of Lords, I dare not tell thee.

Khedive (angrily). By the Beard of the Prophet, has our Prima Donna thrown up her engagement?

Second Minister. Worse than that, O Lump of Delight! I crave thy pardon on my bended knees!

Khedive (savagely). I have it! The Vicennese Ballet Dancers have not arrived!

Second Minister (crying piteously). Worse than that, O Lord of the Faithful! Worse even than that!

First Minister (maliciously). Ha! I know the cause of his fears. The English Dog, called CAVE, has arrived. The audacious-infidel that he (pointing to Second Minister) invited to our shores.

Khedive (with terrible calmness). Well, and what is he doing?

Second Minister (trembling with abject fear). He is asking—



A LIKELY IDEA.

'Arry (not noticing the Captain in Mufti on the other side). " 'SEE THAT SOLDIER, BILL! 'SALOOTED US! 'TAKES US FOR HORFICERS!!' "
[Rises in his Stirrups.]

JACK TO JOHN.

YER Honour! It isn't a sailor's way
To run off much jaw for croaking;
But now I'm a-going to say my say,
And it ain't exactly joking.
Wind, Wave, and War a true Jack Tar
Should take his chance with gaily,
But things seem going a shade too far,
And the look-out darkens daily.

The dangers of the Sea, in course,
Is things within our reckoning;
Duty's the word, though the storm blow hoarse,
And though Death may seem a-beckoning.
But treacherous Death in our very hold
In the pay of land-sharks lurking,
Is a sort of a thing as the Jack most bold
May be well excused for shirking.

Which Wessels seem a-becoming fast
Mere-Murder-traps for Seamen—
Death-dens, where the Devil's dice are cast,
The Winner some long-shore demon.
What sailors, soon, save poor swabs and flats,
Will man your hulks, well knowing
They are like to be swarming with "water-rats,"
Or primed for unseen upblowing?

Them Coffin-ships, they was bad enough,
But this Death by Clockwork's awful,
And careless stowing of 'splosive stuff
Did ought to be made unlawful.
A cruise can't be just a long carouse;
But a ship, though dangers shock her,
Need *not* be a certain half-way house
To old DAVY JONES's Locker!

There seems a sort of a long-shore league
'Gainst Sailors' lives, whose profit,
Gained by such devilish, dark intrigue,
Might sink a soul to Tophet!
If on each poor Jack he still keeps an eye,
In these days of black sea-crime, Sir,
That sweet little Cherub as sits on high
Must be having a busyish time, Sir.

Yer Honour allays did love a tar—
Which likewise the same to you, Sir!—
And whatever we've ventured in trade or war,
We are game again to do, Sir.
But we think it's time as you took a turn
With the skunks, whose death-plots thicken,
Till it makes us sailors with shame to burn,
And our wives with night-fears sicken.

THE PRINCE AT CEYLON.

MR. PUNCH is authorised to state that, in commemoration of the visit of H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES to Ceylon, Point de Galle is, in future, to be known by the name of Point de Prince de Galles.

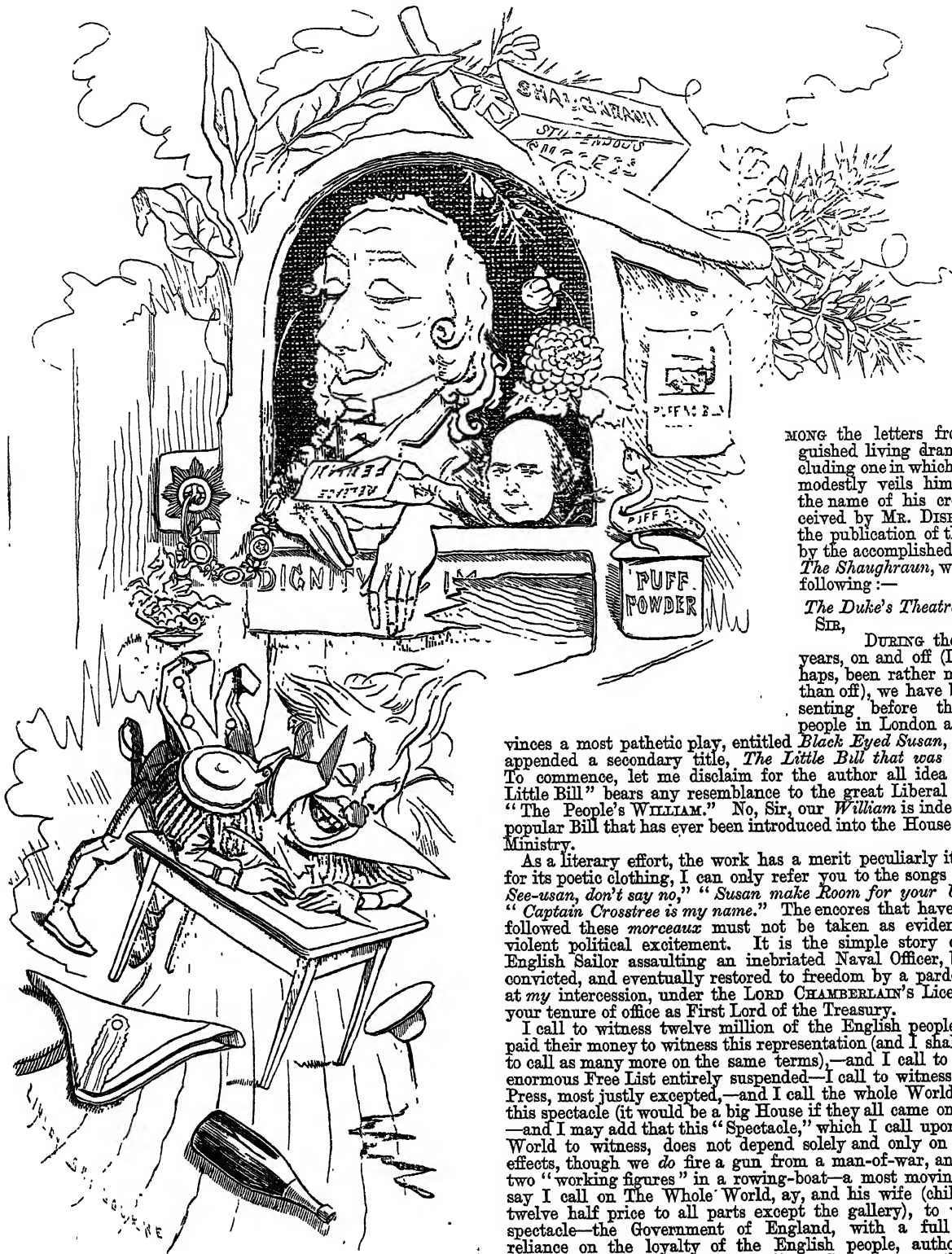
VERY SORRY FOR IT.

LORD NORTHBROOK is about to return home from India, brought, it is said, by telegraph wire. Or was the wear and tear of office beyond Bearing?

MOTTO FOR THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.—*Vokes et pratercu nihil*—VokeSES, and nothing can go beyond 'em!

ADVICE FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Think before you Rink.

DISINTERESTED DRAMATISTS.



AMONG the letters from distinguished living dramatists (including one in which the author modestly veils himself under the name of his creation) received by MR. DISRAELI since the publication of that written by the accomplished Author of *The Shaughraun*, we select the following:—

The Duke's Theatre, Holborn.
SIR,

DURING the last nine years, on and off (I have, perhaps, been rather more "on" than off), we have been representing before the English people in London and the provinces a most pathetic play, entitled *Black Eyed Susan*, to which is appended a secondary title, *The Little Bill that was Taken Up*. To commence, let me disclaim for the author all idea that "The Little Bill" bears any resemblance to the great Liberal ex-Leader, "The People's WILLIAM." No, Sir, our *William* is indeed the most popular Bill that has ever been introduced into the House under any Ministry.

As a literary effort, the work has a merit peculiarly its own. As for its poetic clothing, I can only refer you to the songs of "Pretty See-usan, don't say no," "Susan make Room for your Uncle," and "Captain Crosstree is my name." The encores that have invariably followed these *morceaux* must not be taken as evidences of any violent political excitement. It is the simple story of a young English Sailor assailing an inebriated Naval Officer, being tried, convicted, and eventually restored to freedom by a pardon granted, at my intercession, under the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Licence, during your tenure of office as First Lord of the Treasury.

I call to witness twelve million of the English people who have paid their money to witness this representation (and I shall be happy to call as many more on the same terms),—and I call to witness the enormous Free List entirely suspended—I call to witness the Public Press, most justly excepted,—and I call the whole World to witness this spectacle (it would be a big House if they all came on one night,—and I may add that this "Spectacle," which I call upon the whole World to witness, does not depend solely and only on spectacular effects, though we do fire a gun from a man-of-war, and there are two "working figures" in a rowing-boat—a most moving sight),—I say I call on The Whole World, ay, and his wife (children under twelve half price to all parts except the gallery), to witness this spectacle—the Government of England, with a full and noble reliance on the loyalty of the English people, authorising, and approving, through its officer the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the performance of this play, in which a gallant Naval Officer (myself) is represented as getting most unwarrantably intoxicated, and, while in that state, acting in a manner unworthy of a British Tar, by laying hands on a female in distress, and being, thereupon, cut down by an A.B. Sailor, who is forthwith tried by an incompetent and muddle-headed Court Martial, thus inviting, nightly, a Jury of the Entire Population of London to come, if they can, and pronounce their feelings not only on a great social, but also on a great political, and vitally national question.

In all countries, from the time of Noah's Ark to the present day, the Theatre has been acknowledged a sensitive test of public opinion on Naval affairs. It was, surely, not the cunning of the dramatist (it might have been his *craft*, as some of the action is on board ship),

nor the great merit of the actors (of one in particular, whose name my native modesty will not allow to pass this line). That lifted the roof off several theatres where this play has been performed, that caused the audience to shout with frantic delight, wave their handkerchiefs and hats, throw bouquets to me, Sir, and compel the actors to repeat one song and dance six times, and another twice, nightly, and that cheer after cheer rang through the house when, freely inviting contradiction, I asserted that *Captain Crosstree* was my name? Surely there is no attempt to do this play to palliate the offence of a Naval Officer allowing himself to be disguised in liquor? Why do the spectators watch with interest my progress across the stage, my necktie disarranged, my hair unkempt, as I endeavour to place a bottle carefully on the table? Are they actuated by their love for the bottle, or their regard for me? And, when an announcement is made by *Captain Crosstree* (myself), at the end of the piece, to the effect, that having taken the pledge, I am wearing a medal given me by SIR WILFRID LAWSON, why are these words greeted with hearty applause? May we answer: *it is because the great English people have begun to forgive the offence which they have no desire to forget?* The question has been asked, nearly seven hundred times in London alone, of millions of people of all classes, and has been answered from the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, the QUEEN of DENMARK, the PRINCESS THYRA (in a private box), and their respective suites (in the stalls), down to, or, rather, up to, the humblest mechanic in the sixpenny gallery, *without one dissentient voice.* No, Sir, out of all this vast multitude not one single soul has risen in his place to assert that *Captain Crosstree* is not my name. I have delayed calling your attention to this matter until this moment, when we are on the eve of playing the piece for the seven hundredth time, and no charge for booking.

I am no engineer, Sir, any more than you are, but if I venture out of my mental depth, it is to ask you to request Mr. W. H. to go down in a diving-bell and raise the *Vanguard*, then repair the errors of recent Naval Court Martials, and the injuries of the *Iron Duke*, and, finally recall the Second Slave Circular.

Then, Sir, and not till then, will I cease to assert before a loyal and generous public that, with all respect to you, Sir, my name is—
Aboard H.M.S. Polly Phemus. CAPTAIN CROSSTREE, R.N.

SIR, WE have produced a Play of which the universe has now heard much. We have called it *All for Her*; but believe us, Sir, when we say that we have had no other wish in producing it than that of assisting the ill-used publican. It is *All for Him* that we have now at the present moment some three thousand reformed drunkards hammering at the Pit-door. To you, Sir, the first Dramatist in the world—for such assuredly you would be if you turned your magnificent talents to writing for the Stage—to you, Sir, we appeal on behalf of our ill-used countrymen. Why should the public-house be closed at half-past twelve, now there are no more inebriates in our noble city?

Put on the clock, Sir, to two A.M., and the millions of Londoners who have flooded our boxes and stalls with their tears will bless the Authors of *All for Her*.

We have the honour to remain,

P. S. AND H. M.

SIR,

To you, the brightest Star on that Stage which is the World, I address myself, as I would have you believe that I love my country every bit as much as MR. BOUGICAULT.

I have just withdrawn for ever my historical Play of *Buckingham*. Thousands and tens of thousands of Judges and Jurymen, from the LORD MAYOR downwards, declared nightly for the space—well, for a considerable period—their faith in the dynasty of the STUARTS. To you, Sir, the only poet of our epoch, I proudly point as the man who has it in his power to remove the reigning House from the Throne and so do tardy justice to the Irish branch of the STUARTS, which the voices of a million admirers have elected to the Throne of England. For this I have struggled; for this I penned my *Charles the First*; for this I ran down CROMWELL, and threw the halo of a chaste but ardent imagination around BUCKINGHAM. That play will never appear again; but my convictions will remain the same until I lose my head as the great CHARLES did before me.

I am writing another piece in honour of the STUARTS, for which all the stalls and boxes are retained for one hundred nights in advance.

I have the honour to remain

Your obedient Servant,

W. G. W.

SIR,

Vaudeville Theatre.

For over three hundred nights the English people have witnessed at this theatre a play called *Our Boys*. In that play two young men endeavour to earn their living by the literary craft, wherein you are the most distinguished living adept. They starve, Sir—they are rescued,—they are amply provided for, and

cheer after cheer shakes the walls of the theatre. Sir, there are many young men in London in a similar predicament. Rescue these struggling authors, provide them with pensions, and your heart will not feel the worse here or hereafter (although the public purse may).

Your very obedient servant,

H. J. B.

Opéra Comique.

SIR,

TRIAL by Jury is received nightly with great applause. If we were asked what it is that evokes the generous enthusiasm of the audience, we should answer, that it is the fact that the Judge nobly marries the Plaintiff in a Breach of Promise suit. Make this a law, Sir! In future, compel all judges in this class of cases to marry the Plaintiffs, and high as is the esteem in which you are now held by the people of Great Britain, thirty million hearts in thirty million bosoms will beat still more warmly towards you.

Your very obedient servants,

W. S. G.
ARTHUR S.

"COVER YOUR HEADS."



CONSIDERING that Mr. Jack Frost appears to be much inclined to look in, or, rather, to look out upon us every now and then, it seems a great pity that the young and lovely of the weaker sex (courtesy title) should insist upon wearing rink hats and bonnets (courtesy title again) cocked a-top of their pretty little heads. The saying "beauty unadorned is adorned the most" is all very well in

the Summer time, when the sun is powerful and the sky cloudless, but when Winter brings his snow, frost, and cruel winds, to freeze our fingers and to tint our noses, "defence and defiance" should become our motto.

If a lover knows that the unprotected ear of his mistress is the victim of an attack of neuralgia, how can he comfortably whisper soft nothings into it? The Imps of Rheumatism and Influenza should be seen only in the openings of our Pantomimes. They should never be allowed to make the acquaintance of our sisters, our sweethearts, and our wives. Selfish man has his Ulster, with its hood; but woman—lovely woman—claims only the protection of that falsest of friends, Madam Fashion. And what has Madam Fashion done for her votaries? Little good and much bad. It was by the command of this hardest of task-mistresses that maidens assumed robes of arsenic green, and robbed the poor little Dicky birds of their pretty plumage. It was by her command that hoops, dyes, and false hair were rummaged out of the lumber-rooms of the Past to figure once again in the drawing-rooms of the Present.

Contempt follows close upon disgust when it is found that Madam Fashion is not only cruel but stupid. The poison of the arsenic might have been condoned had the colour of its green been becoming. Rink hats and dolls' bonnets might be tolerated were they only pretty. But neither the dye nor the head-dress could show the hall-mark of good-taste. The mysterious is closely allied to the lovely, and the girl who displays her face too fully forfeits half her charm. What would a transformation scene be without its gradual changes? What would the paintings at the Royal Academy be without their fitting frames? It may not be very gallant to liken the face of a Lady to a picture, and yet faces, like pictures, require their setting. A sensible bonnet should act as the frame to

the work of Nature, even as the golden beading acts as a frame to the work of Art.

Nothing is prettier than a sweet face peeping out of a becoming hood, and yet Madam Fashion prefers a sugar-loaf hat or a bunch of artificial flowers tacked on to a square inch of straw or a morsel of muslin. She gives up charming frames for grotesque and ugly capitals. Under these circumstances, *Mr. Punch* advises his fair friends to make Madam Fashion their slave in lieu of their mistress. During the winter, at least, Ladies should wear hoods or warm bonnets—which may be made eminently becoming—instead of the tasteless and useless abominations which now usurp the name. They will find the change, they may take *Mr. Punch's* word for it, not only better for their health, but (what is far more important in their eyes), decidedly conducive to their attractiveness.

INSTRUCTION FOR THE UNIVERSE.



OST PROFOUND
MR. PUNCH,
You had better look to your laurels, as the reporters say. There exists an Universal Oracle elsewhere, Sir, than at 85, Fleet Street. Above another portal than your office-door it may now be written:—

"Hic stupor est mundi
qui scibile discutit
omne."

Moreover that other Astonishment of the World knows all he talks about, as well as you do. Omnis-science, said to have been the late DR. WHEWELL'S foible, is another's forte, as well as yours. Who is that other?

You are told in the following paragraph of news, if truly reported:—

"CARDINAL MANNING last night opened the Academia of the Catholic religion in Manchester. The object of this institution is to promote the study of the Roman Catholic religion, to oppose the errors of the day, to preserve the young from the influence of such errors, and to provide lectures on literary, historical, and scientific subjects in connection with Catholicism. In the course of the proceedings the Cardinal delivered an address, in which he maintained that the Catholic Church is the true exponent of revelation, science, history, politics, and morals."

Of course, *Mr. Punch*, this Oracle has always been at the service of Christendom, though nobody knew that till 1870, when the Vatican Council declared the POPE infallible. The Universal Oracle has always existed at Rome in the form of the Pope for the time being. There Infallibility and Holiness combined have ever, from the pontificate of St. Peter downwards, impersonated the Infallible Church—infallible in its dogmas not only *de fide et moribus*, but also *de rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis*.

Now, thanks to the electric telegraph, for the invention of which, primarily, mankind are indebted to the only true exponent (besides yourself) of all science and all truth, whether sacred or secular, the Oracle of Rome has branch Oracles in sundry places, notably at Manchester, where CARDINAL MANNING opened the Academia, and in Westminster, where he resides. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY can grant degrees, but is not supposed to pretend to know, for instance, how far a recipient is qualified for the diploma of Doctor of Medicine. There the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER has the advantage of him, through connection of the local with the central Oracle. Unluckily, any degrees he might be authorised to confer would perhaps not be recognised by the Medical Council. It is deplorable that bigotry should impede the rapid advancement in scientific Medicine, Physiology, Chemistry, and all the collateral sciences, which would necessarily result from due concession to an infallibly true exponent of science, no less than of revelation, history, politics, and morals.

The true exposition of History, *Mr. Punch*, you will allow, is conditional on the true exposition of Science. The former and the latter taken together will set the story of GALILEO, for instance, in the right light; and demonstrate that astronomical truth, like all other, originated from Rome.

Now that the Academia of the Catholic Religion is established at Manchester, PROFESSORS TYNDALL and HUXLEY, MR. DARWIN, and all the rest of our naturalists and philosophers, had better go there to school. So had MR. CARLYLE, who is not too old to learn; so had MR. FROUDE, so had every other historian; so had both MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI—especially MR. GLADSTONE; so had all politicians; so had every moralist—except you.

Perhaps no long time will elapse before the Catholic Academia of Manchester shall have published a Catholic Encyclopedia for our instruction in all things, particularly on the subjects of the Beginning of Life, Development, and Origin of Species, the Age of Mankind, the Antiquity of the World, the Functions of the Brain, and Physiology and Geology at large. In this publication we may also expect that the true exponent of History will unfold the annals of Chemistry, Electricity, Steam, and Mechanics, and show that the modern great conquests of Nature by means of Science were none of them the exploits of Protestant PRIESTLEYS, DAVYS, FARADAYS, WATTS, STEPHENSONS, WHEATSTONES, or any heretics whomsoever, but all so many victories won by soldiers of the Faith. And surely the compilers of this useful volume will, while they are about it, not forget to prove (by infallible assertion) that the initiative of all great moral reforms, which have elevated humanity, signally that of the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade was taken by the one true exponent of everything that is good, either in an Allocution, or an Encyclical, or a Brief, if not a Bull. Infallibility cannot conflict with infallibility. otherwise, Sir, you might perhaps be pleased to consider whether you had not better be beforehand with its other Claimants in bringing out a Dictionary of Universal Truth, for the diffusion of knowledge and enlightenment, and the acceleration of

PROGRESS.

THE MONITOR OF THE OPPOSITION.

"Vernon nunquam viret."

(To the great Trilogical Druid, *Punch* greeting.)

LASH, SIR DEMOCRITUS HARCOURT, laughing philosopher rude, Fools who Power from afar court ere on their grasp it obtrude. Sharp and sagacious physician, your diagnosis is right—No plague of Opposition like itch for ill-chosen fight: Men who their buckrams or programs would change for purple and gold.

Go hawking about their programmes on paper, marvellous bold; Pert and pestilent praters, confounding to do and to say, And scorning Fabius Cunctators, who wait for the right time of day. Why weave intrigues sinister for whirling parties about? Wait, and the ablest Minister is sure to turn himself out. Whether Lib'ral or Tory the tar whose trick's at the helm, On to her port of glory he'll steer Old England's realm. Blunders—of course. Would the Nation one Party in power entrench?

'Tis blunders bring healthy rotation of crops on the Treasury Bench. But are there no questions that burn on next Session's liberal list, That you, sharp-sighted SIR VERNON, come out as a Necessity? True, better ought than maintain Mob for king with his tools and tools,

And with husks for good grain fob off the hunger of fools, Yet 'twere well to protest against telling the world to stand still; Of eloquence where is the test like fruit of work with a will? England, the Empire Nation—*mille pardons*, other Great Powers—Brooks not *funérant's* station in these hurried, headlong hours; And he that 'mong England's leaders aspires a place to seek, Needs, to win followers and readers, the power to do more than speak.

"A CHARMING FELLOW."

It is not every Gentleman, or Gentleman's Gentleman either, who can say as much for himself as does this modest advertiser:—

WANTED, a Situation as Butler and Valet, or Travelling Servant. Used to the Continent. Speaks four languages. Understands hunting things.

A useful servant this, no doubt; but, with a view to an engagement, he might be more explicit. For instance, why does he not name the languages he speaks? Suppose he is a Welshman, and is conversant with Hindostanee, Hebrew, and Chinese; his knowledge of four languages would really be remarkable, though not peculiarly serviceable in Continental travel. Then again, what are the "things" which he understands hunting? Are they rats and mice, and such small deer; or elephants and tigers, and other nobler animals? Or can he be conveying a delicate allusion to the "things" which are unnameable, but which are so commonly hunted after nightfall by tourists on the Continent, and indeed are too well known to need more identification?



A MOTHERLY PUFF.

Manoeuvring Mamma (anxious that her Daughter's chief attraction should not escape the notice of the very eligible Young Man who is taking her—the daughter—down to supper). "MARIA! MARIA!!"

Manoeuvring Mamma (in loud whisper). "TAKE YOUR EYELASHES OUT OF TANGLE, DARLING!"

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A Vision of (let us hope) an imaginary Future.

SCENE—A Room in Pall Mall. Great Military Reformer discovered carefully examining two rifles. Private Secretary in attendance.

Great Military Reformer. And you do not know the difference between them, even?

Private Secretary. No, Sir. (*Explaining.*) I did not take up Fire-arms for my examination. My subjects were Latin—

Great Military Reformer (*interrupting*). Thank you. Be kind enough to ask the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to step this way.

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir.

Great Military Reformer (*reading text-book*). "In 1874 the Martini-Henry superseded the Snider Rifle." Yes, that's all right. I have got one of each. Stupid people, why didn't they label them!

[*Continues his examination of the fire-arms.*]

Enter the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Commander-in-Chief. I think you sent for me?

Great Military Reformer. O yes. I want to discuss the Mobilisation of the Army Scheme with your Royal Highness. But, before we begin, will your Royal Highness kindly tell me which of these two rifles is the Martini-Henry and which is the Snider.

Commander-in-Chief. Certainly. This (*pointing to one of the rifles*) is the Martini-Henry, and that (*pointing to the other*) is the Snider.

Great Military Reformer. O thank you so much! You see I have promised to deliver a lecture at Sheffield this evening on "Modern Fire-arms—their History and Manufacture," and I like to be accurate. And now may I beg your Royal Highness to be seated.

Commander-in-Chief. Thank you, Sir, I prefer to stand.

Great Military Reformer. As I am about to give you a short account of some of my Reforms, I really think you had better take a chair. Well, then, Your Royal Highness, since I have had the honour of being Secretary of State for War I have made several alterations in the Army.

Commander-in-Chief. So I have been told by all the Officers Commanding Districts.

Great Military Reformer. Ah, you must not listen to them. You must know that I have had to interfere with some of them considerably.

Commander-in-Chief. Quite so. The Inspector-General of Recruiting informs me that his office is now a sinecure.

Great Military Reformer. Well, certainly, we do not get quite so many men under the new system as we did under the old, but *que voulez-vous?*—a sacrifice must be made somewhere.

Commander-in-Chief. Pardon me if I am wrong, but I was under the impression that you came to the War Office to increase our Army, not to cause it to fall off in numbers.

Great Military Reformer. Your Royal Highness is perfectly right, but remember I am feeling my way. I have several systems at work in different parts of the country. For instance, at Sheffield (thanks to the Act passed last Session, giving me unlimited powers), I am carrying out the Prussian plan. I make service compulsory, and the saving in the pay of the soldier is something enormous.

Enter PRIVATE SECRETARY, with a letter.

Private Secretary. This has just come by the country post, Sir.

Great Military Reformer. Thank you. (*Takes the letter, and reads it. His face falls. To Secretary, angrily.*) Really, Mr. TENTFOUR, I wish you would not interrupt me when I am discussing matters of national importance. You can go, Sir.

[*Exit Private Secretary.*]

Commander-in-Chief. No bad news, I trust?

Great Military Reformer. O, nothing very serious. The Sheffield manufacturers refuse to undertake a contract I offered to them. They declare that, since Compulsory Service has been in force, the labour market has been drained, and trade has gone to rack and ruin. So silly of them! If they are ruined, it will increase the work at the Bankruptcy Court. So what is bad for them will be good for the lawyers. It will be only carrying money into another branch of industry.—To continue: At Dublin I have abolished the Army in favour of the Militia. We do not want two distinct forces to defend



“TOO MANY COOKS.”

our country, you see. (*Enter Private Secretary, with a telegram.*) Really, MR. TENTOFOUR, I think I said I did not wish to be disturbed?

Private Secretary. Very sorry, Sir, but I think the matter must be important.

Great Military Reformer. Give it me. (*Takes telegram, reads it, and makes a grimace. After a long pause.*) I really think you had better tell COLONEL HENDERSON to order the A Division of Police to hold themselves in readiness for immediate embarkation.

[*Exit Private Secretary, hurriedly.*]

Commander-in-Chief. Nothing wrong, I hope?

Great Military Reformer. Well, it is annoying. The fact is, the Militia Regiment stationed in Dublin has mutinied.

Commander-in-Chief. Dear me! Very strange! The Militia used to be a very loyal force. Excellent raw material, and capital officers.

Great Military Reformer. Yes; but, you see, I dismissed the officers, and don't quite know how to deal with the raw material. But it will be all right when the Police arrive.—To continue: In Scotland I have abolished the Militia in favour of the Army. (*Enter Private Secretary.*) Really, MR. TENTOFOUR, this repeated intrusion is absolutely indecent.

Private Secretary. I am very sorry, Sir, but they say they won't go away until they have seen you.

Great Military Reformer. They? Who?

Private Secretary. The CLAYMORE OF MACGORRAN, SIR DOUGAL MACAVISH, ROB ROY MACGREGOR of that ilk, the LAIRD OF CRAIGIE-BURN, the—

Great Military Reformer. Stop, stop! What do they want?

Have you made them put down the purpose of their visit in writing?

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. (*Reading from paper.*) "To invite the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR to restore the ancient Scottish Militia instantly, or to discuss the matter with them after the fashion of their Highland ancestors."

Great Military Reformer. O this is most irregular!

Private Secretary. So I said, Sir. But I can do nothing with them. The LAIRD OF CRAIGIE BURN has got an immense two-handed sword and—

[*Loud noise heard without.*]

Great Military Reformer. MR. TENTOFOUR, will you kindly find out the cause of the disturbance, and (*aside*) I shall feel deeply obliged to you if you will call me a Hansom.

[*Exit Private Secretary.*]

Commander-in-Chief. You were saying—

[*Uproar outside. Enter hurriedly Private Secretary.*]

Private Secretary. The three Sentries have been overpowered, Sir, and an angry mob—recruits, apparently, from all classes of society, are asking, "What you intend to do next." (*Aside.*) The hansom is at the door, Sir.

Great Military Reformer. Thank you. Will you kindly telegraph to Sheffield to say that I shall be unable to deliver my lecture this evening. Good morning, Your Royal Highness.

Commander-in-Chief. But I thought, Sir, that you wished to discuss the Mobilisation Scheme of the Army with me.

Great Military Reformer. On second thoughts, your Royal Highness, I think I had better leave that matter in the hands of my successor. Now, MR. TENTOFOUR, the cab, if you please.

[*Hurried retreat of the Great Military Reformer to Hackney.*]

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(Why we Didn't See Bangalore—The True Reason—A Grand Affair—An Evening with a Cheetaah.)



HE best-laid plans, dear Sir, will mis-carry. I had got up, privately, and, as a matter of personal spec., a first-rate reception for my Illustrious Friend at Bangalore. My Royal and Respected Companion had expressed his intention of doing Bangalore. Bangalore has not been done, but I have. I had engaged all the best Eastern Swells, troupes of Nautch Girls, Jugglers, fireworks, and all sorts of games, regardless of expense, and you can't do these things for nothing. You can't get a genuine Rajah and suite for one night under a lakh, and, if they aren't paid, they have their knife into you, literally. However, I didn't make the engagements, luckily, myself, but put the whole show into the hands of a Native Entrepreneur, the SIR SORPETHJEE SORDAR-BHOY, who can smooth over a difficulty with his compatriots, where I should only get deeper into the mire. The feature of the

show was a Bevy of the Beauties of Bangalore forming a Royal Arch, and the loveliest of their sex advancing in line and singing, "Let me Kiss him for his Mother." The RAJAH MINZEE KRISHMARSTEE would have held aloft an artificial bunch of Mistletoe, and the ceremony, to Native music, would have been carried out in detail. The only person in the secret was my dear friend the Assistant-Secretary, who, at the last moment, rushed in to me with a telegram from England, dated Scotland, to this effect:—

"Meeting of Anglo-Christian Union. Row about H.R.H.'s doings. DR. DUFF'S speech. Nautch girls not respectable. Advisers of Prince to be censured. Parliamentary proceedings, Old Bailey, Newgate, threatened. British Throne in danger. Drop animal fights, idols, and Nautches. More Parsons, less

Parsees. Look out for your Bal-morals. What on earth is DUCKWORTH about?"

Signed D—E OF E—NB—GH.*

There was no help for it. My Royal Friend was indignant at first, but he soon recovered his spirits, and pointed out that, in any case, all the blame would fall on me and the Assistant Secretary, and then, in his clear, ringing voice, my Gay and Noble Companion sang out "I never go East of Bangalore," which was immediately taken up by the Suite, Lords C—GT—N and B—SF—N leading, and after a short dance, we sat down, laughing, but exhausted. It is the only approach to a *fiasco* that has happened since we've been out here on the tour with the Star of India.

COLONEL HOGG invited us to some pig-sticking, but you've had enough of that. My Illustrious Co-Sportsman speared all the pigs bar one, for I could not stand it any longer, but stepping forward, exclaimed,—

"Woodman, spare that pig!"

and he did. That was the only incident.†

We had another good day in the preserves of His Highness, MEER GREENGAJEE, Jam of Larstere, and in the evening we were invited to the Tayku Mandoom Club by SIR ROWJEE FUSSEYBHOY, who must have his finger in every pie. There was to be a great reception, and I managed to fetch some of my other Native swells from Bangalore just in time. This was the order of the Procession, which was, by a great way, the most characteristic thing that's been done as yet:—

The GRAND ZEND AVESTA

(carrying a cushion which he could sit down upon when he was tired—I found I must give him something to hold, as he was so awkward with his hands).

The DRIVER OF PEKKUMRI.

His Excellency TUPEENNEE BUSKADDI.

His Highness KHANJEE BUTTEE WONTJEE,
Nawab of Jugalongo (mounted).

SIR SQUEJEE TOAJELLYBHOY
(attended by four Nautch
Girls).

MOHAMED MEERLI ATI
(The Native Historian, attended
by Secretaries).

An Elephant, painted Green and Red, with
Fireworks on his Tusks and Tail.

Jugglers Snake Charmers Jugglers
(doing tricks with Knives). (with real Snakes). (swallowing Swords).

* We are not quite able to reconcile the dates. Such a meeting, under the presidency of DR. DUFF, was held in Edinburgh, and reported in the *Daily Telegraph* only last week; but how could Our Correspondent have received the news in time to write and send an account of it to England? On second thoughts, perhaps, the difference in clocks between England and India might account for it: or, he may be alluding to some previous meeting of a similar character. We confess we are not prepared to dismiss an old and valued Correspondent merely for a difference in clocks.—ED.

† In a recent telegram, we find "The Prince spared one pig." This, to our mind, spoke volumes for the veracity of our Correspondent. On our calling at the office of the journal in which the telegram appeared, we ascertained that "spared" was a printer's error for "speared." But, still, it shows that Our Representative must have been on the spot, which is, in fact, the only thing we have ever had any doubt about during his correspondence.—ED.



A SPELLING B.

As an independent test, Mr. Buttertub (Churchwarden and Overseer) is invited to put some questions.

Mr. B. "CAN ANY O' YOU BOYS SPELL TREMENJEUS?" !!

| | | |
|--|--|--|
| Snake Charmers (supporting a real live Cobra.) | The REV. CANON DUCKWORTH (reading a Book). | Snake Charmers (with Rattlesnakes and Vipers). |
| Rhinoceros (with Keeper). | A Bengal Tiger (held by Five Boys). | Rhinoceros (with Keeper). |
| The RAJAH OF KOLLER WOBLAR (attended by his Physician, DR. SENNATEE DOSABHOY). | The JAM OF NOWAR (attended by Three Ninkum Poopahs in full costume). | |
| Full Band of Tom-Toms, Kât Gûts, &c., led by SIR BASSOON HOBBOY. | | |
| Chorus of Girls, under the direction of His Highness HEERAN SINGJEE. | MYSELF (carrying Coins). | Natives (on all fours). |

Then the Suite in our remaining costumes, and in the centre H.R.H., our Illustrious Star of India, covered with Orders and Decorations, and walking under the

GOLD UMBRELLA,

Carried alternately by SIR JAK HOLKAR—the Holkar—and SIR AUGUSTUS SALAR JUNG. A few Tom-Toms, Pypars, Bengal Lights, and others that I had no place for in the procession, brought up the rear.

The people of Singleloo were delighted, as the whole affair was got up in a couple of hours, and took them quite by surprise. They gave us an excellent dinner at the Club; and my Gorgeous and Hearty Friend ate fifty-two curries, three dozen mangoes, and drank half-a-dozen bottles of fine old *Shuter-sucar*,* and so did I.

I regret that the evening did not end so pleasantly. I must unwillingly record a scandal. But it is better for you to have the true version of it through me, than to trust to vague telegrams, rumours, and unauthentic dispatches.

We sat down after dinner not to our rubber, but to *écarté*, with two strangers, apparently native swells. One was introduced as

* *Shuter-sucar*, in our Dictionary, is "a camel-carrier." This is nothing to drink. But we cannot pronounce with certainty until the boy returns with the new Dictionary. He has been away for one month, and the Christmas holidays are over. Odd!—Ed.

ALI AREGLAR DHOO, a Mahometan Banker, and the other was the CHEETAH OF SINGLELOO, a magnate of some consideration in this district. Fortunately for us my Royal Friend's private Card Detective was on the spot, and when my Esteemed Companion was losing his fifth lakh of rupees—I had prudently backed the CHEETAH, and so was a considerable winner—SHARPUS, the Detective, suddenly seized the CHEETAH by the throat, shook his sleeve, and out came King, Queen, and Knave as neat as ninepence. ALI AREGLAR DHOO wanted to make a fuss about it; but, on seeing INSPECTOR RUNNUMIN BOSTREETYBHOY, of the Native Police, enter the room, his face became three shades paler, and he leapt out of the window on to the terrace beneath, a matter of ninety feet or so, and vanished. As for the CHEETAH, his pockets were emptied, and he was kicked out of the Club by a herculean young Gentleman, MR. H. ARDASSAR NAXLEBEE, who sent him flying into the moonlight. I was afraid that there would have been a free fight, as the CHEETAH had his confederates in the Club that night. But, fortunately for the Europeans, the Old Rajah, HOLDYERJAH NOYSEEBHOY, was present, whose friendly disposition towards the English residents is so well known as to have passed into a proverb.

The Old Rajah had but to clap his hands, and his band of Native BOXSARS would have rushed in and cleared the room in a second. The Rajah, who is a sort of Unpaid Magistrate, told us that if the CHEETAH was brought before him, he should order him to receive twenty *krakhs* (blows on the head), thirty *bakwahhs* (lashes, but not necessarily on the head), and be fined seventy lakhs. Knowing that the CHEETAH might be still about, I trembled for the Gold Umbrella, which, for a second time, had been thoughtlessly left by SIR JAK HOLKAR—the Holkar—in the Hall.

However, it was safe. I am glad this Gold Umbrella has been found—but, if LORD NORTHBROOK has retired, he has not been recalled.

I remain in haste, your truthful

REPRESENTATIVE
(In India).



CONSOLATORY SUGGESTION.

Unsuccessful Son of Clever Parents (who has a theory that genius is hereditary).
 "LOOK HERE, OLD FELLER!—A FELLER CAN'T BE A FEWY GWEAT FOOL WITH SUCH A FATHER AND MOTHER AS I'VE GOT, CAN HE? NOW, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR MY BEASTLY LUCK IN ALL I UNDERTAKE?"

His Friend (who has a theory that Earlwood is chiefly peopled by the offspring of consanguineous marriages). "STOP A BIT—HAPPY THOUGHT!—HOORAY!—PERHAPS YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER WERE FIRST COUSINS!"

CELLS FOR OUR SPELLING BEE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES—Feudatories.
 THE PRINCESS OF WALES—Agreeable.
 THE SULTAN—Herzegovina.
 THE KHEDIVY—Embarrassment.
 THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—Manœuvring.
 THE SECRETARY AT WAR—Mobilisation.
 THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY—Tarpaulin.
 THE LORD PRESIDENT—Veterinary.
 THE SPEAKER—Parliamentary.
 THE LORD MAYOR—Eleemosynary.
 MR. DISRAELI—Septuagenarian.
 MR. GLADSTONE—Welsh, Vaticanism.
 THE MANAGER OF THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM—Anemone.
 MR. FRANK BUCKLAND—Acclimatisation.
 THE MANAGER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE—Pyrotechnics.
 MR. DARWIN—Development.
 LORD DERBY—Equanimity.
 THE MANSION HOUSE FLOODS COMMITTEE—Cataclysm.
 THE CHAIRMAN OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY—Gauge.

COLONEL HENDERSON—Surveillance.
 PROFESSOR HUXLEY—Anthropological.
 MR. IRVING—SHAKESPEARE.
 M. FERDINAND LESSEPS—Mediterranean.
 LORD LYTTON—Hindustani.
 CARDINAL MANNING—Ultramontanism.
 The Leader of the Opera Band—Ophicleide.
 The President of the College of Physicians—Pharmacopœia.
 BARON ROTHSCHILD—Millionaire.
 MR. RUSKIN—Connoisseur, Dilettanteism.
 MR. TENNYSON—Rhythmical.
 The Chairman of the London School Board—Undenominationalism.
 Our Butcher—Aitch-bone.
 Our Greengrocer—Potatoes.
 Our Special Heterodox Aversion—Latitudinarianism.
 Our Youngest at a Christmas Tree—Ecstasy.
 MR. CARLYLE—Unparalleled, Octogenarian.

AN EPICURE'S EXPOSTULATION.

"I conclude that the best diet, the one best adapted to the human constitution, and to sustain the highest vigour of body and mind, is one composed of *bread and fruit*. By bread I mean all the grains, placing wheat at their head, and including potatoes, yams, and the like, for the cooked potato is an inferior sort of bread, so is the chestnut. With bread and fruit as pivots, we may take milk and eggs simply, or in combination, as in cakes and puddings, or milk in its forms of cream, butter, and cheese. . . . Flesh is the part of diet that can be most easily done without, while bread in some form is almost indispensable."—*How to Live on Sixpence a Day*. By T. L. NICHOLS, M.D., F.S.A.

GREAT Heavens! what a most preposterous planner
 Of sham Utopias must this donkey be!
 To shock a Diner in this dreadful manner
 Is—hang it!—monstrous of the mad M.D.
 (Mendacious duffer!) Are there no restrictions
 On rampant rubbish? By CARÈME and UDE,
 We ought to lay a tax on frantic fictions,
 Subversive theories, and crotchets crude!
 And yet, I must confess, my mind it tickles
 To read the blatant nonsense of this NICHOLS.

"On Bread and Fruit!" Paradisea truly!
 And man a "cooking animal," forsooth!
 The theory might suit the wilds of Thule,
 Or mortals minus palate, tongue, or tooth;
 But men in modern *menus* versed—Good gracious!
 We might as well go back to pulse and paint.
 I do protest these dogmatists audacious
 Would tax the patience of a well-fed Saint,
 While any peccable—and peckish—sinner
 Would swear, at thought of meal and yams for dinner.

The pseudo-scientific sumph! I'd ask him
 If men are all granivorous. I think
 To turn the edge of that retort would task him!
 To feed on pears and penny loaves, to drink
 Water, is best, declare our new advisers.
 If that be so, I wonder what we do
 With such a show of molars and incisors.
 I own that time has left me very few,
 Yet I make shift, though valetudinarian,
 To be,—well, very far from vegetarian.

I've dined,—a simple spread of some four courses,—
 And here's a fellow tells me 'tis the thing
 To feed on meal (like Scots) or "mash" (like horses),
 Washed down with water from a—London?—spring.
 Trash! It might suit a TIMON, or a CATO,
 A NEWMAN, or a NICHOLS, F.S.A.,
 To dine on porridge and a cold potato,
 But, Heaven be thanked, I've never learned the way
 To sit and sup, with visage smug and placid,
 On bread that's "raised" with muriatic acid.

Yes, NICHOLS, you may argue and adjure us,—
 But 'twere to turn one's back on Providence
 To shun life's dainties. Shade of Epicurus,
 Inspire these dunderheads with sober sense!
 "With Bread and Fruit as pivots" they'd be turning
 The Gourmet's *menus* to a hermit's *carte*,
 For frumety and fruit all flesh-pots spurning;
 But while we've Clubs and culinary art
 How vain their vegetarian whims and wishes,
 Who'd preach the vanity of Human—Dishes!

London Improvements.

LEICESTER SQUARE having proved such a success, it has been resolved to beautify other equally neglected sites. Golden Square is to be restored to the original magnificence which its name indicates. This locality is of historical interest, as having been the square of which RICHARD WHITTINGTON had received the brilliant reports which induced him to undertake his celebrated journey to town. As if in memory of WHITTINGTON, Golden Square is at night devoted almost exclusively to Cats.
 Printing House Square will also, it is said, undergo restoration; and the centre will be appropriately occupied by an entirely new and elegant Fount—of Type.



BLARNEY.

Tall Yankee (just arrived). "GUESS YOUR LEGAL FARE IS JUST SIXPENCE—"

Dublin Carman. "SURE, ME LORD, WE TAKE SOME CHAPE JACKS AT THAT—BUT I WOULDN'T DISGRACE A GENTLEMAN AV YOUR LORDSHIP'S QUALITY BE DRIVIN' HIM AT A MANE PACE T'ROUGH THE PUBLIC STREETS—SO I TUK UPON MYSELF TO GIVE YOUR LORDSHIP A SHILLIN'SWORTH BOTH AV STOLEY AN' WHIPCARD!"

LES CŒURS BRISÉS.

SINCE the production of MR. GILBERT'S *Broken Hearts* so much ultra-sentimentality has found a vent in Belgravia, that the following sad cases of incipient insanity have been registered by the medical gentlemen whose fashionable Victorias may be seen any day careering wildly down Grosvenor Place:—

LADY THEODOSIA SPINDLESHANKS, impressed too vividly with the beautiful idea of a sympathetic exchange of affection with inanimate objects, has set up a large sable muff in her boudoir, which she declares reminds her but too dearly of her faithless CHARLEY in the Blues. Alas, poor muff! he is warm-hearted, it is true, but cannot squeeze her hands as her dear one did. LADY THEODOSIA burns two candles (long fours) continually before it. She is at present occupied in embroidering a cover for her pet muff.

THE HONOURABLE MARIA FRISKYFOOT sees no one. Her many admirers (she is a widow, and rich) have all to leave their cards and turn away, unblest with a sight of her, from her doors. She has devoted all her ardent affection to the adoration of a spoon, silver, it is true, bearing an ancient coat of many quarterings, but still undeniably a spoon. The HONOURABLE MARIA has been heard to declare that the soul of that barbarous baronet, SIR PAUL FITZPOODLE, hangs about that silver semblance;—SIR PAUL, who swore to marry her when she became a widow, and who long ago consoled himself with a wealthy Manchester manufacturer's daughter and heiress. In vain she presses that spoon to her lips; there is as yet no response from the cold metal, no sign of emotion in those armorial bearings: still she will love it with all the ardour of a fading beauty, and never, never, no, never, will she cast her eyes on that spoon without recalling her cruel PAUL.

MISS ETHEL DE NIGAUD, the lovely and accomplished daughter of an old Norman House, has left London and retired to the family mansion in Shropshire, where there is no one but the Housekeeper and Gardeners to interfere with her infatuation. Every morning she decorates with holly and ivy, and such hot-house flowers as can

be obtained, the fine old Pump standing in the stable-yard. She is convinced that a magnetic chord exists, connecting this relic with the Member for —, to whom she was devoted, and from whom she expected a proposal of marriage all last season. That Pump is the object of her worship, and the recalcitrant M.P. little thinks what image reproduces him to the mind of the little ETHEL he was proud to flirt with in Society.

We believe that the accomplished author of *Broken Hearts* is responsible for all these aberrations of intellect, and we beg of him to consider under what a fearful weight of responsibility he exercises his great powers of imagination and invention.

DREAM OF A SPELLING-BEE.

MENAGERIES where sleuth-hounds caracol,
Where jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic gnu
Fright ptarmigan and kestrels cheek by jowl
With peewit and precocious cockatoo;

Gaunt seneschals, in crotchety cockades,
With seine-nets trawl for porpoise in lagoons;
While scullions gauge erratic escapades
Of madrepores in water-logged galleons:

Flamboyant triptychs groined with gherkins green,
In reckless fracas with coquettish bream,
Ecstatic gurgoyles, with grotesque chagrin,
Garnish the gruesome nightmare of my dream!

THE LARGEST PIECE OF PORCELAIN IN THE WORLD.—The great Wall of China.

EVERYDAY OCCURRENCE.—A Ministerial Crisis in France.

LEO LOQUITUR.



SCHOLASTIC INTELLIGENCE.

O, I say *Punch*, old fellow, here's a jolly bit of news:—

"FAIRS, who is pronounced to be incomparably the best racquet-player of the day, has been appointed master of that art at Eton."

So you see that racquet play now ranks among the Arts, and FAIRS may style himself M.A. like any other Eton master. I wonder now if other public schools will follow in the fashion. Harrow ought to start a Master of the noble Art of Cricket, and Rugby might set up a Master of the Art of Football. Degrees might be conferred for prowess in such Arts; and the initials M.A.H. and M.A.F.G. might distinguish men proficient in the Art of Hockey or in that of Fly-the-Garter.

TOMMY.

ONKEYS and men! DARWIN must sure have leisure

For work of purest supererogation,
When he spends time bringing to rule and measure
The upward steps, or downward, in creation,
Between the human and the simian kind:
That one's in cages and one out I find.
To other difference 'twixt them I am blind.

What d' ye say? "*Tails?*" True, Simiae of some countries
Display those useful caudal prolongations,
While man-kind, 'mongst their other gross effront'ries,
Say *their* spines have no such continuations.
But who knows if their petticoats and trousers
Hide not from observation tails—and rousers!—
Like those of feline man-eaters or mousers.

What are you gaping at, you two-legged babies?
The fitting of your prisoners carnivorous?
Doomed henceforth to digest their restless rabies
In the new Lion-House—whence luck deliver us!
Wheel up your barred trap; have choice tit-bits flung:
Keep us unfed, till, with mad hunger stung,
We rush—then to our new cells—old and young!

Had ever felines such accommodation!
A roof, warm-water-pipes, two feet more range
Lengthwise, and four, at least, by mensuration,
From back to front! sure, a delightful change!
Are we less prisoners, that we can pace
Twelve weary paces more, and own the grace
Of some more cubic feet of breathing space?

Tell me of clamorous indignation-meetings
O'er Fugitive-Slave-Circulars! Come here,
And count *our* weary hearts' indignant beatings,
We close-caged playthings of your Sunday cheer!
Your anti-slavery sympathies extend
From biped up to quadruped, my friend;
Of cages grant more than a change—an end!

ON GUARD!



W.

Remember, Sir, that Soldiers are not Boarding-School Misses. They should be tough and hardy, and ready to go anywhere and everywhere at a moment's notice. Night sentry duty, indeed! Why not? Remember Waterloo and the Peninsula. Take my advice, Sir. Give the Guards lots of night sentry work. Yes, and let 'em do it without their great coats.

You may ask me if I have ever done anything of the sort myself. The question is impertinent, but I answer you. No, Sir, I have not. I am a General Officer, Sir, and have spent the greater part of my life at Bath and Cheltenham. There, Sir!

Yours, indignantly,

The Pump Room.

RETIRED HALF-PAY.

SIR,

January 22, 1876.

In these days of progress we cannot pay any attention to the old-fashioned traditions of the past. Of course, I know that history (a subject I had to take up many, many months ago) records the glorious doings of our Army when it was ill fed, ill clothed, and (from an educational point of view) badly officered. But then our victories were won when an ensign scarcely knew the difference between an angle and an angel. In my opinion, night sentry duty is utterly useless. Were the sentry-boxes fitted up as studies, or lavatories, the case would be different. If a Private could devote a few hours of the night to reading chemistry, and the higher branches of mathematics, I would be the very last man in the world to say him nay; but merely to march up and down a beaten path without purpose and vaguely is quite repugnant to common sense. I am well aware that the General Officer commanding the district in which my regiment is stationed disagrees with my conclusions; but then, although his experience may be somewhat larger than mine, I do not think he could compete with me, with any prospect of success, in an examination carried on with a view to testing our respective knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and modern languages.

I may say, I have devoted a considerable portion of my life to an analysis of this important question. I—but here I am obliged to break off, as the Adjutant has just conveyed to me the commands of my Colonel to immediately present myself in the barrack square for the purpose of acquiring some knowledge of a rather difficult military manoeuvre. I allude to the exercise called, in civilian circles, "the Goose Step."

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours, very faithfully,

A SUB-LIEUTENANT.

Mudborough Barracks
and the New Junior University Club.

SIR,

January 22, 1876.

I AM quite afraid to write to you! And I would not see my name in the papers for worlds! But, then, I do so like the Officers that I cannot help feeling some sympathy for the Men. I know I am very silly, but I do think that night sentry duty is

THE following communications, headed "The Brigade of Guards," and apparently intended for the columns of a respected contemporary, have recently found their way into Mr. Punch's Letter Box:—

January 22, 1876.

SIR,

I AM proud to say I belong to the old school, and hate your new-fangled notions about "humanity, kindness, and the rest of it. Why should not the Guards take their "Sentry go" with the rest of the Service? The Duke, Sir, would never have permitted men to shirk their duty. By degrees we are losing everything. Stocks, and the fine old regulation knapsack, are already things of the past, and, doubtless, before my name is erased from the Army List, the chaco (spell it that way, Sir, vide the Queen's Regulations) will also have ceased to exist.

wrong. Of course, in the day time, there should be Soldiers at the gates of Marlborough House to salute the Prince and the dear Princess, and the darling Royal Children. If there were not, how could they turn out the Guard, or whatever it is, when a Royal carriage passes? But at night no one can see the sentries, and they are therefore useless—now are they not? I am sure the dear Princess can care very little for all this State on her return from a ball or the opera. I know I don't care a bit for the coachman's touch of the hat when I get out of the carriage at two o'clock in the morning. Of course the Guard being turned out is much nicer and grander, but, then, what is the use of it if you can't see it?

I think, unless the sentries can be lighted up with the lime-light, or something of that sort, at night, they ought to be discontinued. Don't you?

Yours, very sincerely,

South Kensington.

A YOUNG LADY.

SIR,

January 22, 1876.

NIGHT sentry duty is a decided mistake. It makes our men discontented, and sends them into the hospital. Give them three extra meals of meat a day, and let them have one hundred and fifteen extra reading-rooms, and the Brigade will never be at a loss for recruits.

I have the honour to be, Sir, yours obediently,

Army and Navy Club.

AN EX-GUARDS' SURGEON.

SIR,

January 22, 1876.

NIGHT sentry duty is an excellent thing. It makes our men heroes, and is an admirable remedy for coughs and colds. Give them rather less food and close the exercise-destroying reading-rooms, and the Brigade will never be at a loss for recruits.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours, obediently,

Navy and Army Club.

LATE A SURGEON IN THE GUARDS.

SIR,

January 22, 1876.

THE whole Brigade of Guards consists of 875 men. Out of these 875 men, no less than 17,643 are constantly in hospital, on account of night sentry duty. Surely, these figures speak for themselves!

Yours, accurately,

Hackney.

A GREAT ARMY REFORMER.

SIR,

January 22, 1876.

NIGHT sentry duty is, undoubtedly, bad for the Guards. The men are deprived of their beds three nights out of six. In the Line one guard night in seven is the usual average. Besides this, London, Windsor, and Dublin life has its temptations. Might not a Line Regiment occasionally relieve the Guards? Out of the season, for instance, why should not the Highlanders come to Town, and thus permit the Bearskins to have a glimpse of Bonnie Scotland?

Yours, authoritatively,

London and Elsewhere.

COMMON SENSE.

ACTORS AT HOME.

A CORRESPONDENT at Florence has lately favoured a London journal with details of SALVINI's domestic life. This will render the following facts all the more interesting:—

MR. PHELPS, the veteran exponent of so many grand Shakspearian characters, it is not generally known, has apartments at the top of the Lambeth Shot Tower. He here lives in comparative loneliness, with fifteen grandchildren, to whom he gives lessons in elocution during six hours of the day. In his ordinary conversation his utterance is very rapid, and delivered in a shrill counter-tenor, which has a peculiar effect on those who hear him in private for the first time. It has been kept secret for a long time, but we believe we are not indiscreet in making it public that this tragedian likes nothing so well as athletic sports; and indeed, when not otherwise engaged at Christmas time, he appears as the Boneless Wonder at a popular Circus. He has two performing Poodles which he is going to introduce very soon to a London audience, and which it is expected will be the rage next Season.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, the genial light comedian of this and last century, is popularly supposed to be in Calcutta. It really is his grandson who is now performing in India; but the resemblance is so striking as to deceive his most intimate admirers. MR. MATHEWS himself is now at Twickenham, where he may be seen any morning sculling between Maidenhead and Oxford. His constitutional "pipe-opener" over, he retires to his study, where he is correcting proofs of an annotated edition of PLATO's Dialogues, with an interlinear translation into Sanskrit. At the same time his love for the footlights will not allow him to remain at nights away from the Stage. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday he takes MR. GEORGE CONQUEST's place in the Crab at the Grecian Theatre.

MR. SOTHERN, the inextinguishable Lord Dundreary, has home

tastes far different from those he is usually credited with. He holds a Spelling Bee every morning in his quiet little home in Thistle Grove, which the Members of the Press are earnestly entreated to join. After lunch, which consists usually of a cold crumpet and a glass of liquid magnesia, he repairs to the Young Man's Improvement Society's Rooms in Sloane Street, and gives a lecture, which he often prefaces with an extract from one of BLAIR'S Sermons. The Series of Lectures now being delivered is on the "Frivolity of Giving Way to Laughter." MR. SOTHERN rises at five every morning, and cooks his own simple meal of oatmeal porridge and plovers' eggs.

MR. TOOLE, whose very name convulses a London audience, in the privacy of his everyday life is of very ascetic habits. He retires to bed as soon as he leaves the Gaiety (a name he would willingly change if he could), in order that he may rise with the lark, to pursue his favourite occupation of fetching watercress from the suburban streams to fill the baskets of a grateful tribe of costermongers. In the afternoon he presides at the Cabmen's Mutual Aid Society, under the name of MR. LAWRENCE, and is remarkable for his reserved and austere manner. It is an extraordinary fact that MR. TOOLE is widely known under another name as a great artist, being probably the only representative of the classical painters left in England. Up to the present time, his canvases have been of a size to keep them out of the Royal Academy. He is now engaged on a picture thirty-two feet by eighteen: subject, "The finding of what is left of the body of HAROLD," which will, doubtless, be the hit of the next exhibition in Burlington House. On Sundays, MR. TOOLE is a constant attendant at the Tabernacle, and allows himself one glass of Ipecacuanha wine at dinner.

ENGLAND'S BOARD SCHOOLS AND BEEF.



E swear by Roast Beef; but the Englishman's food is bounded by Cookery simple and rude. Too much of a good thing is not always good—Though it be the Roast Beef of Old England; Ay, e'en the Old English Roast Beef.

And now beef has grown so enormously dear That none but the rich, every day of the year Can afford, if they choose, such expensive good cheer

As, O the Roast Beef of Old England,
And O the Old English Roast Beef!

There's need for the working and family man
To have his food made go as far as it can,
And 'twere far from the most economical plan
To buy the Roast Beef of Old England,
The costly Old English Roast Beef.

Then train up young women in Cookery Schools,
That people may follow Frugality's rules,
And save money spent by improvident fools,
Who gorge the Roast Beef of Old England,
The very Old English Roast Beef.

The School-Board of London, in that happy thought,
Resolved girls should learn what of all things they ought,
The lore of the Kitchen are having them taught,
To cook the Roast Beef of Old England,
Nor only Old English Roast Beef.

And Bristol succeeds in the Capital's wake,
And BUCKMASTER teaches her children to make
All manner of dishes whereof to partake,
Besides the Roast Beef of Old England,
The changeless Old English Roast Beef.

Their minds stored not only with learning of books,
Whilst taught to be scholars they learn to be cooks,
For the wise, an attraction exceeding good looks.
We love the Roast Beef of Old England,
Yet don't always like Old English Roast Beef.

O keep not to national children confined
The culture most meet for the feminine mind,
As though your fine Ladies were only designed,
To eat the Roast Beef of Old England,
And much more than the English Roast Beef.

Nor in Board Schools alone cause young girls to pursue
The study to females especially due,
Teach Boarding-School girls how to fry, boil, and stew,
And mince the Roast Beef of Old England,
And so vary cold English Roast Beef.

THE SNOB'S PROGRESS.

MR. PUNCH now-a-days has rarely reason to complain of the treatment he receives at the hands of his contemporaries. Years ago his articles used to be pirated in the most unceremonious manner, but since the century has entered into its second half the magic name of *Punch* has usually been attached to the good things extracted and reprinted from his immortal columns. This being the case, it is a little annoying to find a highly respectable newspaper publishing a letter which was evidently intended for the *London Charivari*. "SISTE VIATOR" writes as follows:—

"An ordinary train is timed to leave the Great Western Station, Oxford, at 4.35 P.M. for the branch line to Witney and Fairford—worked by the Great Western Railway Company with their accustomed punctuality and regard for the convenience of their passengers. (N.B.—This is fair testimony, and not 'wrote sarkastiel.') On Saturday, the 15th inst., this train was unusually full. The time for starting arrived, but there was no departure. After a ten minutes' pause, passengers began to be restive, and inquiry to be made; and a little pressure elicited the fact that we were 'waiting for the Hon. Mr. —', who had telegraphed to the Station Master to keep the train for him.' It further appeared that the 'honourable' traveller expected to arrive at the London and North-Western Station at Oxford five minutes after the Great Western train by which he desired to travel should have left that station; and, as the two stations are some five minutes' walk apart, a compliance with this request must involve a delay of about ten minutes, and did in fact detain the train for twenty minutes precisely. While this information was being obtained, the Great Western Station Master prudently remained in ambush, leaving his subordinates to encounter angry reproaches. But it seemed to be clearly understood that this twenty minutes' detention occurred to oblige a single intending passenger, and not by the authority of the Superintendent of the line."

Is not this delicious? And yet this excellent story appears in these columns at second hand. The selfish impertinence of "the Hon. MR. —" and the cringing servility of "the official in ambush," are equally ludicrous. It is strange so capital an anecdote should appear in a paper usually devoted to pure serious matter. *Mr. Punch* knows that the story can not be true; because time and trains, like to-day, wait for no man. And yet the tale is related with a curious affectation of veracity. What shall *Mr. Punch* say? Why, this: that if the story is true, it really is his duty to call the attention of the Great Western Directors to the conduct of their provincial Station Master, and to declare the selfish ill-bred, "low-form" traveller to be none other than that anything but mythical personage "the Hon. MR. SNOB."

Brutes In and Out of Boots.

"POLICE Constable, 22 C, said that, while on duty on Monday night in Crown Street, he saw the prisoner knock a woman down, kick her, and jump on her body. It was elicited by the Magistrate that the prisoner had no boots on; and the Magistrate said, "had the prisoner worn boots at the time, he would have sent him to prison for three months, instead of, as he did, for two months."—*The Times, Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1876.*

So, now the rough knows the tariff. To jumping on a woman, with boots on, three months. To jumping on a woman without boots, two months. No doubt, by a parity of reasoning, the amusement might be indulged in in slippers for a month; and in bare feet for a week!

GEESSE THAT WILL NEVER SAVE THEIR CAPITAL.—Turkish Bondholders.



WHAT OUR WALTZING IS COMING TO.

Distinguished Foreigner. "VOULEZ-VOUS ME FAIRE L'HONNEUR DE DANSER CETTE VALSE AVEC MOI, MEESSE MATILDE?"

Miss Matilda (an accomplished Waltzer). "AVEC PLAISIER, MONSIEUR. QUELLE EST VOTRE FORME—LE 'LURCH DE LIVERPOOL,' LE 'DIP DE BOSTON,' OU LE 'KICK DE RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY?'"

[We have feebly tried to represent the "Ratcliffe Highway Kick," which at present is only danced in the very best society, and confers a great air of distinction on the performers.]

TURKEY PIE (A PASSAGE FROM AN INTERNATIONAL DRAMA).

SCENE—A Banqueting Hall. Table spread. The Three Emperors discovered.

First Emperor. And so, my dear Brothers, you have quite excused me for taking the initiative? You see, it had to be done by somebody, and so I—

Second and Third Emperors (together). Oh, certainly!

First Emperor. Permit me to thank you.

Second Emperor. And you neither of you doubt my honourable intentions? You do not imagine that I wish to take an unfair share?

First and Third Emperors (together). Oh, certainly not!

Second Emperor. Permit me to thank you.

Third Emperor. And you do not doubt for a second that, in spite of my last highly successful war, I now wish to keep the peace? You do not imagine that I consider our alliance a convenience for the moment, and not a lasting reality?

First and Second Emperors (together). Oh, certainly—we mean, oh, certainly not! In fact, we mean what you mean.

Third Emperor. Permit me to thank you.

Enter BRITANNIA.

First Emperor (with much politeness). Dear Madam, we are so glad to see you. We thought you would come. Pray, sit down.

Britannia (firmly). But my transaction with the KHEDIVE?

First Emperor. Is forgiven—nay approved!

Britannia (hesitating). And my traditional policy?

First Emperor. Is forgotten. And if all our kind friends in the rest of Europe are but pleased with our present disinterested and altogether unselfish arrangements, why then Austria—

Second Emperor. And Russia—

Third Emperor. And Germany—

Britannia. And England?

The Three Emperors. Ought to live happy ever after!

(Tableau. Curtain. End of Prologue.)

"ECCE NOS RURSUM."

(Pantomimes, Circuses, and Theatres.)

"Now, by our troth, but we must see this *Surrey*," says Somebody in Somebody's historical play. *Mr. Punch* repeats it in reference to the Pantomime at the theatre of that ilk—taken all round, and VOKES apart, emphatically the best this year. That is, of the theatrical Pantomimes proper. *Punch* must be allowed to keep a special niche in his affections for the high-chivalric Ring-Pantomime, *Valentine and Orson* (with such a beard), at HENGLER'S Cirque, where BIBB the Inimitable almost succeeds in ousting "SANDY" himself—now a Sangerian instead of a Henglerian—from our dear loves. The two stand like a brace of Circus Arcadians, "*Et cantare pares et respondere parati*," the crowning clowns of their generation. Altogether HENGLER's opens to us a round, or, should we not say, circle, or circus, or cirque of delight; and as the joy of children is the sauce royal for all Christmas feasts of fun, give us one Circus, with a clown like BIBB or SANDY, SANDY or BIBB, and, better still, three Circuses—for, besides HENGLER's, have we not SANGER's at Astley's, and RIZARELLI's in Holborn—before many, nay, before most, theatres.

"Currite Servi."

"At the Madras Club nine different curries flavoured by as many different chutneys, were served to His Royal Highness."

"Our Own," with the Prince.

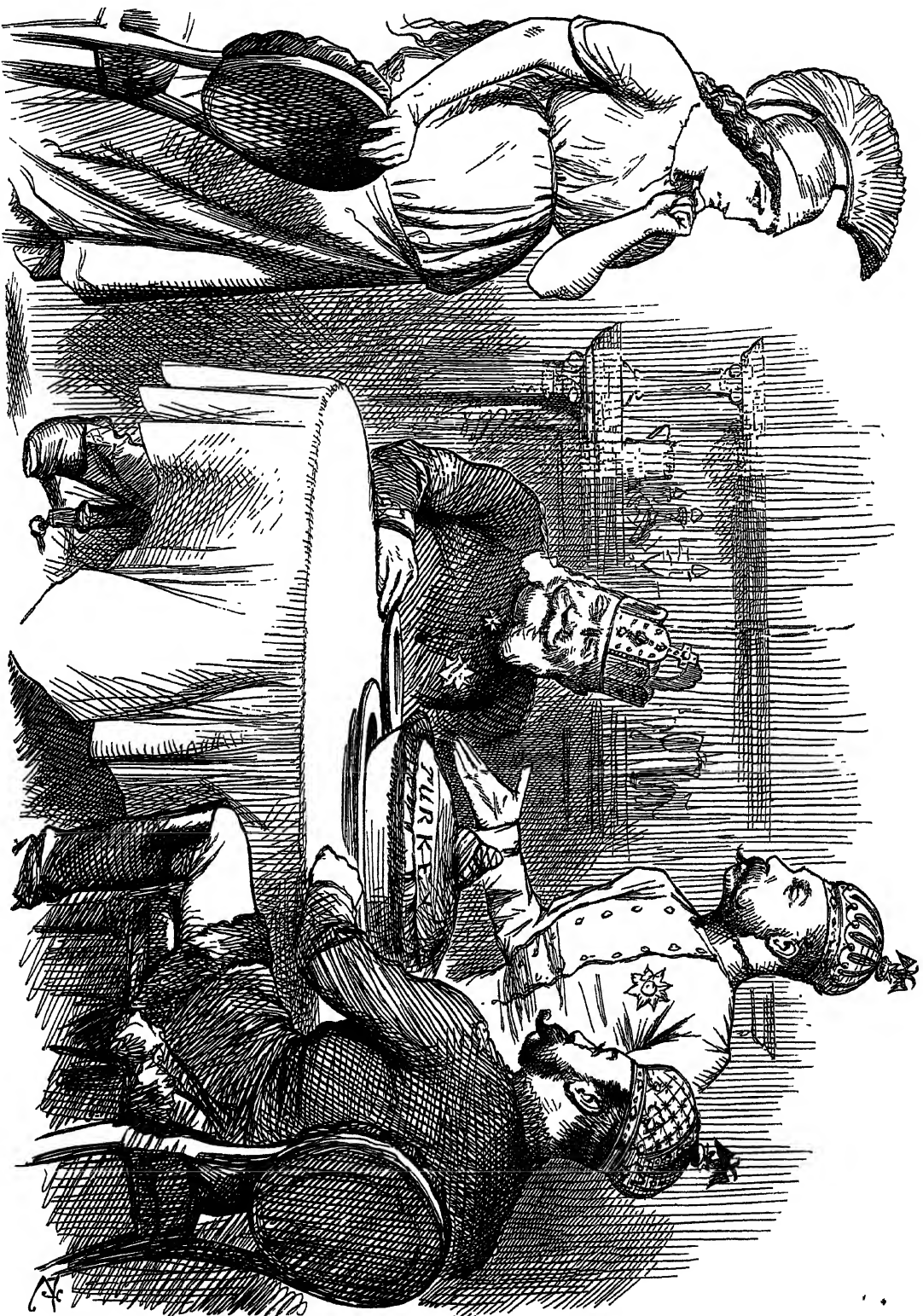
THREE times three curries thrice three chutneys flavour!

Byculla's plats, if not their plots, so thicken,

One thing the native Cooks won't curry—favour,

By surfeiting the Prince with curried chicken!

ADVICE ON THE BURIALS BILL.—Bury your animosities.

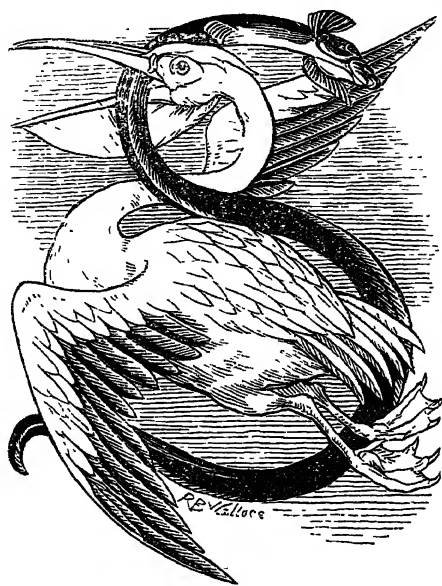


TURKEY PIE.

AUSTRIA (*blantly*). "WON'T YOU JOIN US?"
BRITANNIA (*vehemently*). "WELL—REALLY—"

(*Aside*). "I SUPPOSE I MUST. GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT WOULD PAM HAVE SAID!"

CAVEAT NAVIGATOR.



SOME recent revelations have rendered it almost imperative that intending voyagers by any ocean steamers, with the exception of certain favoured ones, upon which Mr. *Punch* occasionally, Camillalike, "skims the main," should make certain investigations and arrangements before purchasing their tickets.

The intending passenger should claim the right of examining the entire cargo, in order to ascertain whether any dynamite is on board.

After this, a careful inspection of the coals should be made, in case any

torpedoes should have been introduced among them. As each lump would have to be examined separately, this might occupy some time, but to the apprehensive mind it would be indispensable.

This done, the water-tight compartments should be carefully examined, the intending passenger claiming the right to close them and fasten them with padlocks, the keys of which he should immediately place in his pocket.

A descent into the lower hold would then be necessary, in order to ascertain whether any mechanical "rats" were at work, or ready to begin their work of boring holes through the ship's bottom.

Presuming that all had gone well so far, an arrangement should be made with the captain, by which the intending passenger should be at liberty to see that every light be extinguished on board at a given hour, while, insisting, besides, on the right of keeping for himself a private look-out ahead as a precaution against collisions, particularly in quarters frequented by Her Majesty's cruisers.

After being rowed round the vessel, in order to inspect the load-line, it would be advisable that the intending passenger should go ashore and make his will, at the same time taking a tender farewell of his friends and relatives.

These few preliminaries being adjusted, there would be no objection to paying for the ticket and proceeding again on board, it being, of course understood that the intending passenger has a Boyton dress, or, perhaps, a collapsible boat in preference, and (if his means permit) has chartered a private steamer, or stout sea-going tug, to sail in company, in case of accident.

Other precautions might, of course, be taken, but the above would, we believe, go far towards tranquillising a nervous temperament, and even ensuring sound sleep, at more or less widely separated intervals of time.

EXPERIMENT IN STREET-CLEANING.

READERS of the *Rock* will probably rejoice to find it therein stated that—

"A Carman was brought on Tuesday before the LORD MAYOR, charged with unlawfully using profane, indecent, and obscene language in Billingsgate Market. The charge was made at the instance of a Committee appointed at a recent wardmote for the purpose of endeavouring to put down the practice of using foul language."

This Carman might as well have carried coals to Newcastle, as bad language to Billingsgate. We are told he was dismissed with a caution from his Lordship, which we hope may render him more cleanly in his speech.

Perhaps, when Billingsgate is purified, and the neighbourhood adjacent, the Committee may extend their work to the West End. A stroll on Sunday in the Parks, or the thoroughfares contiguous, might convince them that bad language is not confined to Billingsgate, and that juvenile offenders need to be corrected quite as fully as adults. Filthy words are used by children of both sexes, who appear to take a pleasure in bawling them aloud. How to cleanse these little foul mouths is a great social question, which we fear that the Committee (to whom we wish good speed most heartily) will find

it hard to solve. In morals, as in medicine, a foul tongue is a certain indication of disease, and when children are afflicted with it, they may be bettered sometimes by a dose from Dr. Birch.

A WARNING FROM NEPTUNE.

BRITANNIA! Hoy! Belay, my lass! What's all this yarn I hear About this last new notion of the go-ahead Engineer? Come, take a seat here at my feet, where oft you've sat and heard Your old salt-sea-sire's voice, whose ring your blood has ever stirred.

Of late you've used me scurvily. I've blushed for very shame At things that brutes and bunglers have done to soil your name: Scuttled ships, sunken seamen, and Slave-Circulars are not The sort of things to feed my pride, or keep your blue from blot.

BOYTON and WEBB I winked at. I liked the Briton's grit. If the Yankee's gutta-percha suit seemed to me a misfit, We'll pass all that. But this new game is coming it too strong. Take NEP's advice, and stop it, girl; the C.E.'s are all wrong.

The best gift you owe destiny is old NEP's emerald ring, To break it, for whatever bribe, will never blessing bring. Your Engineers are clever, but they'll serve you ill who seek To rob you of the safeguard of your guarding Silver Streak.

I set you 'midst my subject seas and girdled in with foam Your isle for freedom's fortress, its altar and its home. Beware, lass, how you break the spell! Think not my words a joke,— 'Tis sea-bonds clinch the fibres of your English Hearts of Oak.

To bore beneath or build above the barrier set by me Between your bastion cliffs and foes and rivals over-sea, Is casting carelessly away your citadel's best guard, Where patriot vigilance should keep its keenest watch and ward.

Eh? "Selfish insularity"? BRITANNIA, my lass, Don't be the fool of phrases! Helpful sympathy will pass, By lightning flash, or force of cash, or steel—should need arise; You will not want a Tunnel, girl, to carry such supplies.

But foot-dry passage fixed and fast *might* bring your foes to you, Or help your mutineers,—such may be in every crew. You're far more stout than ready, watching's less your line than fight, And, should they take you by surprise, old NEP can't help your plight!

In vain your ships might scour the seas should some dull blunderer doze, And let rogues snatch your street-door key under his snoring nose. You've had some lubbers in your crew. How would a Nelson feel With foes who'd slip from shore to shore beneath his very keel?

Though all, in piping times of peace, are welcome to your land, Remember that Achilles' heel could lame Achilles' hand. Seeing old NEP has served you well by setting you apart, The safety Nature gave you do not you give up to Art.

Why should you? What are doubtful gains, in cash or comfort, weighed

With ne'er so faint a chance of foes *within* your walls conveyed? Are shores inviolate a boon to risk with calm content, For boo-hoo of sea-sick tourists or bait of cent. per cent.?

Nay, let the Silver Streak still roll unbridged, unburrowed still, Still girdle with its shifting sheen stout heart and strenuous will, Though cosmopolitans declaim and engineers devise. It means security from shock, and safety from surprise.

Self-centred, billow-circled, let BRITANNIA still abide, Though insular not isolate; swept by no sudden tide Of foeman or of fever-fit from any foreign shore, When the Red Spectre raves abroad or war's slipped ban-dogs roar!

On Opposite Sides.

MR. PUNCH, the general *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, being asked his opinion of the present Ladies' dress; with his usual taste and readiness replied, "I highly approve the present fashion, comprehending as it does the highest graces of the two most distinguished models of female beauty—having in front the Venus de' Medici, behind, the Venus de' Hottentot!"

WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM THEATRE (Programme).—*Fish Out of Water. Seeking Plaiice. Whitebait at Greenwich.*



RECRIMINATION.

Inhabitant of Uist. "I SAY, THEY'LL PE SPEAKING FA-AR PETTER ENGLISH IN UIST THAN IN STYORNAWAY."

Lass of the Lewis. "PUT IN STYORNAWAY THEY'LL NOT PE CAA-IN' FUSH 'FEESH,' WHATEVER!"

THE PLAGUE.

MR. PUNCH,

I SEE by the public prints that a paper has been read to show there is a "prospect of a reappearance of Plague in this country and on the Continent of Europe." The Continent of Europe I leave to others, but I fearlessly assert that Plague has never disappeared from England. My proofs are set out below. I challenge all the Medical Officers of Health, and all the professional journals, and all the learned societies, to gainsay or contradict them.

A SUFFERER OF MANY YEARS' STANDING.

What a plague it is when the boys are all home for the holidays, and there comes a week of wet weather!

What a plague it is when the house has to be cleaned!

What a plague tiresome children are!

What a plague Rates and Taxes are!

What a plague Bills are!

What a plague Bores are!

What a plague it is when your wife and daughters insist on your giving a dance!

What a plague smoky chimneys are!

What a plague Beggars and Organ-grinders are!

What a plague Circulars and "Appeals" are!

What a plague it is when the Drains have to be looked to, or the pipes burst, or the kitchen boiler gets out of order!

What a plague—"the greatest plague of life"—Servants are!

Fine Opening for a Young Man.

It is stated that the vacant Lordship of the Treasury is to be filled up by the appointment of VISCOUNT CRICHTON. The new Lord will have an unexampled opportunity of reviving in his own person, by the most strenuous devotion to the duties of his office, the proud title of the "Admirable CRICHTON."

THE LATEST CREED.

"Let Mr. ***** write me a letter—a calm letter—and say he believes in the Devil, and I will give him the Sacrament."—A certain Vicar. See Times, Jan. 20.

O, CHURCH of England, whither dost thou wend,
Driven by heady Bishops, Rectors, Vicars?
Whose altar-flame, ere it to Heaven ascend,
Via the sulphurous mouth of Hades flickers.
Your life in charity and virtue spend;
Abstain from rant and cant, cigars and liquors;
Live, like Stylites, on the loftiest level—
In vain, unless you own a personal Devil.

There are innumerable devils, surely:

The printer's devil hath his share of fame;

There's *Mephistopheles*, who tempts impurely;

There's sly *Asmodeus*, gossip-demon lame;

Old Nick from a bright eye may peep demurely;

There are blue devils, devilled biscuits, game—

Punch, who has known more than one atheist,
Would stare to meet an adiabolist.

O Vicar, if the Devil's in the Creed,

Is he the Attorney-General of JOB,

Who is allowed his run of ADAM's seed,

A dignitary clad in wig and robe,

Ornate in manner, plausible to plead,

The Public Prosecutor of the globe?

Or has he horns, tail, hoofs, which, if you scan 'em all,
Combine into a graminivorous animal?

It seems a satire upon things religious,

When two Archbishops and the Chancellor

Have to decide betwixt two folk litigious

Whether the Devil is or is not, or—

Seeing the might of Love and Power prodigious—

How the deuce he's to be accounted for.

The cleric mind in quarrels seems to revel:

Devil or none, some clerks will play the Devil!

QUITE IN THEIR LINE.

THE question has been asked why MR. HOLMS selected Sheffield as the place for his first speech on Army Reform. He knew the people of that busy manufacturing town must take a deep interest in rank and file.

THE QUEEN v. CURLING.

SOME young Englishwomen, whose studies are limited to the Fashion Books, may, probably have stared at the following announcement in a fashionable Contemporary, if they ever read anything so rational as a daily paper:—

"A DISCOURAGEMENT TO CURLERS.—The Balmoral Curling Club, which only played its maiden game last winter, has ceased to exist, orders having been sent to all the members of the Club on the Royal estates to discontinue the game."

That, however, the "maiden game" of curling has nothing to do with any capillary arrangement will be deducible by the least reasoning of young Ladies from what follows:—

"HER MAJESTY is understood to have disapproved of the game, owing to its tendency to encourage a love for whiskey."

It must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that the discouragement to Curlers, given, according to the above statement, by Royal prohibition, is nothing that girls have any occasion to trouble their heads about. Though, even if it concerned the head-dress at all, it would not concern them; for curls are not fashionable, and it is only those girls who think, in a measure, for themselves, and possess some little mind and taste of their own, that are capable of curling their hair, if curls become them better than the chignon, or top-knot, or whatever it is called, howsoever grotesque, which is the general wear.

PLURAL AND SINGULAR.

IRELAND has Home Rulers. When the Member for Hackney is installed at the War Office, England will have a HOLMS Ruler.

CONCLUSION OF A CHEESEMONGER.—Mite is right.



TOLERANCE.

The Parson's Daughter. "I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT YOU DON'T OBJECT TO A FEW CANDLES BEING PLACED ON THE ALTAR THESE DARK EVENINGS, MRS. BROWN!"

The Saxoness. "BLESS YOU, MISS, I SEE THEY WASN'T ROMAN CANDLES—ONLY COMPOSITES!"

THE FIRST CABINET COUNCIL OF THE YEAR.

WHAT THEY DID.

THEY assembled round a large fire—an admirable receptacle for Admiralty Minutes and Slave Circulars. Some one added fuel to it: who it was is not clear. A great waste-paper basket standing handy was also not without its suggestiveness.

They talked about the weather, the floods, shipping disasters, the state of the nation, and—for some of the Ministers had walked—of the streets.

Then they commenced business.

MR. DISRAELI proposed a riddle (like the Sphinx), and alluded to some Canal Shares he had lately bought.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR placed a mark in one of the many treatises on the New Judicature Act which he had been reading, and laid down the law.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, LENNOX, DAUBIGNY, and GORDON, described the delightful sensation of feeling like four single Dukes rolled into one.

THE EARL OF MALMESBURY played with a seal.

MR. SECRETARY CROSS hummed "*Home! Sweet Home!*"

MR. SECRETARY HARDY did not hum "*HOLMS, sweet HOLMS!*" On the contrary, he startled his colleagues by uttering a loud War-cry of defiance. Afterwards he calmed down, and asked the Council their opinion as to the correct spelling of Mobilization—whether with "z," or "s."

THE EARL OF CARNARVON was engrossed with FROUDE.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY related anecdotes of the Prince's tour in India, and quoted "*OWEN MEREDITH*" à propos of LORD LYTTON going to "hear the leopard in the hills."

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER looked cheerful and happy in such Friendly Society. Then a shade passed across his face. Was he thinking of the Deputations that awaited him before Budget night? But he soon brightened up, when he thought of the Probate Duty payable on BARON ROTHSCHILD'S Will.

MR. G. WARD HUNT sat plunged in deep reverie, and was silent for many (Admiralty) minutes together. Perhaps he was reflecting how far preferable was the Bench at Quarter Sessions to the quarter-deck.

LORD JOHN MANNERS did his best to swell the revenue of his own department by writing letters and sending telegrams.

THE EARL OF DERBY, after a brief consultation with MR. DISRAELI and one or two more, answered a note from a foreign correspondent. The post-mark was "Vienna," and the signature "ANDRASSY."

Business being thus concluded, all the Ministers joined in a Spelling Bee, and enjoyed it so thoroughly, that, when the meeting broke up, summonses were immediately issued for another Cabinet Council (and another Spelling Bee) on the following day.

MAMMON'S METAMORPHOSIS.

A BULL and Bear together sat,
In friendly and convivial chat;
Together they are wont to sup,
Though this they tear down, and that toss up:
Both look for Danaë's golden rain,
Both drink the very best champagne;
Both can assume a human shape
More palpable than DARWIN'S Ape.

They discussed Stocks of all descriptions,
Spaniards, Peruvians, Turks, Egyptians;
Each had his visions unsubstantial,
And prated much of schemes financial,
And each beyond the other went
As to the right amount per cent.,
While *Mr. Punch*, the wise and witty,
Who does no business in the City;
Caught casual words (he scorned to listen),
Watched the grim gossips' keen eyes
glisten.

As through the world they took their range
From their standpoint—the Stock Exchange,

That *Parc aux cerfs* of Mammon King—
That fouler, fatter, Betting Ring.

Bull and Bear gone, *Punch* felt relieved,
Yet over greed and folly grieved.

He sipped his port of many summers,
Nectar, uncorked not for chance comers—
For such it were a serious sin
To tap the Poet Laureate's bin—

And thought how many weak outsiders
Play flies to these stock-jobbing spiders.

Up go their ticklish wares, or down
There's joy or panic in the Town:

None seem to see that down or up
Means nothing in an empty cup;

That nations which their coin have spent,
Although they promise ten per cent.,

Can never pay you five or three—
Since "What's impossible can't be."

Punch, as he smoked his last cigar,
Blest his unspeculative star.

Pitied the fate of foolish folk
Who'll buy an egg with addled yolk

When knaves who sell with might and
main

Swear 'twill one day be fresh again.
His verdict on the case is this:

There's no such metamorphosis.
Till blood for sawdust out of dolls

You draw, Turks won't tap like Consols.
Though Bears that hug and Bulls that toss

May hocus-pocus gain and loss,
Though with their "High, Low, Presto,
Pass!"

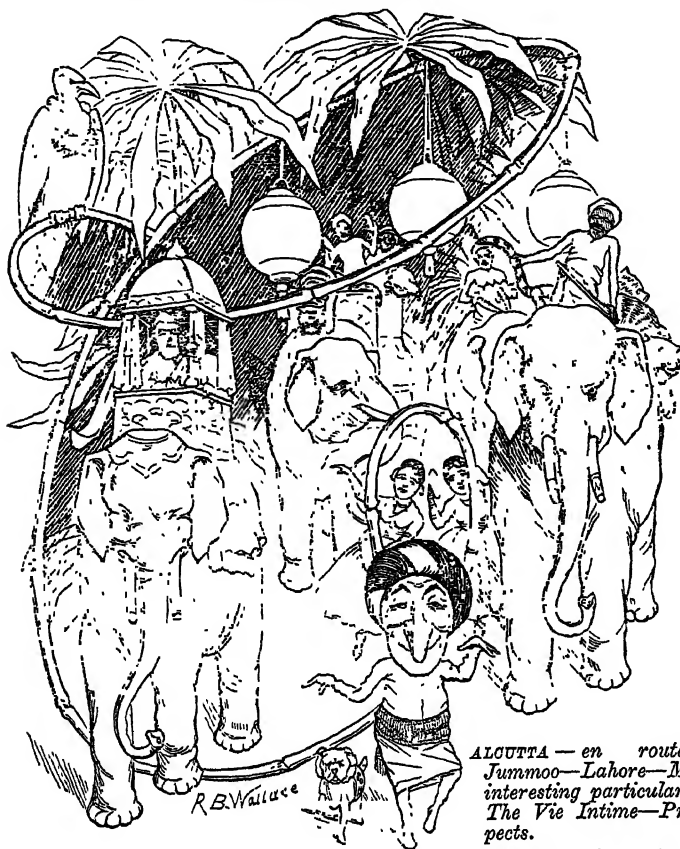
Confounding wits of owl and ass,
They ring the changes—here and there—
From Bear to Bull, from Bull to Bear!

Topics for My Trilogy.

(Offered by SIR W. V—H—, M.P., to his
Constituents at Oxford.)

1. SUEP.
2. Sewage.
3. Soft-sawder.

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.



ALCUTTA — en route —
Jummoo—Lahore—Most
interesting particulars—
The Vie Intime—Pros-
pects.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

You did not get a letter from me last week because the weather was so dreadfully bad there was nothing doing, at least worth mentioning. The Golden Umbrella was of no more use against those severe falls in Downpore than a parasol under Niagara. Fortunately we were well entertained by the RAJAH OF INDORE, and so did not care about going out.

We had the Punjabbers (native jesters) in for an hour or two, and then sat down to a Spelling Bee. I gave 'em a word which floored them all: it was "Wasp." The D—E OF S—TH—RL—D borrowed a pocket dictionary from the Assistant-Secretary, who was just on the point of handing it to him, when I called out, in excellent Hindostanee, "On skral!" and my Accomplished and Royal Patron observed, with more severity perhaps than the occasion actually required, that "if they couldn't play fair, they shouldn't play at all," which intimation, I am glad to say, had the desired effect.

L—RD C—B—NGT—N spelt it "Wopps"—but he was educated at Cambridge. L—RD B—R—S—F—RD spelt it "Warsp"—and lost two rupees by having backed himself to win. The D—E OF S—TH—RL—ND was very much annoyed on being informed that "Wosp" was a mistake, though not bad phonetically; and W. H. R—SS—LL accounted for his rendering of it as "Whops" by informing us that this was in reality the Celtic origin of the word. We did not, however, give him a second chance, and ultimately it was won by my Learned and Exalted Companion, who, with the greatest ease, hit it off correctly the very first time of asking. After this the children of SIR JEEFEE JUPMEBOY came in and played horses, while we sat round the room on cushions, smoking *howdahs* and sipping *mussalgee* (a sort of sweet liquorice-water having rather the flavour of oysters).*

After this the children were taken off to bed by SINGH LULLAH LULLABY, the Ayah night-nurse, whose sole office in the establishments of the wealthiest Hindoos is to soothe the children to sleep with a sort of dull monotonous snake-charming melody.

Then SIR JAK HOLKAR—the HOLKAR—begged leave to introduce some lovely Parsee Ladies, and, having received the gracious permission from my most

Polite and Amiable Companion, the "most Parsee-able of the Parsee Ladies," as I whispered to my Exalted Neighbour (who could scarcely keep his countenance, the joke tickled him so thoroughly), were presented to us; then, taking their hands, the band struck up, and we

"Danced the Polkar,
Led by the HOLKAR;"

whose height is commanding, but who can do his steps with the grace and lightness of a Harlequin. We did not quit the gay and brilliant scene until the majestic moon had slowly risen in the heavens, when we sallied forth in search of our coats, hats, and the Golden Umbrella, which had been in the kitchen to dry.

On leaving the Rajah's hospitable mansion, there was quite a scene between me and the faithful slaves. The fact is that I have become so popular out here with the *waytahs* and *condar-straphs* generally, who know what "shelling out rupees" means well enough (N.B. A Jenuin Inndian Jo-millah—Allah! Bis-millah! On my nose be it! as the Mussulmen say out here), that I can do almost anything with them, as a body. If I wished to go in for Apotheosis ("What ho! Apotheosis!"—SHAKSPEARE—as I said to my Well-Read and Noble Companion), I could do it to-morrow if I liked, and Shiva, Squiva, Vishnu, and Vish'n-u-many-happy-returns-of-the-day, would be nowhere among the Indian Deities. They have already composed a hymn in my honour, but, to my honour be it said, I won't have it at any price. I have begged them not to do it till I am gone. The hymn begins thus:—

"O fi reve ereht saw a gib pmaas!"

But I will not continue what in your cold phlegmatic Saxon country might be misconstrued into mere fulsome adulation. Still, *entre nous*, I have deserved it, for I've been *lavish with the coin*. I have not waited for official orders from head-quarters. No, I have been all heart and pocket, in the interest, of course, of the British Dynasty in India. So free-handed in this way have I been as to have justly gained the *sobriquet* of TIERPOO SAHIB, i.e., the Sahib who tips. Why, my dear friend, with a neat *Durbar* twisted round my head, a *Serai* in my hand, and some walnut juice on my face, I might be Imperial Shah of all the Indies any hour of the day.*

But far from me be any even ghost or shadow of such an idea. No! Loyally I will ever sing—

Send her victorious!
Happy and glorious!
Long-to-reign-o'er-i-ous!
God Save the QUEEN!"

But I only mention the above facts to show you what can be done by a little attention to the wants of a naturally loyal and trusting race.

Talking of "trusting," in consequence of your remittances not having arrived in time, I have been compelled to adopt the system known in India as that of *Tikh*. This plan, which, in some cases, supersedes ready-money payments, was invented by the NOBOL OF ODUMPHORE, a celebrated Indian financier, who, with SHAHPUR, of Swindlia—the SHAHPUR, as he is called here—contributed so largely to the extensive failures of some of the biggest houses in Calcutta. The Nobol bolted, and the unhappy SHAHPUR was arrested at Aritsur—a sad spectacle of another good man gone wrong.

Send cheque, or my name's Mister Upatree. Address it to me under cover to my friend, the HON. AND REV. STOPHAM SHORT, the Wrecktory, Gravesend. It will reach me quicker than if you sent it straight out here. "Do not forget your GABRIELLE!" as the old chorus has it.

We are all doing well. My Noble and Very Hard-working Friend (for he *does* work at this pleasure, mind you) is in first-rate health: but some of the young 'uns in the suite caught colds after the dance, and got sore

* A *Howdah* or *Houdah* is an elephant's castle, and *Mussalgee*, which our Correspondent represents himself as "sipping," is, in our Dictionary at least, a "torch-bearer." We are now taking steps to ascertain the veracity of our Representative in the slightest details. We have called at the British Museum, where there is a splendid Dictionary on view, and every information given correctly *gratis*, and on the same day we had an interview with an intelligent officer from Scotland Yard. So much is sufficient for the present. Still it is but fair to state that, as yet, we have no proof that our Correspondent is not where he represents himself as being, i.e. in India.—ED.

* *Durbar* must be, we fancy, a mistake in the telegraphy for *turban*, as, without any reference to a Dictionary, we in England all know by this time what a *Durbar* is. As to the *Serai* in his hand, we don't think he can be *serai-ous*—at all events we can't, as is evident by this joke—because our old Dictionary (a very good one, by the way) gives *Serai* as "a public building for the reception of caravans," which, it is needless to say, couldn't be held in his hand any more than Somerset House or St. Paul's. Still—*Serai* may have a double meaning.—ED.



POLITICS AND PASTE.

Conservative Curate. "THEN YOU THINK WE ARE GETTING ON PRETTY WELL, MR. GUMMIDGE?"

Ditto Billsticker. "O, YES, SIR! BLESS YER, THE LIBERAL PASTE AIN'T NOTHINK TO OURN—IT'S HALF WATER!!"

throats at Wezerabad; and the D-E of S-TH-RL-ND, who generally has fire, not water, on the brain, came in for a thorough "cold id 'is 'ed," in a draught between Nosore and Snezapore.

"These are mere trifles," as the Jam said to SIR JELLYBHOY, who was among his *suite*.

We are off to Jummo. I pause. The Elephant shakes too much for me to continue this letter with comfort. Excuse me a minute or two. *Jee Hūp!*

Nous Voici! Jummo.

Crowds to receive us. A variety of colour, creed, caste, and company. Here are the Nabobs, the Nobobs, and the Hobnobs, all fraternising together. A cheering sight. Here is a swarthy *Nobnob* (or big swell) reining in his fiery little *Kobkob* (or native Indian pony) while talking to a young but wealthy *Sumnob*, who is giving himself as many airs as though he were the SHAHPUR, or even the HOLKAR himself.

There, in the corner, stands a lynx-eyed *Bobbee* (or native Policeman), and near him a fellow of lowest caste, who, I could swear, is the well-known KROBAR of Burraglaaree, who, it is believed, is still at large.

Just by the door of the *Shantee* stands, his hand on his jewelled sword, the stately GHAUT; while arm in arm with the paunchy little BOWLEE is the aristocratic BHISTEY, who is not ashamed on this occasion to drop hereditary animosities and indulge in a friendly *guzzul* with a handsome representative of the too-often despised *Florikans*, and one of the insidious and mealy mouthed denizens of the *Tatarikan* district, dressed in his ragged brown jacket.*

* At this point we have recourse to our Dictionary. The word *Ghaut* we cannot find in it. But we would be on our oath that it is an Indian word, and yet it does not recommend itself to our memory as meaning a human being of any kind. We may, however, be quite wrong on this point: we acknowledge ourselves in having been, at least once, quite wrong; i.e., when we gave that boy half-a-sovereign to go and buy a new Dictionary. It is now just seven weeks since that boy disappeared. However, to resume, *Bowlee* is "a well" not a "paunchy little man"; *Bhistey* is a "water-carrier," who can, we should imagine, scarcely be "aristocratic." Here, however, we admit

We are to have another grand ball to-morrow, which, it is expected, is to be crowded by the natives, to whom I am invariably told off to do the honours. The fact is, I have won their hearts, and, by the way, shouldn't mind winning their diamonds; but no doubt even this would come in time.

I get on capitally with the natives, specially at supper. But, indeed, on such festive occasions I have never yet found any natives disagree with me, and, goodness knows, I have had large dealings with dozens of 'em in my time. Here some of the natives are bearded and some not, and, though of a retiring disposition, I soon manage to get them out of their shell.

We have been badly off for sport lately, but at Lahore I managed to bag three *Nuggurs* (a kind of long-tailed animal, something between a fox and a goose), one *Pathan* (of the panther tribe), a fine *Belooche* (not unlike our titmouse), and a brace of *Rajpoots*—which last are of the *genus* partridge, only of a brighter colour.

I must now leave off, as CANON DUCKWORTH wants me to give him a few hints for his to-morrow's sermon, and I have also to entertain a bevy of Parsee Ladies at our five o'clock tea, or Indian Drum, which has become an institution on Saturday afternoons.

CANON DUCKWORTH is an excellent fellow, just the sort of Parson who ought to be canonised—as he has been. On Sundays he gives us a good burst of fifteen minutes' eloquence, and he makes all the points I've given him on the previous afternoon. You see I knew the *vie intime* of his audience better than he does, and in arranging the hits of the sermon I can put in some nasty home-thrusts now

we may be in error. A Hindoo, acquainted only with our military terms, would scarcely imagine that a "*Sergeant*" could be a great legal dignitary only one remove from a Judge, and so it may be with a *Bhistey* or water-carrier. *Guzzul* we have looked out before. It sounds like drinking, but it is really "an erotic ode." A *Florikan* is not a man of any race, but "a bird of the bustard tribe." As for the "*Tatarikan* district" we have searched the map of India in vain for such a place: yet it may be there. A young friend about Town, who has just dropped in, asks us if we couldn't find something nearer home resembling the *Tatarikan*? We cannot believe that Our Representative is merely inventing a name. But we have our plan—and in another week we shall be in a position to tell the public more.—Ed.



INTELLECTUAL EPICURES.

STEEPED IN ÆSTHETIC CULTURE, AND SURROUNDED BY ARTISTIC WALL-PAPERS, BLUE CHINA, JAPANESE FANS, MEDIEVAL SNUFF-BOXES, AND HIS FAVOURITE PERIODICALS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, THE DILETTANTE DE TOMKYN'S COMPLACENTLY BOASTS THAT HE NEVER READS A NEWSPAPER, AND THAT THE EVENTS OF THE OUTER WORLD POSSESS NO INTEREST FOR HIM WHATEVER.

Betsy Waring (who goes out a-charing) and is a Martyr to Rheumatics (what comes o' damp attics), expresses similar views. In her own words:—

"I'VE OFTEN HEARD RUMOURS
OF WARS AND CONTUMOURS,
SEA-SERPENTS, AND COMICS AS LIGHTS UP THE SKY;
STEAM-HINGINS A-BUSTIN',
AND BANKS AS FOLKS TRUST IN,
BUT THEY DON'T NEVER FRET A OLD 'OOMAN LIKE I!"

and then. I mark when and where the shots tell. *On one Sunday, after the sermon, I recovered three rupees that had been owing me for a month!* It reminded me of the absconding clerk and the Ticket-of-Leave at the Olympic. Truly the Pulpit is a most valuable adjunct to the Stage—or *vice versa*. The Reverend Gent is holloaing for me now—so adoo. I am also *jusqu' aux yeuz* in difficulties as to our programme for the grand processional entry into Agra. The fact is, nothing would so impress the native swells here so greatly as a regular Circus Triumphal Entry, with my Royal Friend in uniform driving a van drawn by sixteen horses, a brass band behind him, plenty of drum, lots of spangles, a Courrier of St. Petersburg, and the Shakspearian Jester on a Donkey. If I can get it up, I will. Believe me, now and ever,

YOUR TRUTHFUL REPRESENTATIVE
(in India).

THE DESECRATED REVEREND!

"FAREWELL, farewell to thee, title of 'Reverend!'"
Thus warbled a Rector on Cornwall's bleak shore—
"My scorn of that desecrate prefix shall never end:
The 'P. P.' of St. Petroc is 'Reverend' no more!"

A Street-boy, wishing to insult an Elderly Gentleman, chalks up on his gatepost, "Old BROWN is an ass!" But Old BROWN rarely writes *himself* down an ass *à la Dogberry*. But what should we say if BROWN, instead of merely *writing* himself down an ass, were to *advertise* himself as one? Then what are we to make of the following extract from a Plymouth journal:—

NOTICE.—I request that all communications to me through the Post-office be addressed as under:—

G. W. MANNING, P. P.,
St. Petroc Minor, St. Issey,
Cornwall.

Correspondents who prefix to my name the now desecrated epithet of "The Reverend," will please not be offended if I reject their letters, &c.

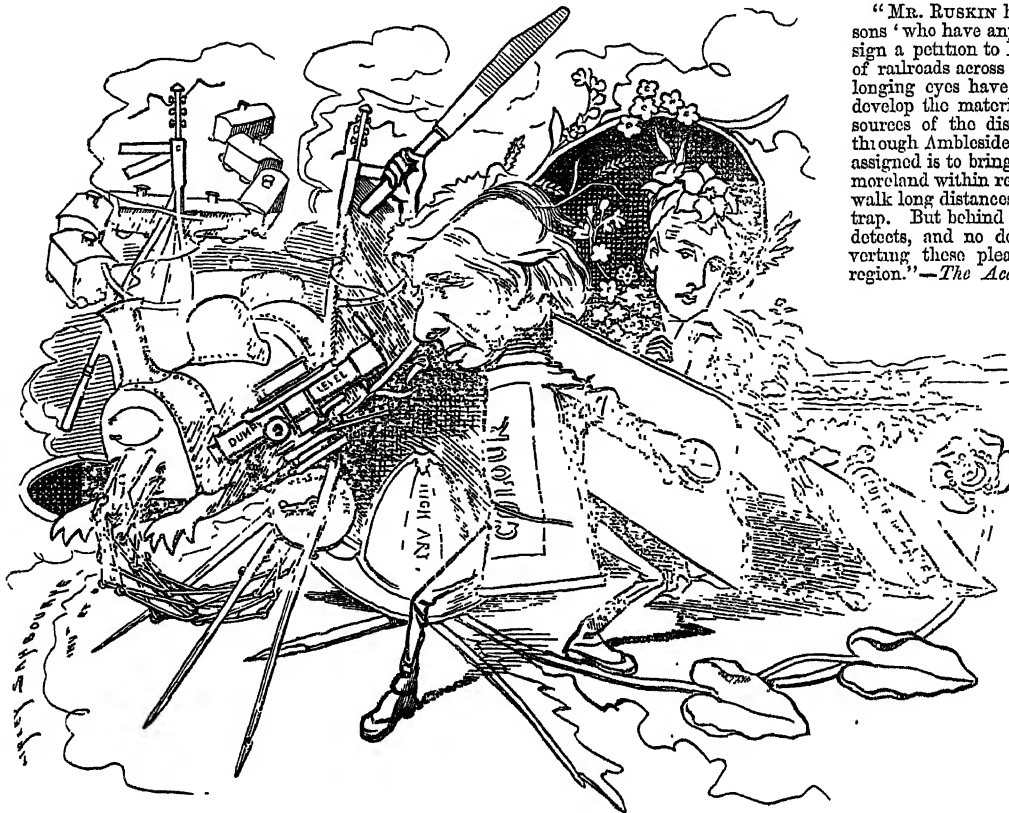
G. W. MANNING.

Can any Clergyman of the Church of England be so inflated by self-esteem without self-respect, so destitute of dignity, charity, common-sense and taste, so devoid of all perception of absurdity, as to be conceived capable of penning this notice? It must be "a thing devised by the enemy"—the fling of hostile and unscrupulous Sectarians. Perhaps they will next advertise Mr. MANNING as renouncing the clerical black and white tie because Wesleyan Ministers wear them, and adopting coloured clothes and a bird's-eye fogle instead.

It may be that the letters "P. P." are insidiously intended to be taken for "Parish Priest," so making out the namesake of CARDINAL MANNING a Ritualist aping the style of his Eminence's Priesthood. Suppose a Popish Priest were to publish a request that nobody should subjoin to his name the letters "P. P.," now desecrated in their permitted assumption by a Protestant heretic? Would you not consider him as great an ass as a Church of England Clergyman renouncing the title of "Reverend" because it has been decided by the Court of Appeal that it may legally be carved on the gravestone of a Wesleyan preacher?

SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO (by an unhappy Investor in the Credit and Co-operative Bank).—"Hang up our BANNER on the outer walls."

LADY OF THE LAKE LOQUITUR.



"MR. RUSKIN has issued an invitation to all persons 'who have any regard' for him or his writings, to sign a petition to Parliament to prevent the extension of railroads across the Lake country. It appears that longing eyes have been cast by those who desire to develop the material, and especially the mineral, resources of the district, upon the route which passes through Ambleside to Keswick. The ostensible reason assigned is to bring the most attractive parts of Westmoreland within reach of the tourist, who now has to walk long distances or go to the expense of hiring a trap. But behind this the author of *Modern Painters* detects, and no doubt rightly, the intention of converting these pleasant places of rest into a mining region."—*The Academy*, January 22, 1876.

IST! Let my silver voice
at least be heard,
Echoing that eloquence which
oft hath stirred
Even Philistine feeling!
Let not the Trade-Gnome
further still intrude
Within the sweetsquestered
solitude,
Where Nature's coyest
charms may yet be
wood
To full revealing.

Can you not keep one inch
of all your isle
In the unsullied light of
Beauty's smile,
Which dirt and discord
banish?
Must your swart Titans
thrust their iron arms

Till, scared by driving reek and rude alarms,
From their fouled path Pan's brood with all
their charms
Shall wholly vanish?

If Progress its far aims to reach, must fill
The air with poison, choke the babbling rill,
And dye the limpid river,
And such compulsion, as a rule, 'tis vain
To challenge, yet some haunts should sure
remain,
Which wiser Man to Mammon's grasping
reign
Will scarce deliver.

Seeing all-liberal Heaven has given you here
Vales soft as those of Tempè or Cashmere,
Still lakes and solemn mountains,
Spurn not such largess! Do not drive away
All Solitude's shy nymphs, whose hands
array
My banks with bowers, and keep in joyous
play
My floods and fountains.

I am the Lady of the Silver Lake;
I would not have my mountain echoes wake
To shriek and snort incessant.
And you whose steps have strayed along my
marge
Would Steam-Fiend's roar, gush of foul
mines' discharge,
Fit the still scene where my smooth-shining
targe
Reflects the crescent?

Even to cold Utilitaria's self—
Sole regent in these days to thirst of pelf
Given by self-dedication,—
I make appeal! Prudence forbids to spoil
The few fair spots on your sea-straitened
soil,
Where poet-passion and o'erburdened toil
Find consolation.

Here have been nourished sons of Art whose
song
Or storied canvas shall your fame prolong,
And swell your pride and pleasure.

Where Wordsworth roved let not the wheels
of Trade,
Unresting as Ixion's, make fresh raid,
Till Fancy flees her loveliest, best-loved shade,
And needful leisure!

Grant in these crowded times men's needs
are more
Than broad meads, mountains high, and
forests hoar,
Birds' song or rose, or lily;
Yet these, too, higher human yearnings crave:
Were it not well source of such joys to save,
Nor wholly yield old Pan a helpless slave
To Puffing Billy?

Though Commerce claim free course, and
subtle Greed
In mask of Progress her convenience plead,
Should Wisdom not be chary
In casting Nature's dearest dowers away?
Leave Lakeland still to elf, and faun, and fay,
For Art and Thought and Toil self's place of
play,
And sanctuary!

Shakespeare Against the Burials Bill.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
WHAT has the immortal WILLIAM not anticipated? He has clearly foreshadowed MR. OSBORNE MORGAN's iniquitous Burial Bill, and has given a quiet wipe at the Dissenter—who schismatically chooses his own path to Heaven—in the *Grave-Digger's* question to his comrade, in *Hamlet*, Act v., "Is he to be buried in Christian burial who wilfully seeks his own salvation?"

Yours,
CLERICUS.

An Awkward Ultimatum.

FOR a Prince to "call in an Accountant," no doubt,
Is a course too like bankruptcy favour to win;
But if the KHEDIVÉ's bent on having CAVE out,
As one likely result, he may have to Cave in.

Only Natural.

(Cook v. Jenkins.)

WHAT wonder if Cook for a Christian disown
Bold JENKINS, on Satan as mythic who looks?
When his mission's from Satan; what saw's better known,
Than "'Tis Heaven sends us meat, but the Devil sends Cooks"?

NATURAL RESULT OF MOODY AND SANKEY'S PREACHING IN IT.—
The Opera House is about to be converted—into a Post-Office

MOTTO FOR THE MANAGER OF THE CO-OPERATIVE CREDIT BANK.—
"Depositi Tenax."

THREE EXCESSES OF THE DAY.—Drink! Rink!! Ink!!!



PRACTISING FOR THE WESTMINSTER RINK.

SHADOWS OF THE COMING SESSION.



R. HOLMS will worry the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR with statistics that would be absolutely startling, if they were not absolutely inaccurate.

MR. BUTT will waste the time of the House in impracticable discussion of the principles of Home Rule, and the self-considered miseries of Ireland.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON will trifle with the fleeting hours in a facetious attempt to pass the Permissive Bill.

MR. BIGGAR will exhaust the patience of the House by suggesting that Members of Parliament are accustomed to the society of Gentlemen.

MAJOR MCGORMAN will prove to the world that the House of Commons, like the ring of a circus, has its own clown.

MR. WHALLEY will bore the House with stories of imaginary grievances and impossible plots.

MR. PRIMROSE will lose his temper in a good cause.

SIR CHARLES DILKE will pick holes in the British Constitution, and show how to mend them by his private patent processes.

MR. DISRAELI, in answering plain questions, will be mysterious facetious, or flippant, as the exigencies of the case may require—but never discourteous, or explicit, or perfectly intelligible.

The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON will conduct the Opposition, subject to the embarrassing supervision of MESSRS. GLADSTONE, FORSTER, LOWE and BRIGHT, and the caustic comment of SIR W. V. HARCOURT. The above gentlemen will pull different ways, "as 'tis their nature to."

SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS will prose away (for the twentieth time) about the atrocious profits of the Civil Service Stores, and the grievances of the West End tradesmen.

MR. MACDONALD will do his best by his advocacy to render unpopular the cause of the Working Man.

And lastly, DR. KENNELLY will—but no, let us indulge the hope that "the Doctor" will not appear at all *this* Session, being too much occupied in establishing a new Religion.

A VISIT TO THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

"Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry, men,
For 'tis our opening day."—*The Chough and Crow.*
(Quoted from the Aquarium Programme.)

I CAN perfectly imagine the moment when the now managing-director (*pro tem.*), MR. WYBROW ROBERTSON, returning from a visit to the Brighton Aquarium, *via* Victoria, compelled to masterly inaction in his Hansom by a block system of complicated carts, carriages, cabs, and omnibuses, looked to the right and the left, and said to himself "What a good thoroughfare for a show! and nothing here but the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the Law Courts!" Then his mind reverting to the Brighton he had so recently quitted, there must have occurred to him one of those electric flashes of inspiration, now popularly known as a

Happy Thought. Here's the place for an Aquarium.

Evidently the very thing! All that London in general, and Westminster in particular, could want to complete its happiness was, surely, an Aquarium. Then it arose out of the earth with, comparatively speaking, the celerity of Aladdin's Palace. An eminent architect was obtained for the fabric, an eminent naturalist for the fish, and an eminent composer for the fantasias. Other eminent persons were soon got hold of to appear as Fellows, so that at last for one Gentleman to call another a fellow, and to receive the retort "you're another," came to be, Aquariumly speaking, rather a thing to be proud of than otherwise. This short form in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's became, as it were, the Masonic pass-word among the Fish-exhibiting fraternity,

"Sir, you're a Fellow!"

"Sir, you're another!"

And this was the sign and countersign necessary for entrance on Saturday, January 22nd.

The Aquarium was opened in some sort of State. A crowd in reserved and unreserved places wondering what was about to happen next. All eyes on a set of decorated private-boxes, with the Royal-box in the middle, guarded by (apparently) sailors, who, in turn-down collars and short jackets, looked as if they'd grown out of that kind of dress, and were feeling rather awkward in not having been put into stick-ups and tails long ago.

Then came a great time for inquisitive people who always want to know all about it, whatever it is, and well-informed persons who always do know all about it, and are equal to any emergency.

Inquisitive Visitor. I say, why have the sailors got guns?

Well-Informed Friend. They're Naval Artillery.

Inquisitive Visitor (only half-convinced). Oh! but artillery have cannons, not guns.

Well-Informed Friend. Ah! but these are on duty, and they always go about as the body-guard of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, the Sailor Prince.

Inquisitive Friend. Ah! yes. Good idea having them here instead of soldiers. Soldiers would have been out of place among fish.

Happy Thought (for the title of a new ballad). *The Soldier and the Fish.* Suggested gratis to MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. It might be appropriately played by the *Cold-streams.*

Inquisitive Friend (using one of his "ases"). I say, who's that in a private-box with lace on his shirt?

Well-Informed Person. That's a Sheriff.

Inquisitive Friend. Oh! (Then apparently resenting the intrusion.) Why's he here?

Well-Informed Person (nonplussed for once in his life). I don't know. (Recovering himself.) Oh! because he was asked.

Inquisitive Visitor. Who's that in a fez?

Well-Informed Person (proud of his superior knowledge). That is the Turkish Ambassador.

Inquisitive Visitor (as before). Why's he here?

Funny Gentleman from the Stock Exchange (overhearing and answering). He's just the man for the place. He's here, as the representative of a decidedly fishy State.

Hats off, and enter the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. He stands up in his box, and somebody facing him, reads him an address. It looks uncommonly like *Punch* and *Judy*, with the squeak and the dialogue left out, as the voice part is inaudible.

Inquisitive Friend. What's he doing?

Funny Gentleman. He's hearing the Duke his *Catechism.*

Then the Duke replies, also inaudibly, bows, accepts the paper, hands it to somebody to put away somewhere, and then the Concert begins. The songs are most appropriately chosen; the first, sung by MADAME PATEY, being evidently intended as, somehow or other, applicable to the DUKE OF EDINBURGH on the present occasion, commencing,

"Gentle youth, ah! tell me why—?"

which is the sort of question the Inquisitive Gentleman has been putting with reference to the presence of every notability in the building for the last half-hour.

MADAME PATEY, still singing, then goes on to bid H.R.H. the Duke leave the building as quickly as possible:—

"Far from hence, oh haste away!
To the heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more!"

Which command, if the accomplished songstress represented the Genius of the Aquarium, was scarcely a cheery sort of welcome to the Sailor Prince.

Then MADAME WYNNE, more in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, informed the Nautical Prince that she would

"Dance on the sands;"

but this smacked more of Margate than the Westminster Aquarium, which has not, as yet, obtained its dancing licence from the Magistrates.

SIMS REEVES obliged the company with "*You'll Remember Me*," which it is to be hoped they did, handsomely.

The great feature of the Orchestra, under MR. SULLIVAN's able direction, was an advertisement stuck up over the player of the big drum, announcing, apparently, the name of the player (no other musician being labelled in this way) as "*POTTER & Co.*" Somebody said it was the name of the firm who built the drum. The audience refused to accept this, and all the interest felt in that Concert was centred in "*POTTER & Co.*" Others in the band might be greater musicians, but few, except the initiated, knew them by name; and so "*POTTER & Co.*" had it, so to speak, almost entirely to himself. The musical honours of the day were, undoubtedly, shared by MR. SULLIVAN, MR. GODFREY, and "*POTTER & Co.*"

What did "*POTTER & Co.*"—a most respectable elderly gentleman, by the way—care for the vocalists? While they sang, he had an easy and luxurious time of it. Suddenly, three raps from the *bâton* of the Conductor awoke "*POTTER & Co.*" from his reverie. He was called into action. No; he was not wanted as yet; and,



DELICACY.

Edwin (as the Servant is present). "AH—J'ETTAY SEE—AH—DISAPPOINTAY DE NE PAS VOO VWORE A LA RINK CE MATTANG—POOR-QWAW ESKER—?"
 Angelina. "AH WEE, MAIS MOMMONG—"
 Parlour-Maid. "HEM! BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS; BUT I UNDERSTAND THE LANGVIDGE!!"

after casting a glance of reproach at MR. SULLIVAN, he sank back into the repose from which he had been so unwarrantably aroused. Ah! now!—at last his time has come.

"The Procession March," by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. A nod of recognition passes between the eminent composer and "POTTER & Co." as much as to say, "Now, then, I've brought you into this. Wake up! 'England expects,'" &c. It was an edifying sight to see the calm, determined, and unimpassioned way in which "POTTER & Co." settled down to work. No unnecessary flourishes of his drumstick, as a showy, younger, and less experienced musician might have been tempted to give, with such a weapon in his hand. Not a bit. He hit the drum as though he loved it; tenderly, almost reluctantly at first; then warming to his work, encouraged by the eye-glass of his chief, and impelled by a stern sense of duty, he came down on that drum so as to make it writhe again, and bellow under the thud. But when his part was finished, when dulcet strains succeeded, then with more than maternal care did "POTTER & Co." pat and caress the suffering instrument, and not a few among the audience but felt a choking sensation in the throat, as they saw that venerable man turn aside and use his pocket-handkerchief, doubtless to wipe away a tear. Beat on! thou Loving Heart! Thy joys and sorrows are appreciated by the public! Oh! well deserved was the *déjeuner* of "POTTER & Co.," when he and his instrument sat down with a drumstick between them.

Last Happy Thought (but one) at the Aquarium. Get some fish. Or, why not a pond with sticklebacks for the boys to fish in?

Or.—*Last Happy Thought of all.* While the Tanks are unoccupied, wouldn't it be an excellent plan to turn them into private baths, getting eminent individuals to bathe in them—(pretty bathing dresses being provided, of course)—and let in the public, as at present, to stare at them through the glass fronts? It could easily be advertised. For example: Saturdays, MR. GLADSTONE (Tank No. 1), from 10 till 1. MR. DISRAELI (Tank No. 2), from 2 till 4; and so on—the Band playing all day, and refreshments handed round. There ought to be some special attraction pending the arrival of the still absent Octopus and the Fish of the Future.

JOURNEYS "PERFORMED."

THE *Manchester Examiner* states that the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company have resolved to paint their first-class carriages yellow, the second-class brown, and the third blue. The tickets will be of the same colour as the carriages. This will give the trains a nice and lively appearance, it is true, and may serve to beguile the minds of anxious passengers; but it must be admitted that for certain lines of railway the most appropriate colour for the carriages would be black, with feathers for the first-class and other less costly marks of mourning for the second and third. The tickets might be black-edged, and ornamented with a funeral urn. The Guard's costume should resemble as closely as possible that of an undertaker, and the journeys should be "performed" as much like funerals as possible, with all the chances of cremation included.

Of course an undertaking should be given, and kept, that all trains will carry an experienced surgeon, and that a proper proportion of *ambulances*, with all the necessary surgical appliances, will accompany every excursion and express.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE LABORATORY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

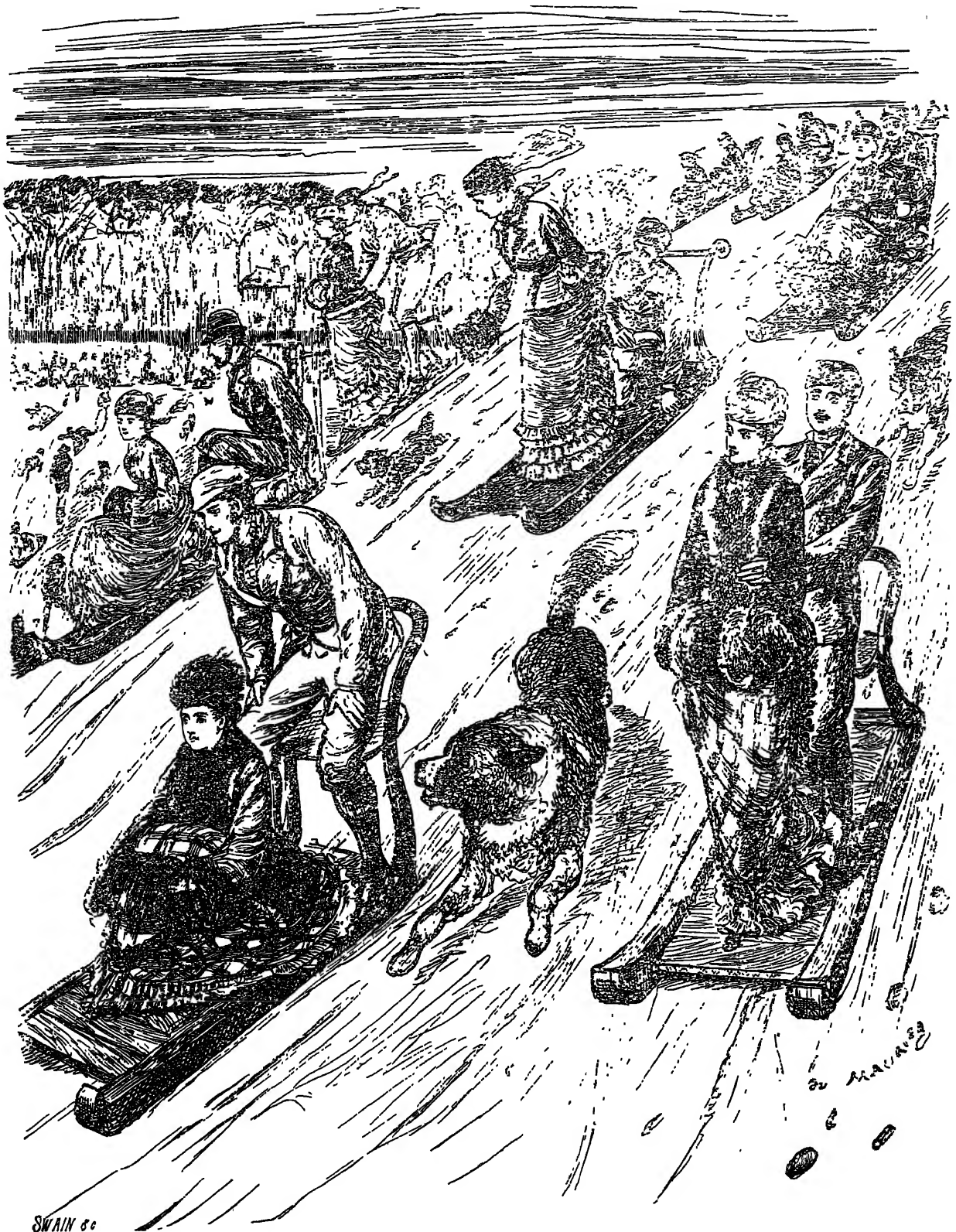
"R. I. P.

DOM LOUIS GARNIER,

Pour cinquante ans Supérieur du Couvent, et Chef de La Fabrique."

For fifty years of dexterous distilling
 And deep devotion here Dom Louis swayed:
 In the grave's still-room here to rest he's willing,
 While in the cellar his pure spirit's laid.

Let all, when cups with fragrant Mocha brim,
 Who Chartreuse *verte* or *jaune* for *chasse* prefer,
 Say new Superiors may succeed to him,
 But no superior to his *liqueur*.



LES MONTAGNES DE HAMPSTEAD.

SHOWING HOW WE ADVENTUROUS INHABITANTS OF THE HILLY SUBURBS OF NORTH LONDON BEGUILED THE WEARY HOURS DURING THE RECENT SNOWY WEATHER.

YOUNG CHELSEA V. OLD.



O, tell me not, in cold anticipation,
Next Session's horoscope portends stagnation,
While Chelsea's Baronet o'er vasty deeps,

The Stormy Petrel of the Future, sweeps.
Or among birds is Petrel's flight too narrow?
Should we not rather call him Java Sparrow?
From that far isle one day we hear his twitter,
The next at Chelsea he shows, brisk and bitter,
The liveliest "sparrow" if a wildish hither.
Pardon the pun—let "sparrow" be preferred
For him who skims o'er subjects like a bird,
And wider, wiser, than e'er bird that flew,
The world embraces in a bird's-eye view.
Not the bird's-eye, of course, in smoke that ends,
But that which loftiest elevation lends,
To look down on the British Constitution—
Old wheel-work, but still good for revolution!
After swift survey, hear him condescending
To prove to us how all in it needs mending.
So one may sometimes see a Chelsea sparrow
Peeping into a bone that once held marrow,

And after squinting down it for a minute,
Conclude, off-hand, that there is nothing in it.
When the contents but lie beyond his peep,—
The Sparrow's ken too short, the bone too deep.
By CHAFFERS let "old Chelsea's" praise be sung,
Punch, chief of chaffers, takes his Chelsea young.
At sales old Chelsea mugs may cut a figure,
Young Chelsea's mug, self-mirrored, cuts a bigger.
Let China-maniacs the old prefer,
The young's omniscient, and can never err;
Then happy Chelsea, whose far-seeing Bart.,
Surveys mankind, and scorns not to impart
To "free and independents" ne'er so rough,
Of his collective wisdom *quantum suff.*;
Nay some, profane, may say, more than enough.

THOROUGHFARE V. BARRACKS.

GOVERNMENT, it is reported, have determined to pull down the Knightsbridge Barracks. So far so good. But they have also determined, it is said, to build another, and bigger, and better, block of barracks in their stead.

Kensingtonia, a wealthy and fashionable suburb, naturally objects to any such erection—with its fringe of beerhouses and music-halls—in its midst, and is up in arms, and, like other interesting creatures in arms, crying loudly. As it has Lords and Millionaires to utter its disgust, there is no fear but it will make its wrongs and wishes very distinctly audible.

There are so many more crying grievances pressing on poorer Metropolitan populations, that *Punch* cannot bring himself to take this of Kensingtonia from the Knightsbridge barracks very seriously to heart. Still, if a wider roadway could be substituted for a cavalry barracks, no doubt all who have occasion to use a much frequented approach to the Metropolis would bless the Board of Works.

THE WARDEN OF THE STANDARD.

"BOTTLE MEASURE.—The Warden of the Standard has occasion again to advert to the subject of the size of bottles. Six years ago it was represented to the Standards Commission that wine and ale bottles, commonly known as reputed quarts or pints, were getting smaller. The Warden of the Standard verified standards of these measures in 1870, and he now reports that he re-verified them in 1875. But he has to state that those newly-legalised measures do not appear to be much used. In the whole of the last few years not quite a hundred bottle and half-bottle measures have been verified for the use of local inspectors of weights and measures; only two in the last year!"—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

HERE'S the Warden of the Standard!

A useful officer he;
Though by many Good Templars slandered,
The need of his office I see.
He has a good deal of work in
Making the publicans swear,
Yet hogshead, kilderkin, firkin,
Are smaller than once they were.
In his drink the labourer is cut short,
Getting a pint and a half for a quart.

The Warden stamps the bottles

That are brought to him to stamp:
Alas for thirsty throattles

When the Bungs fair measure scamp!
They laugh at you, not rarely,
With a mean, dishonest laugh,
When for your quart you pay squarely,
And get but a pint and a half.

Measures are passed of the silly sort:
Best measure of all is the honest quart.

Good Bung, give us malt full measure,
Drink brewed in October prime,
Wherein to dip beak is a pleasure,
And to scrip thereof a crime.

Here's health to squire and peasant
Who own or till the ground,
Both find their liquor pleasant;
I wish it were always sound!

But a plague on the salted and hocussed tap
The labourer often is doomed to lap—
The man who sells such deserves a rap!

The Voice of Truth's Last Lie.

MONSIGNOR TIZZANTI's report of PROFESSOR ROLLI's recantation and return to the bosom of the Church in *extremis*, seems, on sifting, to be a case of "Rolli, Poly, gammon and spinach," and, as such, peculiarly fitted for the propagation of the *Voce della Verità*—a title, if ever there was one, on the "*lucus à non lucendo*" principle.



AN UNREGENERATE YOUTH.

The New Governess (impressively). "O, TOMMY, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, AND MADE A BLOT ON MY COPY-BOOK, I USED TO CRY."

Tommy (earnestly). "WHAT! REALLY?"

New Governess (still more impressively). "YES—REALLY CRY!"

Tommy (still more earnestly). "WHAT AN AWFUL LITTLE DUFFER YOU MUST HAVE BEEN!"

TWO DOSES OF JUSTICES' JUSTICE.

(As administered in the Provinces with immense success.)

DOSE I.—CRAWLEY-CUM-SNOOZLE.

Bench—COLONEL DUNDERHEAD, REV. LYUBAGUS DRAKE, REV. MINTO CUMMIN, J. FOOZLE, ESQ., and LORD SHALLOW.

JOHN JONES, 70, a starved-looking man, was charged with having stolen four potatoes. Witnesses having deposed to the potatoes being found in the prisoner's possession, the Bench asked him if he had anything to say for himself. The prisoner said he was starving. The REV. L. DRAKE said he ought to be ashamed of himself. If that was all he had to say, he had better have held his tongue. The prisoner said the potatoes were rotten, and that he found them in the middle of the road. LORD SHALLOW remarked that that assertion was, on the face of it, false, as rotten potatoes never grew in the middle of roads; a remark in which the rest of the Bench concurred. The REV. MINTO CUMMIN asked if there were any previous convictions against the prisoner. Police-Constable Z 11 said the prisoner had always borne a very good character. The Reverend Gentleman said he considered that made the case worse. It was painful to see a man of seventy commencing a career of crime.

After some deliberation, the Bench sentenced the prisoner to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

DOSE II.—SAME BENCH.

TOM HUIKES, 24, was charged with having assaulted his wife. The prosecutrix, whose head was enveloped in bandages, and who was still so weak from her recent injuries that she had to be accom-

modated with a chair, said that last Saturday her husband came home drunk, and asked her for money. On her telling him she had none, he knocked her down with the poker, then kicked her for half-an-hour, and finally turned her out of doors for the night. The Bench asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself. The prisoner said he was a little overcome, and had no recollection of anything his wife had deposed to. The REV. L. DRAKE thought that altered the case very much. Was the prosecutrix so ignorant of the duties of Christianity and the married state that she did not know that it was her duty as a wife to have forgiven her husband under the circumstances? J. FOOZLE, ESQ., concurred. Women never did any good by pulling up their husbands, any more than by nagging at them. The prosecutrix said she had forgiven her husband several times before. The REV. MINTO CUMMIN asked if he was to understand that she had been beaten previously, and had never charged her husband with the offence? The prosecutrix said that was so. The Reverend Gentleman could only observe that, according to his reading of the law of the land, she had been guilty of the heinous offence of compounding a felony, and had rendered herself liable, he believed, to penal servitude. It was for her husband to say whether he would press for a conviction. The prisoner said that as his wife earned more wages than himself, he wouldn't. After a short deliberation, the Bench acquitted the prisoner of the assault, but fined him five shillings for drunkenness.

The money having been paid, LORD SHALLOW said that he thought it was his duty, on behalf of himself and his Brother Magistrates, to say how pleased they were with the generous manner in which the prisoner had refrained from pressing against his wife the charge of compounding felony, and cautioned the woman to be careful in future.

WHISKEY V. "SILENT SPIRIT."

ALAS, alas for Whiskey,
That spirit pure and clear,
That made its drinker frisky,
Yet left his liver clear!
Now vile adulterators
Have caused its name to stink:
Can Irishmen be traitors
To Ireland's noblest drink?

The nectarous amber fluid
That Erin used to send—
Pure stuff as ere was brewed—
Is now a poisonous "blend,"
For the true potheeny flavour,
And the fire from headache free,
From fusel-oil its savour,
Its consequence, D.T.!

O spring of merry laughter,
Of fancy, frolic, fun,
That drew no black bile after,
From honest worms while run.
Now sullen, silent spirit
Sets brains and blood a-boil;
Can Erin aught inherit
But woe from fusel-oil?

Of Vintner and of Grocer
We long have been the sport:
Claret to ink comes closer,
And elder rules in port.
Petroleum fizz of ROEDERER
Usurps the famous brand;
And Hamburgh, wholesale murderer,
With her sherry floods the land!

In wonder I am stranded,
So strange it seems to think
The Irish, nation candid,
Should send us filth to drink,
Vile spirit, which the deuce is
The nose and cheek to blotch,
And Erin's calm excuse is—
"We get it from the Scotch."

O Firms of both the JAMESONS!
O FIRMS of POWER and ROE,
Don't let HIBERNIA claim as sons
The scamps who treat her so.
Home-Rulers effervescent
Poor Erin may endure,
But she'll ne'er be convalescent,
Till her potheen is pure.

PUNCH OPENS PARLIAMENT.



WILL not have opened till after this number goes to Press. The Queen's Speech will have to wait a week for *Punch's* commentary. Failing the actual discourse, why should not *Punch* offer a Speech of his own as the best substitute? This might run:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I CONGRATULATE you, the Nation, and the QUEEN, on the opening of Parliament by HER MAJESTY in person and in State.

I condole with you on your return to the gloom and fog and dirt of this great Metropolis. I observe a growing tendency to postpone the date of your re-assembling to as late a day as possible. I cannot wonder at this reluctance on your part to come back to London.

I commend to your notice the discreditable state of its streets, especially after snow-storms.

The inundations which befell many parts of the country during the recess have been followed by a flood of new Peers and Baronets. If, by means of questions addressed in no unfriendly spirit to those amongst these Noblemen and Gentlemen who form part of your ranks, you can extract from them the reasons for their elevation, you will solve a difficulty which has perplexed many intelligent persons.



OUR WAVERLEY BALL AT MUGGYPORE, BENGAL.

(His Royal Highness did not come our way as was expected, but it was a brilliant success all the same.)

Captain Mango (as the Baron Bradwardine). "I SAY, FOKER, YOU'RE LATE. WHERE'S YOUR COAT AND YOUR RAPIER? LOOK SHARP!"

Lieutenant Foker. "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE CHANGED MY CHARACTER. THAT BEAST OF A DURZEE* HASN'T FINISHED MY DOUBLET AND TRUNKS, SO I SHALL GO AS I AM—S THAT FELLOW IN *IVANHOE*, WHAT'S HIS NAME THE UNREADY, Y'KNOW. RUMCHUMMER HERE SAYS I LOOK 'SPLENDID'!!"

* Tailor.

Since last you met within these walls, an agreeable place of relaxation and amusement has been opened near to the seat of your deliberations. I refer to the Royal Aquarium, where you will have the opportunity of unbending your minds, after too long and too close attention to your legislative duties. I venture to suggest to Her Majesty's Government the propriety of holding their annual Ministerial Fish Dinner at this establishment.

The Royal visit to India has proved a gratifying success, and will, I trust, induce you to take a greater interest in the concerns of that vast country than you have of late years displayed. Perhaps the diversion of boar-hunting, from which so much was expected, has proved more satisfactory to the pigs than to the Prince. By the aid of an intelligent and trustworthy eyewitness I have endeavoured to keep you fully acquainted with every detail of the Royal progress. Should it be necessary to ask for a supplementary grant, grant it without a moment's hesitation or a night's debate.

Of the relations of this country with Foreign Powers, I foresee that you and I will hear more than enough. It is hard to believe that "the sick man" who is in such straits on the Bosphorus can ever be convalescent. It remains to be seen whether a recent transaction in Canal Shares with His Highness the KHEWIVE OF EGYPT will hold water. The startling project of a Tunnel under the English Channel, to connect this country and France, is worthy of a few minutes of your serious attention. Spain is much as usual. Germany and England will, I hope, never be other than the best of friends. You have had the happiness of seeing that the PRINCESS OF WALES has returned from Denmark in health and safety. Sweden and Norway never give MR. BRIGHT, myself, and other experienced salmon-fishers a moment's uneasiness. You will all, I am convinced, wish success to the approaching Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.

England must have a real Army—not the show and shadow of one. I trust to your common sense to look facts in the face, and to provide the means of effective national defence.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

When the annual Estimates are laid before you, I trust you will devote due time and attention to their consideration. Be liberal, but not extravagant; economical, but not niggardly.

Should the year's accounts show a surplus, I am confident that you could not better employ a portion of it than in augmenting the pay and salaries of those meritorious persons in the service of the Crown whose means of living have not increased with the increasing expenses of living. A great and wealthy country like ours should not be outdone in remuneration of its servants by a bank or a brewery.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Circulars," as we all know, are troublesome and annoying, but sometimes we are obliged to read and consider their contents, even though we should afterwards throw them into the waste-paper basket. The documents of this description which you will be called upon to discuss are of more than fugitive importance, and should not be weighed in a spirit of mere slavish submission to party considerations.

I trust you will fathom and get to the bottom of certain disagreeable incidents connected with our Navy.

You will know how to spell Mobilization and Localization before the labours of our busy Bee are ended.

I implore you to settle the vexatious Burials Bill question. The prospect of another recess, with its clerical controversies and correspondence, its meetings of unwise clergy and imprudent laity, is too terrible. Let us try, if we can bury nothing else, to bury the hatchet.

Either you or your successors will be forced to face the life and

death questions of Drink and Drinking. May you be blessed with wisdom to deal with them.

Local Taxation, Merchant Shipping, and other topics of pressing importance will amply occupy your attention. I trust, therefore, you will sternly discountenance personal squabbles, Hibernian obstructiveness, and any attempt at intrusion and insolence on the part of a nuisance to which you were far too lenient last year.

Do not waste time at the beginning of the Session; be concise and to the point in your speeches; intelligible and straightforward in your answers to questions; original in your quotations; think more of your country and less of your party; more of the Division bell and less of the dinner ditto.

Assuring you of my intention at once to resume the chronicle of your triumphs and defeats, your blunders and successes, your sense and your nonsense, in my illustrations and "Essence," I now dismiss you to the labours of a Session, which I cannot conceal from you must be of more than ordinary length, seeing this is Bissextile or Leap Year, and that February will therefore have twenty-nine instead of twenty-eight days.

CULINARY SCHOLARSHIPS.

"The Society of Arts lately founded five scholarships entitling the holders thereof to free instruction in the National Training School of Cookery; and these honours will be competed for on the 12th of this month at South Kensington."



WE believe we break no confidence in stating that the following were for some reason omitted from the questions to the candidates:—

If the wages of a Cook are £30 a-year, how much, in addition, may she expect as perquisites?

Supposing that you took a situation where no kitchen-maid is kept, what extra wages would you ask for lighting your own fires?

How many pounds of stock meat would you require to make three platefuls of *soup maigre*?

State the market-price of dripping, and give a table of its fluctuations during the past twelve months.

Do you consider it is one of the privileges of a Cook to imitate in Sunday dress the costumes of her mistress?

If you chanced to have a handsome cousin in the Police, what would be your usual course in dealing with cold mutton?

State your method of procedure in (1) boiling a potato, (2) cooking a beefsteak, and (3) making melted butter.

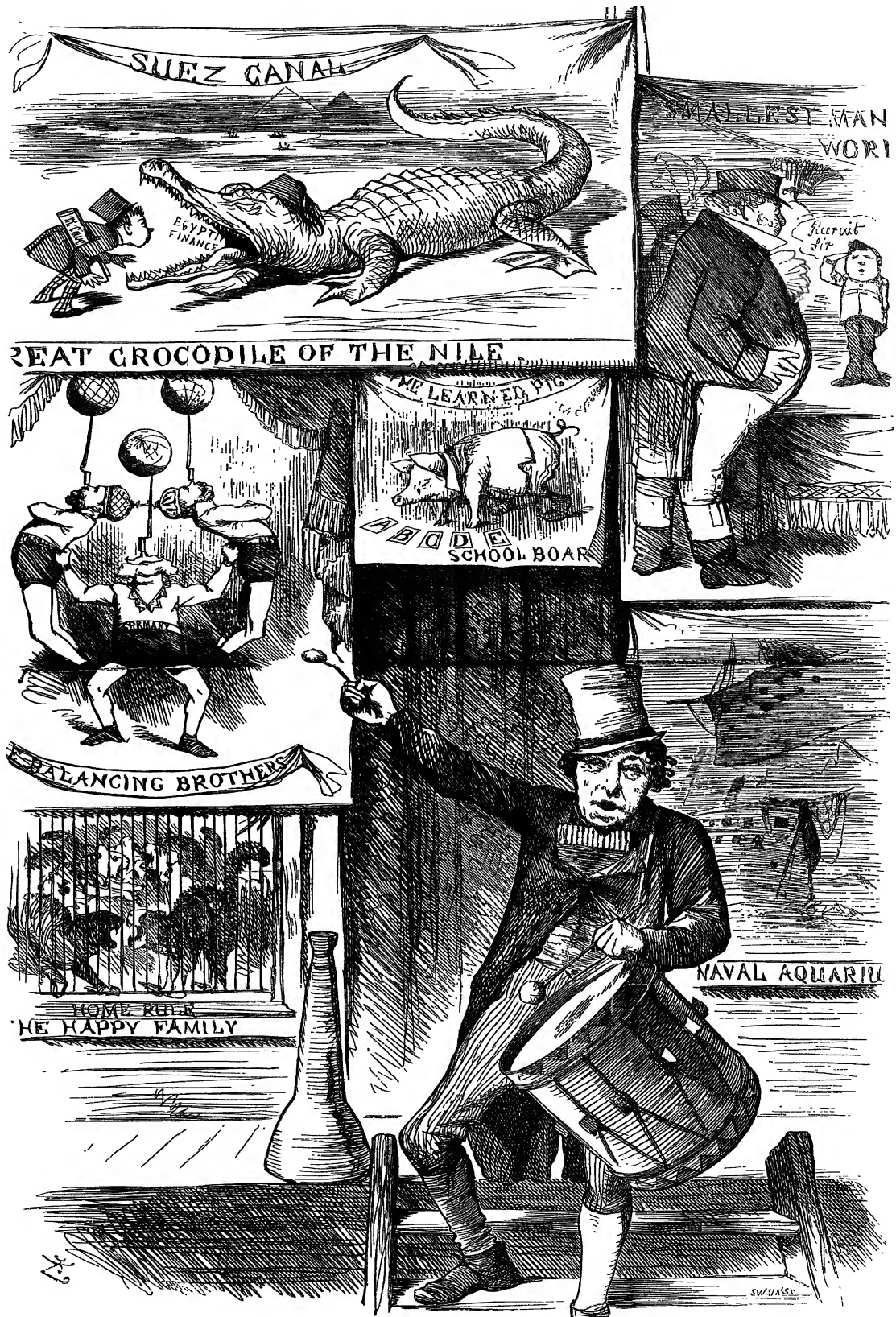
A HINT FROM THE HOUR.

MR. PUNCH, ever on the *qui vive* to pick up anything that may be worth picking up, lately picked up the *Hour*, and feels grateful to MR. MACDOUGALL for his list of "Unanswered Questions," with the motto, "*Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*," and the intimation that "These questions will appear daily in this column until answered by those whom they concern." Of course they are the most disagreeable questions that the querist's knowledge of the sore or shady places in the past of the queried, or the weak joints in their armour, personal or financial, can suggest.

Though the motive for asking such questions may, as a rule, be questionable, still such curiosity may have its public uses; and Mr. Punch, hoping that the method has not been patented, proposes, for once, himself to apply it, in the hope thereby to elicit some information of use to the public, and not as yet sought by MR. MACDOUGALL, no doubt as lying beyond his special field of inquiry.*

* As Mr. Punch has more demands on his space than he can possibly supply, he will be unable to publish his Questions more than once. He must therefore respectfully request the parties interrogated to answer his inquiries with the least possible delay, as otherwise his readers will, he fears, take the liberty of answering them for themselves.

| Persons who could, if they would, answer. | Subject. | Question. |
|---|--|--|
| The SULTAN. | COUNT ANDRASSY'S Circular. | What is likely to be the result of making good political resolutions, and not keeping them? |
| The Head of the Turkish Exchequer. | Turkish Bonds. | How long are the coupon-holders likely to get half their interest? |
| The Representatives at the Court of St. James's of Turkey, Honduras, Costa Rica, Paraguay, &c., &c. | Foreign Loans. | When do the countries you represent expect to float any more Loans in England, and at what do you value the chances of such floatation, having regard to the time required for the investing Public to forget their latest experience? |
| Her Majesty's Ministers. | Slave Circular. | To whose Happy Thought is this bright and successful document really due? |
| Ditto. | Suez Canal. | Are you looking forward with pleasurable anxiety to the interrogations of the Opposition on this question, and are you quite clear that your bargain will hold water? |
| RIGHT HON. WARD HUNT. | Vanguard, Iron Duke, Alberta, Mistletoe, and other subjects of accident. | What peculiar qualifications does a Naval Officer require to guarantee him against liability to Court-Martial? |
| Ditto. | National Indignation. | What pressure of public dissatisfaction is required to produce practical conviction of the duty of resignation? |
| RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE. | Recreations of Ex-Ministers. | Which is the most elevating employment for a great Statesman—Leading a great national party, or helping the circulation of second-class periodicals, and answering letters from young men engaged in mercantile pursuits, and old women of both sexes? |
| PRINCE BISMARCK. | The French Indemnity. | How comes it that Germany, after nobbling two hundred millions of war indemnity, is poorer than France after paying it? |
| The KING OF ITALY. | His Future. | Where do you expect to go to, if you don't get absolution, and how much do you suppose you will get it for, and don't you wish you may get it? |
| The POPE. | Peter's Pence. | Who takes care of these pence, and are there any Peter's pounds that take care of themselves? |
| The MARQUIS OF RIFON. | Mrs. NARDI's Letter to the <i>Voce della Verità</i> . | In a pious fraud, where does the piety stop and the fraud commence? |
| G. F. MANNING, Rector of St. Petroc. | Unchristian Jealousy. | What title are Anglican P.P.'s to take now that of "Reverend" is discredited by lawful application to Dissenting Ministers? |
| RICHARD BANNER OAKLEY. | Co-operative Deposit Bank. | How many widows and orphans must a sound ruin before he is financially successful? |



THE ST. STEPHEN'S SHOW.

"WALK UP! WALK UP!! JUST A-GOING TO BEGIN!!!"

ECONOMY IN A MESS!



THE following account of a Mess-Meeting of the 129th Regiment of the Line has found its way into Mr. Punch's letter-box. Although the name of the Battalion in question does not appear in the Monthly Army List, there is no reason for doubting the accuracy of a report so evidently the outcome of recent correspondence in the Public Press and less recent Horse-Guards' Regulations.

2,439th
Mess-Meeting
of the
129th Regiment.

Present—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER (in the Chair); MAJOR MILDMAN; CAPTAINS FASTBOY, DRAG, BUSKIN, and PLODD; LIEUTENANTS SHODDY and CAPER; SUB-LIEUTENANT BANTAM; SURGEON PROBANG.

After the roll of officers had been called by the Adjutant, the Minutes of the last Meeting were read, approved, and confirmed.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER said that he had called a Meeting of the Officers of the Regiment because he wished to take their opinion upon the subject of Mess Expenses. In the olden time, the Mess was considered private,—it was left to the Officers who had the honour to command the Regiment (assisted by the Mess-Committee) to regulate the customs and decide upon the uniform. Now-a-days the Mess-jacket was a matter of sealed patterns, and he was directed to see that no unnecessary expense should be incurred by the Officers under his command in giving entertainments. He wished to live in friendship and good-will with all his Officers, and he therefore called upon them to make any suggestion they pleased for his information. Of course they would understand it was merely for his information, as the Mess had now become a question of discipline.

MAJOR MILDMAN begged to call the attention of the Colonel to the fact that Champagne was drunk at Mess contrary to the wishes of the General commanding the district.

CAPTAIN FASTBOY wished to correct the Major. The General objected to Champagne. He doubted if the liquor recently supplied to the Mess under the name of Champagne really came within the General's objection. It was more suggestive of gooseberries than grapes.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER wished to know why Champagne had been introduced after his orders to the contrary.

SURGEON PROBANG explained that the General commanding the district had dined with the Mess during the temporary absence of the Colonel. The General commanding the district had ordered the Champagne.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER said that altered the matter. Evidently the intention of the General was not absolutely to forbid the consumption of effervescing wine—what was commonly understood by "fizz," in fact—but to put a stop to unnecessary display. Under those circumstances the case might, perhaps, be met by Champagne being drunk in future from China mugs in lieu of glasses.

CAPTAIN BUSKIN would respectfully ask the Colonel if private theatricals came under the heading of "entertainments."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER (before answering the question) would wish to know who took part in the theatricals.

CAPTAIN BUSKIN informed the Colonel that SURGEON PROBANG, LIEUTENANT CAPER, and himself, were the leading members of the troupe.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER was of opinion that, under these circumstances, the theatricals could scarcely be considered as entertainments.

LIEUTENANT CAPER respectfully requested to know whether the Regiment might not occasionally give a ball to the resident gentry. The fact was the amateur theatricals recently given, which had been

very largely attended, had created a very unpleasant, and, he was bound to say, erroneous impression in the neighbourhood. *Hamlet* had been played, he thought very well played—but the resident gentry who had witnessed the performance insisted that there had been an intention to burlesque SHAKESPEARE. Such an intention he begged most energetically to repudiate, for himself and the other members of the regimental *corps dramatique*.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER thought that perhaps, under the special circumstances of the case, a ball *might* be given, but officers must be put to no unnecessary expense. He would be glad to receive suggestions.

MAJOR MILDMAN would suggest that the band of the Regiment should play quadrilles from eight until ten, and that tea and cake should be served for ten minutes, in the ante-room, at half-past nine.

CAPTAIN FASTBOY said that it would be absolutely necessary, to preserve the *prestige* of the Regiment, that a string band should be brought down from Town, and that the supper should come from GUNTER'S.

LIEUTENANT SHODDY thought that things ought to be well done, if they were done at all. Five-pound bouquets should be provided for the Ladies. His father was ready to put down £2,000 to pay his proportion of the cost of doing things in style. "D—n the expense," was his motto.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER begged to decline MR. SHODDY'S offer. He did not think that MR. SHODDY had quite caught the regimental spirit.

CAPTAIN PLODD could not help feeling that a ball was an unnecessary, as well as unsatisfactory, form of entertainment. A scientific *Conversazione* would be infinitely better. For £50 he undertook to purchase the materials for several most interesting illustrated lectures on Electricity, the Spectroscope, Organic Chemistry, and the Darwinian System of Evolution.

SUB-LIEUTENANT BANTAM, as an officer of two months' standing, thought that the Regiment would be utterly disgraced if they did not give a good Ball at least once a quarter. Did not the glorious rag he had had the honour of carrying that morning for the first time, record what the Regiment had done at Waterloo, the Alma, and Inkermann? As to expense, he for one was quite sure his widowed mother would send him an extra £10 note for so good a purpose.

CAPTAIN DRAGG would like to know whether the Colonel wished the Pack to be kept up?

The Colonel said certainly—at the same time he would like to see more economy in its management, and had made a suggestion with that view in his list of regulations, which he thought would meet the exigencies of the case all round. He had framed them with a view to encourage good feeling and keep up the *prestige* of the Regiment, while avoiding all unnecessary outlay, which, as their Commanding Officer, it was his duty to discourage.

The Adjutant then read the following list:—

Mess.—Champagne and all other wines may be drunk, but in mugs. The *chef* will send up the dinner (which will be of the usual *recherché* description) on willow-pattern plates. Water decanters will not be put on the table, as being an unnecessary expense. The supply of salt and other condiments will in future be carefully controlled, with a view to the strictest economy.

Private Theatricals.—Stage costumes, professional coach, and hire of rooms will remain as before. As it appears, however, that it has been customary to pay ten boys at a shilling a head to go into the gallery to applaud, a reduction is recommended under this heading. In future only five boys will be sent into the gallery at tenpence a head.

Ball.—Band and supper will come from London as heretofore. No alterations will be made in the sums voted for hire of rooms, floral decorations, &c. With a view to economy, however, the riband attached to the pencils of the dance programmes will be of common silk instead of twist gold-thread.

Pack.—In future, the man in charge of the dogs will receive one quart of beer, allowance, daily, instead of three pints as heretofore.

After the reading of the above regulations, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER thanked the Officers for their attendance, and the Meeting was formally dissolved.

The Colonel, before leaving, intimated, however, that no great reduction would be made in the Mess subscription of the 129th Regiment, in spite of the above sweeping reforms.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE RINK.

"THUS men may grow wiser every day—it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for Ladies."

As You Like It (Act i. s. 2).

MOTTO FOR THE POSTE RESTANTE.—"*Littera scripta manet.*"



A HINT TO COACHMAKERS.

DESIGN FOR A NEW CONVEYANCE, TO BE CALLED THE "GOODY TWO-SHOES." THE "ACME" SKATE MAY BE REPLACED BY RINK-ROLLERS, FOR ORDINARY WEATHER.

SOME WORDS WITH A SWEATER.

(As heard from the Men's side of the Hedge.)

Am I willing to work by the piece? To be sure!
Don't ketch me refusing it! Not such a "cure!"
 What, object to a "lay"
 As increases my pay
 To some four times the "twist" I can earn by the day?
Do the men who work under me pocket the same?
 'Taint likely! That isn't exactly my game!
 On day-hire I get 'em,
 And grind 'em and sweat 'em;
 But as for the "perks" of the spec—why, I net 'em!
Do I stick at the price I'll accept? No, not me!
 'Tis but cutting one's coat to one's cloth, don't yer see?
 If the prices looks blue,
 Why I puts on the screw,
 For I means making piece-work pay me,—and I do!
Do I put the best men on the job? Well, yer know,
 First-raters and me don't quite "cotton"—that's so!
 They are stuck-up, I find,
 And not good at the grind,
 Cheap outsiders will sweat, and are more to my mind.
Do I pay all my subs by the day? Why, in course!
 And the pay-sheets I rig,—which the foremen endorse,—
 But here's one o' my tricks—
 Say they're rated at six,
 Well I pays 'em four bob, and the balance I nicks!
Is the workmanship good? Well, you must think me green!
 Why of course it's tol-lol,—where it's like to be seen.
 If it looks rather queer,
 Why there's paint, just a smear,
 Or some good "bournantek,"*—that'll pass it, no fear!
 * Shop-slang for putty or other "padding."

Don't the foremen look better than that after me?
 Well, a cove don't twig much through gold blinkers, yer see.

If he's given to quiz,
 There are "tips" and free "fizz,"
 And it's lovely how well we agrees—that it is!

Such "scamping" must injure the firm's reputation?
 Who cares? It pays me, that is one consolation.

The profits are prime;
 It will last out my time,
 And I ain't the sole sinner, if "Cutting's" a crime!

Drive Trade from the country? Don't know about that,
 Though I've heard a good lot of such snivelling chat!

Every man for himself!
 If I don't pile up pelf,
 Will "the country" keep me when I'm laid on the shelf?

Does it injure the health of the subs as I sweat?
 That's no business o' mine. There are plenty more yet

As won't stick at a "bob"
 When hard up for a job,
 And the pickings pay nicely at so much per nob!

Is it fair to my mates? Well, we've all the same chance,
 If they miss 'tain't my fault, that is clear at a glance!

If at piece-work they kick,
 They will find pretty quick
 They have spoilt a good game—for the few who've the trick!

A Refuge for Ritualism.

We hear that the Ritualists contemplate secession as their only escape from the rigor of the Court of Arches. Let *Punch* suggest an alternative. Let them embark from Penzance to the Isles of Scilly. History tells us that the first settlers in those islands came from Rome. Let history repeat itself.



EXPERTO CREDE.

Our Dustman. "'ERE'S THIS 'ERE BIG 'OUSE, BILL, ON THE LEFT, WHY I SHOULD SAY THEY'D TURN OVER THEIR MATTER O' THREE LOAD O' DUST A WEEK IN THE SEASON WITHOUT A HEFFORT!!'"

A GRACE'S COUP DE GRÂCE?

ACCORDING to the London Correspondent of a local paper, the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK has lately distinguished himself by saying a sharp thing. In order to the repression of national intemperance:—

"The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK cleared the ground for doing something when a few days ago he gave the *coup de grâce* to the old blatant sophism 'You can't make people sober by Act of Parliament,' and said 'But you are now making them drunk by Act of Parliament.'"

This is clever, indeed. An Act of Parliament not only sanctions public-houses, but also compels people to go and get drunk in them. That is the case of the agitators for a Liquor Law. It isn't as though the people could do as they chose, drink or not. That would be simply reasonable and constitutional freedom. They are absolutely forced to drink, and more than so, to get drunk, by Act of Parliament. Under what penalty? The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK will perhaps tell us if it was really he, and not somebody of another order of intellect, who, by the particularly brilliant saying with which his Grace has been credited, so completely gave to the "old blatant sophism" the "*coup de grâce*" quoted as archiepiscopal.

PHILOSOPHERS AT FIGHT.

PHILOSOPHERS, authorities of weight,
A much-vexed question in the *Times* debate.
"Spontaneous Generation" these sage men
Discuss with some asperity of pen;
PROFESSOR TYNDALL *con.*, and BASTIAN *pro*,
Does putrefaction gender life, or no?
Both parties are on this main fact agreed,
That some infusions infusoria breed.
TYNDALL protests, "*Negatur*, giv'n due care
To purify or quite exclude the air."
"Not so," cries BASTIAN. "Germs spontaneous grow,
Exclude and purify the air or no."

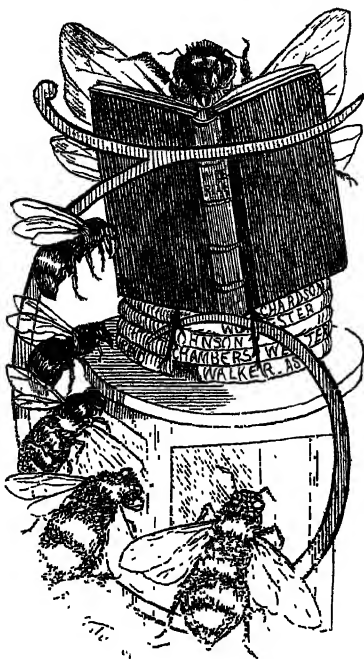
Within a word the controversy lies—
Let us but understand what it implies—
Unfiltered air contains, you tell us, "germs."
Philosopher, explain ambiguous terms!
What is a "germ"? An ignoramus begs
To know, do "germs," or do they not, mean eggs,
Or embryos, which preceding creatures bore,
Of other animalcules born before?
If "germs" are eggs, then do "bacteria" bear
Eggs, to be hatched in water, laid in air?
Say when you mention "germs" you do but mean
Mere motes of protoplasm or protein,
Then what although they needs must coalesce
With matter in a putrefactive mess,
To generate forms of life, no parent stem
Having, as offspring, generated them,
Whence infusorial progeny are bred,
Are not those "germs" at best as mutton dead?
And is not all your question a mere word,
As being the reverse of sense, absurd?
Sure unspontaneous were the proper term
Whether for agency of senseless "germ,"
Or particles as void as "germs" of sense,
Wherefrom, in ferment, living things commence.
Life in some states, beneath creative laws,
If Nature generates—both, hold your jaws.

POST ET PROPTER.

In former times, Actors in the Royal Theatres were called His or Her Majesty's Servants, whether male or female. According to report, however, Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket is, in future, to be occupied exclusively by Her Majesty's Mails.

THE WORST KIND OF DO.—The do as one would be done by.

A SONG OF THE DAY.



HE busy B stands now for
Belle!
I love to rink, I love to
spell:
Both to flirtation I convert:
Good gracious, is it *flirt* or
flurt?

While merry groups fly to
and fro,
I practise spelling as I go:
Practise or *practice*?—s
or c?
The Dictionaries disagree.

This rinking is a pleasant
whim,
When lungs are right and
ankles trim.
Is *ankle* right? Is *ancke*
wrong?
No matter; mine are swift
and strong.

Says FRED, "I'm *augur* of
success:
I long to see your spelling
dress."
Ah, now I know I have it
pat—
Auger's a bore: FRED isn't
that.

LAWSON AND LIBERTY!

A FEW evenings ago SIR WILFRID LAWSON, "in connection with the Temperance agitation," as a newspaper says, "visited Portsmouth." There, at a public meeting in the Soldiers' Institute, he delivered another of his funny speeches on the "Permissive Bill." Referring to the feud raging between the Publicans and their rivals the Grocers, he said:—

"The Grocers who held licences for the sale of intoxicating liquors were about to be attacked. His hair stood on end when he read the organs of the Licensed Victuallers, to find what a bad account they gave of the Grocers. (*Laughter*) The Publicans accused the Grocers of every enormity because they sold drink, which in their opinion ought to be sold and consumed only in the public-house."

Having, amid "loud laughter and applause," observed that in this case the relations between the Pharisee and Publican in the parable were reversed, the speaker went on to say that—

"He had a great respect for the ordinary Grocer, but he had no respect for the Grocer who sold intoxicating drink, and he would heartily help the Publicans in driving the liquor-selling Grocer out of the field. Having got rid of him, however, he would join them in any movement against the Publicans."

For this fair warning that the "Permissive Bill" is intended not only to put down public-houses, but also to restrict private persons, SIR WILFRID LAWSON deserves the thanks of every freeborn Briton who values his freedom. In the meanwhile the conflicting Publicans and Grocers will perhaps have sense enough to see how completely they, in relation to one another, correspond to those famous combatants in the fable, the Frog and the Mouse, and with what exactness the Kite hovering over them, that swooped down upon and snapped up both together, is represented by the United Kingdom Alliance, personified in SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

PUNCH'S PLAY-BILL.

MARRIED in Haste
Suits the taste.
Sam Tottles
Draws like what else?
Our Boys
Nought allays.
All for Her
Makes a stir.
Masks and Faces
Take your places!
Anne Boleyn
Crowds should pull in.
Peep-o'-Day
See the play.
Mam'selle Clytie,
Rather flighty.

Rip Van Winkle
Makes eyes twinkle.
Black Eyed Susan,
Most amusin'.
Broken Hearts,
Slow in parts.
Quiet Rubber
Makes one blubber.
Puff-Puff
Can you laugh?
Duke's Daughter
Might be shorter.
L'Archiduc,
Go and look.
Trial by Jury,
Still the fury.

THE LAND AND THE LANDLORD.

(An Appeal to MR. BRIGHT.)

No doubt the wise, Friend BRIGHT, with thee on Free Trade ground
who stand,
Must own that no impediment should clog the sale of land.
Consistency and logic this acknowledgment demand;
Yet feel'st thou not that something may be said, on the other hand,
For the fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time?

Imagine, JOHN, that for the last two centuries, or three,
Trade in respect of land had been from trammels wholly free;
Where now would all the large estates with their broad acres be,
Entailed at present upon heirs of ancient pedigree,
Like the fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time?

Where the grey keeps and castles, the historic courts and halls?
The granges o'er whose gables lichen creeps, and ivy crawls,
Whence flit the bats and owls as dark the shade of twilight falls?
Where the stately manor-houses, the time-worn, ancestral walls,
Of your fine Old English Gentlemen, all of the olden time?

Thou know'st the ancient seat that bears a county name of mark,
The homestead nigh the rookery in avenue or park,
Whose annals were recorded by a grave and learned clerk,
That house where eery things are seen, say the neighbours, after
dark,
By its fine Old English Gentleman, 'Squire of the olden time.

The house that's full of wainscotting, and chests and coffers old,
And antique chairs and furniture, and mildew, moth, and mould;
Inside and out a picture, oh, how lovely to behold!
And where the Family Ghost appears before the death, we're told,
Of the fine Old English Gentleman, still of the olden time:

Whence the Squire drives on Sundays to the Church, hedged round
with yew,
And through service sits with gravity and grandeur in his pew,
From which, by mien distinguished from the men of fortunes new,
He contemplates his scutcheon on the tablet full in view
Of that fine Old English Gentleman, all of the olden time.

Canst thou not with him sympathise, Friend, canst thou not admire
The behaviour and belongings of this typical old 'Squire?
Would it not grieve thee were his Hall to be destroyed by fire?
Or the house and grounds to pass away to a base and alien buyer,
From that fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time?

'Tis sad enough already when, through cutting off entail,
A spendthrift is empowered to put his heritage up to sale;
How often and how sorely, and how vainly, we bewail
The good old mansions that have gone the way of the good old ale,
And the good Old English Gentlemen, 'Squires of the olden time!

NO MORE KNIFEBOYS!

A SHORT time ago MR. BRIDGE, at Wandsworth, and MR. CHANCE, at Lambeth, decided, against the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, that liability to the tax on male servants was not incurred by the occasional employment of a boy to do odd jobs. At Kingston, however, official zeal has been rewarded by obtaining from the Magistrate a conviction, with a mitigated penalty of five pounds, incurred by a Gentleman through having, without a licence, employed a Lad daily for a few hours. He had previously given an old man the same employment, which kept him out of the workhouse.

Nothing of this sort can occur again; and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue are further to be congratulated that the effect of their public-spirited proceeding at Kingston has already been that of causing numerous housekeepers to dismiss their boys. For of course all these housekeepers will now, instead of boys, employ regular footmen, or other male servants for whom they will be chargeable with no more duty than they were liable to for the boys, and of whose wages and keep the additional cost will be no object. Thus the Revenue will gain immensely; unless the appeal of which the Defendant at Kingston has given notice should be decided in his favour, and the Commissioners be unhappily ruled by the Court above to have unduly, vexatiously, and mischievously endeavoured to press the law to the injury and annoyance of their neighbours.

New Rhyme for the Nursery.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She paid one and sixpence to skate at a Rink;
A cropper she came, when she ventured to try it:
Oh, couldn't this foolish old woman keep quiet!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



STREET REGINA: Rootoot, Punchus!

Tuesday, February 8.) Sound our twopenny trumpet, in echo of the Life Guards' brass. Boom, our big drum, responsive to the Park "pots!" God save the QUEEN! And may she never again have so dreary a day for her resumption of so delightful a duty.

That such a crowd should have faced such weather for so many hours, says volumes for the warmth of London loyalty. Perhaps it glows the stronger for the rarity of its kindling. Is it as true of Queens as of holidays, that

"When they seldom come, they wished for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare ornaments?"

The Irrepressible Doctor was determined to have his Procession to the House, too—King Mob's Pageant by the side of QUEEN VICTORIA'S. But Papa Police took King Mob by the scruff of the neck, first stopped, then spun him round, and, finally, chucked him back into his native slums amidst the approving guffaw of contemptuous Common Sense, which hates to see the monkey paws of a tag-rag-and-bobtail rabble laid on the great name and glorious associations of Magna Charta. The Doctor alone of the rabble rout was allowed to pass the *cordon bleu*, on his way to the House ("To what base uses may we come, HORATIO!"), affably bowing in recognition of the hisses and hootings of the public as he passed along.

Then HER MAJESTY graciously opened Parliament—her faithful Commons, by the way, rushing into the Presence like a pack of riotous Undergraduates—*via* the LORD CHANCELLOR, Keeper of the QUEEN'S Conscience, and Speaker of the QUEEN'S Speech, which this year contains rather less than the usual amount of nothing; and in that lessened sum-total less than usual of domestic nothing.

About Turkey, the Suez Canal Purchase, and recent Difficulties in China, papers are promised. The Prince's journey to India is pronounced a great success. So the QUEEN is going to take the title of EMPRESS OF THE INDIES—not the Prince that of King of England, as the *Indépendance Belge* doth vainly report. If England hates anything from her heart—besides Popery—it is Slavery. Ministers are sorry they have inadvertently trodden on BRITANNIA'S toes in their Fugitive Slave Circulars, Nos. 1 and 2. They have withdrawn No. 1. They are going to smother No. 2 under a Royal Commission. Papers will be laid before the House (See *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon this week as a specimen) for further information. Besides, to atone for this little Circular slip, our officers will be ordered to look sharper than ever after the Slave Trade under native Indian Princes. South Africa is going to be confederated—let us hope to the improvement of Cape Wine, and the diminished production of Cape smoke, alcoholic and oratorical. In the Straits Settlements we have come, it is trusted, to a settlement of our straits.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons will have the Estimates laid before them—that they may rely on; and JOHN BULL will have to pay the year's bills, that he may rely on.

As to the chaotic jostle of competing measures, commonly called Domestic Legislation, "least said soonest mended." *Le Ministre propose, et Force majeure dispose.* So we'll promise the least we can, and of that mean to fulfil as much as we can see our way to. Legislation affecting Appeal, Merchant Shipping, University and Primary Education, Commons, and Prisons, we promise you, as the Bills are drawn and ready to bring in. There are more in the pigeon-holes these came from, which may, in due time, be fledged to fly, at least, as far as First Reading. And now, be off to your Bills, and the

Lords (and Commons) grant them a good deliverance!

There, *Messieurs de l'Opposition* get a hold, if you can, of that smooth eel of an oration! Comment drops off it like water off a duck's back. No wonder it slipped through your fingers, with the merest pretence of critical handling. Ministers are to fight the Suez Canal battle next week. Meanwhile, it may as well be scored to them in advance as a victory. It is the duty of the Opposition to discuss and dissect; but they would be ill-advised to fight, when the buyers have the country at their back.

As for MR. GLADSTONE, like Balaam, he blest the following of BENJAMIN, instead of cursing it. He applauds the Cabinet's cautious adhesion to the Austrian Note as the least objectionable of three courses open on the Eastern Question, between which the only doubt is, which is the least unpleasant, or the least likely to be profitable.

Then came the pelt of private Bills—nearly a hundred of them—

Hobbies young, and Hobbies old, Hobbies, whose fate may be foretold;

Hobbies, whose knees are as yet unscored,

Hobbies, whom many a Session's seen floored!

Cherished crotchets, still fresh and fair,

Crotchets much rubbed against the hair;

High hopes destined to fade in air:

Mischievous monomanias scam-pant,

Ardent aspirations stampant,

Reforms retiring and Reforms rampant!

All the eggs dropt where vagrom men roost

Outside of the Governmental Henroost;

How few to chip shell, how many be addled,

Ere the House that now gathers has skedaddled!

It was touching to see the rush, and to watch their marshalling, under the impartial hand of Blind Ballot, for their choice of a Wednesday. *Et après?*

Altogether, we must congratulate MR. DISRAELI on his opening day. Above all, his way of turning the flank of the Opposition, and repairing the Slave Circular blunder, was masterly—worthy of the Great Medicine Man!

Wednesday. — MR. OSBORNE MORGAN—ballotted out of reasonable hope of a Wednesday—means to use the wedge of a Resolution to force open the Burial Ground Gates, if he can, against the resistance of the Clerical Intransigentes.

Thursday. — Recognising the truth, that a Merchant Shipping Bill is too big an oyster for one gulp, Ministers are going to bring one in in gobbets.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER takes charge of Marine Insurance, in a daring attempt to stop the scuttling-holes in the present law on the subject, which often make the loss of a rogue's ship a gain to the rogue. Interference with rogues' gains! No wonder there is much vehement invocation of Freedom of Contract! Can anything be more "delicate and difficult," as Mr. NORWOOD happily puts it?

Side by side with SIR STAFFORD'S Bill to diminish Insurance frauds, SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY brings in his instalment of Merchant Shipping Reform—the temporary Act of last Session made permanent, with a few improvements—a framework, at least, for MR. PLENGOIL to hang Amendments on.

MR. CROSS gives us a much-wanted Commons Enclosure Bill. MR. SHAW LEEVEE is very indignant to find it is all his thunder. Is it any the worse for *that*?—that he should put himself in such a passion?

Friday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR propounded his plan of a Court of Final Appeal—a most ingenious piece of Mosaic. The Legal House of Lords—or the Lords' Court of Appeal—will include the Law Lords, the LORD CHANCELLOR, and two new Law-Life-Lords at £6,000. In time the paid Judges of the Privy Council will become also the paid Lords of the Lords' Court of Final Appeal, who will at last be four. Then we shall have (to parody *the*)

"A Bench contrived a double debt to pay,
Lords' Court to-morrow, Council-Court to-day!"

An economical scheme for reconciling the substance of a working Court of Final Appeal with the shadow of a House of Lords jurisdiction—preserving a venerable name, while getting rid of a worn-out institution.

(Commons.)—The salaries of Roman Catholic Chaplains in India are to be raised—as they ought to be.

MR. SCLATER-BOTH brings in a Bill for amending the law as to valuation for rating purposes, handsomely acknowledging his obligation to MR. GOSCHEN, whose valuation machinery for the Metropolis he has borrowed. It occurs to *Mr. P.*, as a ratepayer, that what is wanted, is not so much improvement in our rate-making, as in our rate-spending, machinery.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



E up very early in the morning, indeed, at day-break, when all should sally forth, with ladders and telescopes, and watch the birds pairing. Much depends on what sort of bird is first seen. If it is a Wryneck, or a Crossbill, make up your mind that the course of true love (not to be found on any map) will not run particularly smooth for you. If a Goldfinch, or a Yellowhammer, it is a sure sign that you will marry money. But if a Love bird, then it is absolutely certain that neither parents, nor guardians, nor long absence, nor limited means, nor the high price of provisions, will prevent you from marrying the person who is dearer to you than all the world besides. A Blackbird is a clear indication that your husband

will be a Clergyman; a Redbreast, that he will be in the Army; a Bunting, in the Navy; a Goose, or a Booby, should warn you of a want of intellectual qualities; a Duck will instinctively bring a particular person to your recollection; and the sight of a pair of Turtle Doves will make you blithe and happy for all the rest of the day.

It is an undertaking fraught with considerable peril to send a Valentine to a Ward in Chancery. Do not run the risk of fine and imprisonment, unless you have first obtained the written sanction, properly stamped, of the LORD CHANCELLOR, or a Judge at Chambers. The document you propose to transmit must be filed in Court at least fourteen days before the Fourteenth of February, accompanied by an affidavit, made before a Commissioner in Lunacy, that the contents of the Valentine, if in MS., are your own original composition, and that you have, at least, fifteen hundred a year, or

expectations from two wealthy maiden aunts, who approve of the match.

Whatever the prevailing coiffure may be, on this day it is indispensable that you should wear your hair in a true lover's knot.

In buying a Valentine to send to an adult, if you wish it to produce a favourable impression, the following precautions must be strictly observed:—

1. Select a fine day in February for the purchase, when there is no fog, and the wind is in the South-west, and there is blue sky and sunshine, and the birds are singing on the trees.
2. Wear a Nosegay, composed of Bachelors' Buttons, Forget-Me-Not, Heartsease, Love-in-Idleness, Passion Flower, and Speedwell.
3. Let every article of your dress be new, and worn on this occasion for the first time. A Glossy Hat, a Blue Coat, with brass buttons, White Waistcoat, Lavender Trousers, and a Violet Scarf, present a tasteful and unobtrusive appearance.
4. Draw up to the door of the shop where you purpose making your selection in a neat Brougham, or smart Victoria.
5. Take no change. If the Valentine you fix upon is priced threepence, and you have only a sovereign in your purse, beg the seller's acceptance of the balance. Any neglect of this injunction, betraying, as it would, a mercenary spirit, may lead to the destruction of your most cherished hopes.
6. Post your Valentine with your own hands, not in a Pillar-box, not at a Receiving-house, but at St. Martin's-le-Grand, if you live in London; if in the Country, then at the Head-office. For greater security, you had better register the packet; and be particular in inviting the attention of the clerk to the nature of its contents.

If the first time you go out of doors on St. Valentine's morning, you should meet the same person in the same spot and at the same moment in three successive years, you will be guilty of a dereliction of duty if you do not mention to her the subject which is nearest to your heart, and press for a favourable reply before post-time.

This being Leap-Year, there can be no objection, as an exceptional occurrence, to a Lady sending a Valentine to a Gentleman; but she must first consult all her maternal female relatives, who are unmarried and above forty years of age, on the propriety of the step, and afterwards submit the Valentine itself to the family lawyer, who will take Counsel's opinion upon it, if thought advisable.

A Memoir of BISHOP VALENTINE, by his Private Secretary, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence, and Portrait, is understood to be nearly ready for publication.

SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

Examination Papers for the ordinary Degree of C.B. (Cordon Bleu.)

I.—HISTORICAL COOKERY.

1. Of what form and consistency were the Crumpets ALFRED THE GREAT burnt? State their number.
2. Of what breed was the Goose cooked by HENRY THE EIGHTH for his Queens?
3. Relate the story of VATEL's precocious talent for making mud pies.
4. (a) Give leading incidents in the lives of SOUBISE, MAINTENON, BECHAMEL, and CHATEAUBRIAND, and connect them with their respective *plats*.
(b) What Cabinet was NESSELRODE at the head of?
(c) State the ingredients of the sauces, *plats*, or puddings to which their names have been given.
5. Give the etymologies of *Kromeski*, *Chaudfroid*, *Sulmi*, and *Minestrone*, and distinguish the latter from *Minestra*.

II.—GEOGRAPHICAL COOKERY.

1. Give the latitude and longitude of Pel-Pic Island.
2. When did Cook discover the Sandwich Islands?
3. What is the Capital of the Land o' Cakes.
4. What pastures produce the Cream for Butter Scotch?

III.—PRACTICAL COOKERY.

1. Write out a *Menu* in the Tajpore, Judpore, and Fiji languages.
2. Give the French for Pickled Whelks, Plum Duff, Welsh Rabbit, Cook-a-leekie, Haggis, Pop-Corn, and Tummy Cake.
3. Give receipts for the following dishes:—Bread and Butter; Toast and Water; Baked Potatoes; and Nursery Tea.
4. Analyse, translate, and explain—
Ravigote de Mollusques farcies à la Crème de Pataboûm.
Macédoine d'Orvietan de Stamboul en Turlupinade.
Petites Caissés Infornales à la Crinière de Poniatowski.
Trocadero Truffé à la Crénom d'un Petit Bonhomme.

5. Give any anecdotes you know of the Lady Banker and the Female Gardener familiarly referred to as *La Financière* and *La Jardinière*.

6. Can you serve up the following *Menu* at twenty-four hours' notice, without assistance?

Hors d'œuvres Froids—Sharks' Fins and Kippered Trepang.

Potages—Nids d'Hirondelles; clear Terrapin.

Poissons—Rouges de Java; Sea-Serpent Cutlets.

Entrées—Cervelle d'Oran-Outan-frite; Noix de Giraffe à la Financière.

Rôts—Buffalo Hump; Wild Turkey.

Gibier—Canvas-back'd Ducks; Delhi Peacocks.

Entremets—Bread-fruit Pudding; Mangosteen Tart.

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

1. May a Scullery-Maid join Cook's Excursions if personally well-conducted?

2. State your views upon Stock, Kitchen Grease, Unladylike Conduct in Mistresses who will come down-stairs, Perquisites, Tradesmen's Tips, and Sundays out.

3. How many times a week do you go to the Rink?

4. Describe the manners and customs of the common Policeman.

AS YOU WEAR!



RESS! is a well-known word of command. So we need not wonder if the uniform of Her Majesty's Army has been of late occupying our Military Heads. The burning questions of how the strap of the forage-cap is to be worn, and the amount of embroidery to be allowed on the sleeves of the mess-jacket, seem now to have been set at rest for ever. *Mr. Punch* heartily congratulates the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE upon the completion of his arduous labours, and trusts that he will be equally successful with the twin schemes—Localisation and Mobilisation. But yet the Sage of Fleet Street is nothing if not critical; and, accordingly, the following (embodied in a Circular)

further alterations in Her Majesty's livery are suggested to H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief, with *Mr. Punch's* kindest regards and best compliments:—

UNIFORM FOR THE ARMY.

85, Fleet Street, Feb. 14, 1876.

For General Officers.—In future respirators will be worn between the months of October and March. Wheel-chairs may be used instead of horses at Reviews when the Sovereign is not present. Crutches bound with an inch of gold lace (regulation pattern) may be taken to Levees. Ear-trumpets in future to be carried hitched up on the left side under the sword-belt.

For Captains.—Wigs are to be worn under the shako in cases where the officers can count thirty years' service. White whiskers to be dyed garter-blue in Review order.

For Subalterns.—In future, officers may bring their school-books, black boards, and globes on to parade. When the battalion is ordered to "stand at ease," officers will wear their blue spectacles over their eyes two inches above the eyebrows. The hair in future may be worn long (pattern, "German Professor"), and gloves can be dispensed with.

For Privates.—In future, Soldiers taking part in a Review in heavy marching order, will be required to wear their pin-befores.

SOBRIETY IN SCOTLAND.

In a lately published Parliamentary paper, the number of persons, during the year ended the 30th of last June, arrested in Scotland for drunkenness was 61,173. "Drunk and incapable," 38,213. "Drunk and disorderly," 22,960. And have Scotchmen still the cheek to sing "We are na fou, we're nae that fou?"

CLERICAL INTELLIGENCE.

At a meeting of High Churchmen for discussion of the Burials Bill, the REVEREND T. HUGO is reported, in the *Church Times*, to have spoken thus:—

"With regard to the grievance the Clergy felt at being the national undertakers, it was one he felt in no small degree. It was an intolerable wrong that a man who was excommunicated had a right to come to the Clergy to be buried. But there was a greater grievance. No doubt every Dissenting Minister had his black sheep, and, when the hand of death fell on them, he might refuse to inter those black sheep; the alternative being that the Clergy would have to bury them, and so they would not only have the reprobates of their own congregations, but all the carrion of dissent to bury, which, according to law, might be turned over to them."

"The carrion of dissent!" What a pretty figure of speech for a Clergyman to utter! How this "snowy-banded, delicate-handed" Gentleman must shrink from the idea of being a "national undertaker," and how tightly he must hold his nose the while he reads the Burial Service over some black sheep of a Dissenter!

After using more strong language than we feel inclined to quote, the Reverend—very Reverend—speaker thus concluded:—

"With the exception of a few here and there, Dissenters were chiefly remarkable for impudence, ignorance and stupidity; and dissent was below contempt as regarded its intellectual position. It was a base thing, and as long as Churchmen kept it down under them, so long would there be happiness and blessedness in England."

Hard words break no bones, or the dissenting body would be found in a sore plight after such a speech as this. England must indeed feel happy and blessed in the thought that she possesses such a champion as this Churchman, ever ready to defend her from the Dragon of Dissent.

HARD MEASURE.

FROM a statement circulated by MR. G. S. MEASOM, a member of the Orphanage Working School Committee, it appears that the "Joseph Soul Testimonial," raised in recognition of MR. SOUL's services as Secretary to that charity and others, was not a payment made directly to MR. SOUL himself, but was a sum of money (£1,337 11s. 6d., less necessary expenses) invested for the benefit of MRS. SOUL and her daughter.

It further appears, however, that a Committee of the Orphan Working School had generously awarded to MR. SOUL, on his retirement from office, a pension equal in amount to his full salary.

Unhappily, it still further appears that on being reported to the "General Court," this grant was, reduced £50 per annum, on the alleged ground that "a testimonial had been got up for MR. SOUL's benefit by MR. MEASOM without consultation with any member of the Committee"—which MR. MEASOM denies.

Here, surely, there is some mistake. All kinds of governing and legislative bodies comprise little-minded members, actuated chiefly by a sense of self-importance—nearly all the sense they have. Some of them, under a show of zeal for economising corporate funds, are apt, on opportunity, to indulge a predilection for reducing another man's income. Doubtless, the majority of the Orphanage Working School's "General Court" is not composed of that kind of constituents; and, if it has been betrayed into inflicting a disappointment and an unmerited hardship on a worthy SOUL, will lose no time in rescinding a harsh resolution.

"Credat Judæus!"

SIR,

THERE was a Sermon in behalf of the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews in our Parish Church last Sunday. Walking home with my family afterwards, my eldest son (a very hopeful young man, as you may guess) asked me what I considered the greatest difference between Jews and Christians.

I answered that I knew of no other differences between them save those of nationality and religion. To which he replied—

"Oh, yes, there is another very great difference. Christians take much interest in the Jews, and Jews take much interest out of the Christians."

I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, Yours,
A PROUD PARENT.

FROM "CHURCH AND STATE" TO "IRISH CHURCH DISESTABLISHMENT."

"MR. GLADSTONE has been admitted to the honorary freedom of the Turners' Company."

A LUSUS NATURÆ.—A Spelling-Bee in a Bonnet.



MORE COMPLIMENTARY THAN IT SEEMS.

Papa (concluding the fascinating Tale). "AND HE WAS TURNED INTO A BEAUTIFUL PRINCE, AND MARRIED BEAUTY!"
Minnie (after a pause). "PAPA, WERE YOU A BEAST BEFORE YOU MARRIED MAMMA?"

THE DEFENCE OF HACKNEY DOWNS.

CERTAIN markings and carvings on the face of Nature are popularly ascribed to the Evil One. A dell in a certain Down is named "The Devil's Punchbowl." On Hackney Downs, also, there is an excavation which will, perhaps, one day bear the same title. Possibly it may likewise be called AMHURST'S HOLLOW. A Circular, bearing the signature of MR. JOHN DE MORGAN, alleges that, notwithstanding the Metropolitan Commons Acts of 1866 and 1872, forbidding enclosure of or encroachment on any Metropolitan Common,—

"MR. TYSSSEN AMHURST, the Lord, or one of the Lords, of the Manor, in 1874, enclosed two pieces of Commons Land on Hackney Downs and North Mill Field; and at the same time opened a large pit (now measuring 190 feet by 90 feet, and a depth of about eight feet), from which gravel has been taken and sold, to the great injury of the pasturage of the Common."

Now the enclosure and excavation of public land may be regarded as the work of a public enemy, so nearly resembling the Enemy of Man as to make any hole he might illegally dig alike and equally fit to be called the devil's or his own. MR. DE MORGAN contends that the pit above-mentioned was dug, and that the fences were erected on Hackney Common against the Law. Accordingly, he says,—

"I, at the invitation of the Commoners, after careful study, advised the removal of the fences erected on Hackney Downs. In the presence of 50,000 people, the Commoners asserted their right, on December 11th."

For which exploit the bold Commoners and their dauntless Champion have been immortalised; modesty alone prevents MR. PUNCH saying how—besides, everybody knows. Of course MR. DE MORGAN was prepared for the consequences. He thus relates them:—

"Immediately an action was commenced against me, at the instance of the Lord of the Manor, for damages, and for an injunction to restrain from further proceedings."

A Committee of Commoners on the part of MR. DE MORGAN have instituted a cross action against the Lord of the Manor. The case

has come before the Master of the Rolls; litigation is still pending; the parties on either side having mutually undertaken in the meanwhile to hold their hands, the Lord of the Manor from setting up any more fences, or digging any other holes, and the Commoners from removing any extant fences, until the case shall have been heard. But encroaching Lords of Manors are not to be fought without money. Subscriptions can be sent either directly to MR. DE MORGAN, or to his Solicitor, MR. E. KIMBER, 22, Queen Street, Cheapside. He and his valiant Commoners want them to carry on the war. A Public that values its own Open Spaces will doubtless respond liberally to the following appeal:—

"For the sake of the health of the poor living in overcrowded houses, for the sake of preserving the natural powers of your children, by providing for them a playground, I appeal for funds. A balance-sheet will be published at the close of the fight."

What fight short of battle against a foreign invader concerns a nation more than warfare with a domestic enemy, who, for his private aggrandisement, is invading public land? Success to the resolute combatants and their determined Leader in their fight for the defence and rescue of Hackney Downs.

A Tender Subject.

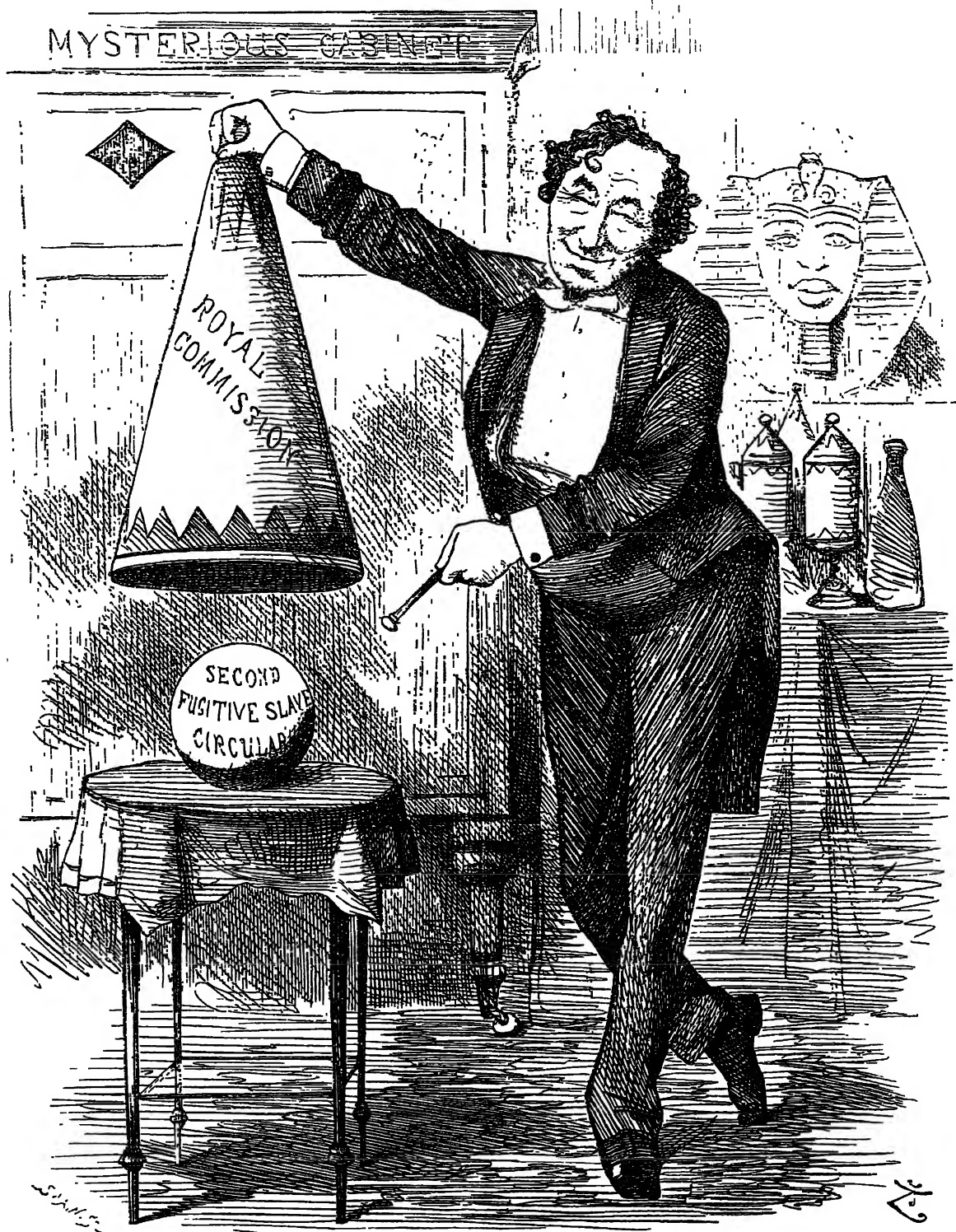
(For the Admiralty.)

THE Government ask for a "tender"
 For raising the *Vanguard*. Enough
 Of sand now o'erlies her to render
 The job most uncommonly tough!

Sors Virgiliana.

(For MR. BANNER OAKLEY.)

"Hi nostri reditus, expectatque triumphus!"—Æn. xi. 54.
 ARE these my grand returns, and expected triumphs?

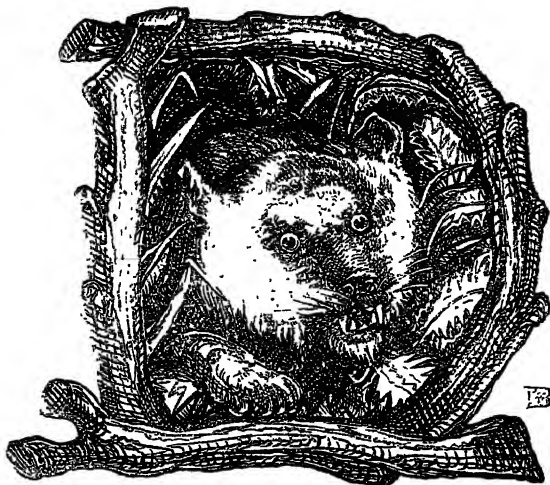


THE "EXTINGUISHER" TRICK.

"HERE YOU PERCEIVE 'FUGITIVE SLAVE CIRCULAR' NUMBER TWO—NUMBER ONE HAVING DISAPPEARED ALREADY! I NOW TAKE THIS CONE INTO MY HAND;—IT RESEMBLES AN EXTINGUISHER, AND IS CALLED A 'ROYAL COMMISSION.' I PLACE IT OVER THE 'CIRCULAR,' AND—HEY, PRESTO!—ON RAISING IT AGAIN, 'CIRCULAR' NUMBER TWO *WILL HAVE DISAPPEARED!*"

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(True, full, and Particular Account of a Great Tiger Hunt, showing "How it is done.")



EAR SIR,

I SHALL give it all up. I won't play any more. I shall chuck up the sponge, and return. I've had a row with SIR JAK HOLKAR—the Holkar—who can't stand a joke. The Holkar is not a Joker. He will wear a European hat, which doesn't suit his native *Tog-garee* (civilian's costume on ordinary occasions), and so at Jeypore I got a lot of little *Tuttees* (a sort of native street-boy) to run after him, and shout, "Who's your Mahr-hatta?"

He was wild, and came to complain to my Noble and Princely Companion. I could not help overhearing their conversation, as they were in the next room to me, which LEVAH DORAJAH, our head Butler, had just quitted, forgetting, as he invariably does, *fermer la porte* behind him. You know the proverb about listeners? Well, I was obliged to step in and have it out with the Holkar, who finished by weeping copiously. But—my Noble Friend was short with me. For the first time—and mind you—for the last. We made it up before dinner over a glass of *Chowrie* (a kind of barley-water, with slices of Indian pickle in it, served like cup), and a fragrant *Haremzadah* (something between a 'Pickwick' and a 'Vevey Fin') out of my own private cigar-case.*

When this cloud had cleared off, my Noble Sportsman wanted to have a shot at a tiger, in fact, to see some real fun, with a spice of danger in it. The truth is, he had been excited by my accounts of how in former years (Ah! how little did I then think I should revisit the scenes of my youth in such distinguished company) I had traced the monarch of the forest to his lair, had wrestled with him single-handed in the jungle, had given him his *coup de grace* all among the pampas, and how, armed only with a *Musnud* (a kind of light walking-cane†), I had tickled a tiger like a trout, till I bagged him.

"Mon Prince," said I, for he wouldn't be gainsaid, "you shall have your tiger."

B-R-SF-RD, C-R-GT-N, W. H. R-SS-LL, S-TH-RL-ND, and all of 'em, came up to me.

"Don't let him risk anything!" they cried.

"Leave it to me," I replied, and then I gave them my plan. It was simple, and succeeded to admiration. I got a fine bullock, had him killed, steeped in rum, and then drove out into the jungle. Sure enough, true to his unerring instinct, the finest Bengal tiger I have ever seen came bounding up to where the carcass lay, with myself concealed in the high grass behind it. The splendid beast made a dinner for a month off the dainty provided for him, and, of course, the rum utterly fuddled him. When he was sufficiently far gone, to render all chance of his going any farther highly problematical, I slipped my lasso round his neck, led him quietly down the hill, and tied him up in a large old forty-gallon cask, which I had taken the precaution to have placed there for the purpose. Then I sent messengers into the town with the news, and presently out came my Noble Sportsman and the Suite in carriages, armed to the teeth. I could not help laughing in my sleeve. However, the natives did the thing in style. They erected a wooden tower, into which my Royal Companion could climb, and from which he could shoot at his ease—or, I should

* As Our Correspondent intimates his intention of speedily returning, we have decided upon waiting for his arrival, in order to obtain such explanations of Indian words as we cannot find in our own Indian Dictionary. At present, in default of better information, we can only inform our readers that the usually accepted interpretation of *Haremzadah* is not any sort of cigar, but "a savage;" that *Chowrie*, of which he professes to have had a glass, is a "Fly-flapper, formed of the tail of a Thibet cow, and only used by persons of high rank;" and the *Tuttee*, which he explains to be "a sort of street-boy," is "a screen of glass placed in a window, and cooled by water." *Magna est veritas!*—We break off suddenly. A Telegram has just reached us, from a person in whom we have every confidence, informing us that a person, bearing a striking resemblance to our Representative, and a Boy with a large book, have just been seen on the pier at Gravesend. The Boy, by the description, seems to be our missing link. We have telegraphed back "Spare no expense. Follow them, and bring them to justice, whatever it may cost you." Perhaps, before this number is published, we shall be in possession of further and more certain details. At present, all we can do is to request our readers to suspend their judgment, and our judgment would suspend them (the delinquents) if it could.—Ed.

† At present it is not worth our while to do more than remark that the Dictionary gives *Musnud*, not as a "walking-cane," but a "Mussulman throne." Where will this end?—Ed.

say, shoot at his tiger—for I suppose that a man shooting at his ease, would intend to kill time, whatever he aimed at.

When all was prepared, I undid the cord, and pulled the tiger's tail, but he wouldn't wake—he was sleeping off the fumes of the rum. Two buckets of water did the trick, when he arose with a low growl, and gave me a side-glance of intense dislike. But, fortunately, as a boy, I had picked up the secret of pacifying these brutes, and it stood me in good stead on this occasion. He came out of the tub, looked about, yawned, and then, pulling himself together, began quietly trotting homewards towards his native jungle. Another tug of his tail from me sent him off towards the Royal box, whence he was very soon saluted with two or three shots that immensely astonished him. He gave one roar, bounded off, and disappeared, much to the disappointment of the gentlemen in the wooden tower. But, knowing his route, I took a short cut, and met him as he was turning the corner. With all the concentrated fury at his command, he sprang on me, but, luckily, remembering that sort of Pantomime trick which Indian hunters practise, I passed underneath him as he bounded over me, caught him by the tail, which brought him heavily to the ground, and then with an air-pistol, so that the report might not reach Somebody's ears, I settled accounts with Mr. Tiger. Then I carefully inserted a bullet in the beast's heart, and ran back, shouting and hollering, to the Noble and Distinguished Party. What was their delight at seeing the Splendid Animal dead as mutton! The question was, "Who killed Cock Robin?" The answer was soon forthcoming. One of the natives, stooping, found in the Tiger's heart a bullet, which, being handed round (like the shoe in *Cinderella*), to find out to whom it belonged, was at last discovered to fit exactly the bore of His Royal Highness's rifle!

Come, Sir, wasn't that worth five thousand a-year and a baronetcy? I believe you, my Bhoy! But where is gratitude in this world? Hymns are actually being composed and sung in honour of the Tiger Slayer; and no deed has done more for the future of India than this, the fame of which will raise my Noble and Amiable Companion to the highest pinnacle on which Indian reverence can place him. And yet—shall *could acquaintance be forgot?*

I must finish up this in haste, having been just called in to join in our evening Spelling-Bee, over our cup of Kaffy. They put too much *Shikkaree* in the Kaffy here. However, as it's in the next tent, I must throw my *Sugarree* loosely round my throat, and run in.

IBRAHIM BEG has just come in, to ask us to lend him two rupees, to put on at *Bagheechee** (a sort of Blind Hookey). IBRAHIM BEG belongs to an ancient family, but he's always cadging, and he doesn't pay when he wins. I'm off.

YOUR EVER FAITHFUL REPRESENTATIVE.
(In India.)

* *Bagheechee*, according to the Dictionary, is "a fruit garden," not a game of cards. We are expecting another telegram from Gravesend. We warn the public in advance, and have a great mind to publish the photographs of our Correspondent and the Boy.—Ed.

SUFFOCATION AND SCIENCE.

THE atmosphere of the Lecture Theatre of the Royal Institution is remarkable for containing a very large excess of carbonic acid gas, when, as usual on Friday evening meetings, those who breathe it are numerous. Hence, the Albemarle Street rendezvous of philosophers cannot be crowded, without being, literally, crammed to suffocation. The representative of the *Medical Press and Circular* notes, that during PROFESSOR HUXLEY's lecture there the other night, Ladies were led out fainting, and states that he was himself almost obliged to retire by the stifling nature of the air under the gallery. An attempt made to open the ventilators set PROFESSOR HUXLEY sneezing, and nearly made him shut up. Ventilation has ever been notoriously defective, and the air loaded with noxious gas, at the Royal Institution. Its theatre when filled is as fit for a lecture-room as the Grotto del Cane—fit to stupefy everybody in it, and send even the hearers of PROFESSORS HUXLEY and TYNDALL to sleep. Yet the Royal Institution is the very Temple of Chemical Science. Here is another parallel to the case of the shoemaker's wife; always the worst shod woman in the parish—isn't she?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 19, 1876.



AWKWARD INCIDENT IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. VAVASOUR, BELIEVING AND HER LOVELY SISTERS STOP THE WAY IN DIRE CONSTERNATION. THEY HAD UNDERSTOOD THAT THE RECEPTION AT BRAZON HALL WOULD TAKE PLACE IN THE PALATIAL SUITE OF ROOMS OF THE GROUND-FLOOR, AND MRS. V. B. HAD COME IN A SKIRT OF SUCH FASHIONABLE TIGHTNESS THAT TO MOUNT A SINGLE STEP IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY, WHEREAS THE GROUND-FLOOR SUITE IS UNDERGOING ALTERATIONS, AND MRS. BRAZON DE VREE TOMKYNES IS ENTERTAINING HER GUESTS UP-STAIRS.

BY MARION SWAIN



CONSCIENTIOUS.

Conservative M.P. (to Butler, who has given Warning). "WHAT HAVE YOU TO COMPLAIN OF?"

Butler. "OH, NOTHING IN THE 'OUSE, SIR—LEASTWAYS, NOT IN THIS 'OUSE, SIR. BUT I'M AFRAID, FROM 'ER MAJESTY'S SPEECH, AS THE CONSERVATIVES DON'T MEAN TO HACT UP TO THEIR PROGRAMME" !!

STERN TRUTHS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

NOR HAVING had an opportunity of laying my views before the PRIME MINISTER the other day, I send you a brief note of what I intended to have said on behalf of myself and brother Ship-owners.

In the first place, what right has a fellow like PLIMSOLL to interfere with me? I wish he'd give me provocation to pull his nose, or smash his spectacles. I've actually had four out of five ships detained in consequence of his impertinent meddling. Because one fourth of a crew of sixteen object to be drowned, are they to prevent twelve other honest and daring fellows from risking their lives, as British Seamen ought always to be ready to do at the call of duty. It is perfectly monstrous!

It is true that one or two of my ships have occasionally sailed rather deep in the water, and that one did go down not long after leaving port. But in this case it was solely because the Captain had foolishly forgotten to allow for the weight of the crew, who only shipped at the last moment—the carpenter and boatswain being exceptionally heavy men.

Then, as for saying that Seamen are, as a rule, dissatisfied with their ships, it is all moonshine. The Sailor's attachment to his ship is, on the contrary, proverbial. Why, it was only the other day a man fell overboard from one of my own ships. Did he swim away from it? No, he immediately endeavoured to climb on board again, and expressed the highest satisfaction when he found himself once more among his messmates. Instances of this kind are numerous.

With regard to want of proper comfort and accommodation, all I can say is that I don't believe there is a single bunk in all my vessels in which the stoutest Sailor could not turn without coming in contact with the top planking. What do you say to that, Mr. Punch?

There are only two more points upon which I need trouble you;

HORACE AND LYDIA ON THE RINK.

"Donec gratus eram tibi," &c.

The Lover.

AH, LADY LUCY, I am glad to find you
Charming as when, that happy afternoon,
Beneath a slender birch with silver rind, you
Watched the sun sink 'mid rosy clouds of June.

The Lady.

Dear me! You do remember? Well, how curious!
Although so many months have slipped away.
I thought your sentimental saying spurious,
And quite forgot it till this very day.

The Lover.

Yes, you forgot, I know! I saw you Rinking
With that LORAINÉ, the fastest man in Town.
His essenced head has never done much thinking.
I felt a strong desire to knock him down.

The Lady.

Fast! Yes, he takes one's breath away in skating:
I really have not quite recovered mine.
But let me ask, while thus we are debating,
Who sent my Cousin MAUD a Valentine?

The Lover.

Your Cousin MAUD's a child. Come, don't be dismal.
I could not tell you if her eyes are blue.
There's something hidden in my heart abysmal,
Which I am very sure belongs to you.

The Lady.

Spelling-Bee English does not fit your lips, Sir.
Be cool to MAUD: I'll try to cut LORAINÉ.
And if you never make another slip, Sir,
Perhaps we may look on sunset skies again.

Dearth of Army Doctors.

THE papers report a grievous lack of candidates for the commission of Medical Officer in the Army. Private practice is lucrative to few but the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons. Anything like adequate pay and a position on a fair footing with combatant Officers, surely might be expected to attract at least a sufficiency of Army Surgeons. These attractions have yet to be tried.

and they are so insignificant, that I must apologise for mentioning them.

The frequency of casualties has been much spouted about by PLIMSOLL AND Co. I simply remark, "Pooh!" "Do not accidents happen on land? Did not my own daughter tread on a piece of orange-peel the other day, and twisted her foot, so that she could not skate for a week? And as to a case, lately much commented on by a scandal-loving Press, in which one of my ships came into port with eighteen out of twenty disabled by scurvy, if you only knew the trouble a Captain has to get his men to take the slightest precautions, and their rooted prejudice against lime-juice and other antiscorbutics, you would, I am sure, agree with me that the owner is the last person to be made responsible for what is, after all, only a form of disease, and mysterious, like all diseases.

Scurvy is, no doubt, an unpleasant complaint; so is the gout: I've got a touch of it myself now. So you see, Mr. Punch, there is not the slightest occasion for all this agitation; and all I can say is, that if I am to be interfered with in my business, it will and in my being unable to clear a living profit, and cutting the concern altogether, at whatever cost to the country. I have only expressed in this letter what I know to be the private views of others of my class.

If you want to see what a jolly, contented dog the British Seaman really is, come and spend a week aboard my yacht, and believe me to be,

Yours, indignantly,

A SHIPOWNER.

"The Ship and Turtle," Feb. 10, 1876.

AMERICAN COUSINHOOD.

A GENEALOGIST in the Far West writes to ask what relation, if any, is J. TIMMIS WARD, the late Senior Wrangler, to R. TEMUS WARD, the late popular humorist?



"THE WAY WE BUILD NOW."

Indignant Houseowner (he had heard it was so much cheaper, in the end, to buy your House). "WH' WHAT'S THE—WHAT AM I!—WHA' WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS THE MEANING OF THIS, MR. SCAMPLING!?"

Local Builder. "'T' Tut, Tut! WELL, SIR, I 'SPECTS SOME ONE'S BEEN A-LEANIN' AGIN IT!!"

A GUINEA FOR JACK'S HOSPITAL.

MONEY is wanted to extend the efficiency of one of the noblest of our national charities—the most expressly national indeed of them all, yet at the same time more than national. That is, dear friends, the Seamen's Hospital, the *Dreadnought*, at Greenwich, open not only to British Seamen who need laying up for repairs, but likewise to Seamen of all nations requiring to go into dock. To the funds of this excellent and sorely-needed Institution the Goldsmiths', the Clothworkers', the Saddlers', the Mercers', the Drapers', the Skinners', the Vintners', the Salters', and, last, not least, the Worshipful Merchant Taylors' Company, have liberally subscribed—the latter to a donation of £31 10s., having added a grant of free admission to their Convalescent Institution at Bognor, which has accordingly received many patients from the Seamen's Hospital during the past year.

However, the support of the *Dreadnought* concerns not only the City and Port of London, but every Port in England—indeed every Port and Harbour all over the world. The *Dreadnought* is itself a Universal Harbour of Refuge. In their Report just published, the fifty-fifth annual—a pretty little blue book—the Managing Body of the Seamen's Hospital Society apprise all whom it concerns, that is, everybody, that, for reasons which see:—

"The Committee ask the Public to come forward, and increase the amount received in annual subscriptions from £2000 to £5000, and then, if on an average £50 annually be received from each port that sends patients to the Hospital in the course of the year, the Society will be established on a sound national basis."

This appeal is now made known to the world at large by the one periodical which can truly boast a world-wide circulation.

THE BIRD QUESTION.

Oh, would I wear a Bird?
Certainly not—if I were a *Lady*!

MARRIAGE MEMORIES.

What the Father says.—Which side must I stand on when I have to give her away?

What the Mother says.—I am sure the ices will be late for the Breakfast.

What the Sister says.—I flatter myself I am the best looking of the eight Bridesmaids.

What the Brother says.—Of course, the Best Man is behind his time—just like him!

What the Pew-opener says.—This way, my dear young Lady!

What the Beadle says.—They are sure to be in time, Sir. I will motion to you the moment I see 'em a coming.

What the Clergyman says.—Have you got the ring?

What the Crowd says.—Hurrah! That's 'er!

What the Old Friend of the Family says.—I have known him too since he was so high. That was nigh upon forty years ago!

What the Funny Man says.—You can see from my face that I am just the man to be associated with the Bridesmaids.

What the Best Man says.—Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking.

What the Bride says.—Good-bye, my own darling Mamma and Papa, and—EMMY dear, please do see the things are all right before we start.

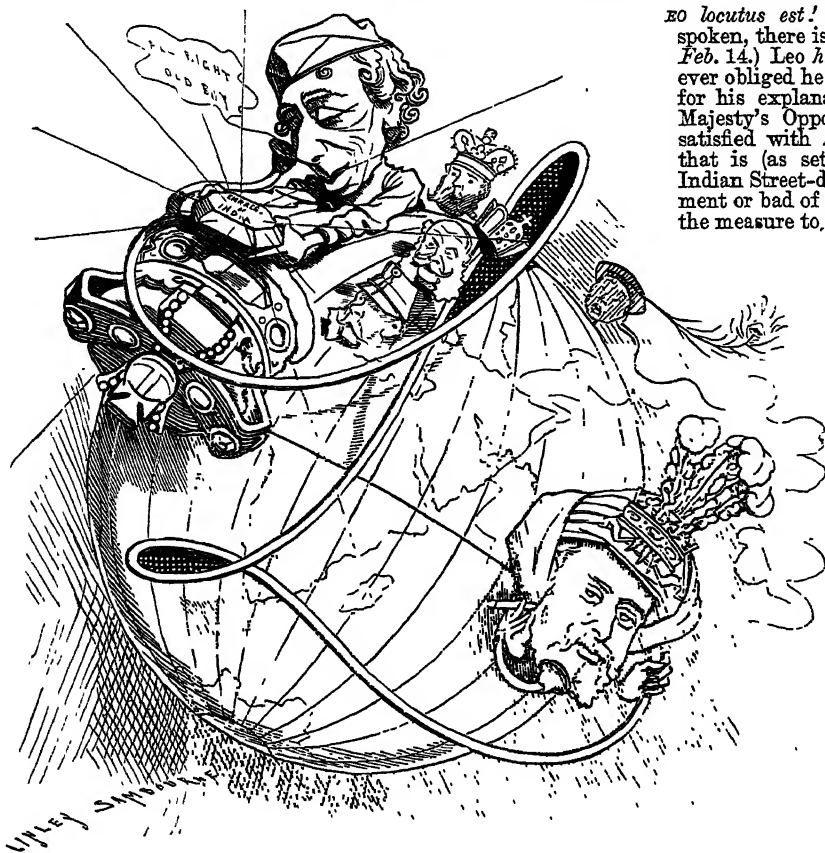
What the Bridegroom says.—Thank goodness, it is all over!

Debarred.

OUT of compliment, no doubt, to DR. KENTRALX's late forensic position a "*stet processus*" was entered in bar of his late motion from Tavistock Square to Westminster Palace. The Police appeared for the Public, and showed cause against the (Mob) Rule moved for by the learned Doctor.

A DEFINITION.—Flirtation—a Spoon with nothing in it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



eo locutus est! And when either *Leo* or *Bos Britannicus* has spoken, there is an end of discourse and discussion. (Monday, Feb. 14.) *Leo* has spoken on the Suez Canal purchase, and, however obliged he may be to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for his explanations, and to the Head and Members of Her Majesty's Opposition for their critical analysis thereof, he is satisfied with *his* share—the Lion's share—in the venture, and that is (as set forth in this week's Cartoon) no less than his Indian Street-door Key. Whether the purchase be a good investment or bad of our four millions, by interest-measure, that is not the measure to be applied to this transaction. There is a high-

policy-measure, as well as an interest-measure, in which the scale is marked—not by nominal *L(bre)*, *S(olid)*, *D(enarii)*—but by national *C(redit)*, *S(afety)*, and *H(onour)*. By that measure Ministers demand, and rightly demand, to have this purchase gauged. And with British Lion and British Bull at their backs, they may confidently face the criticism of the Opposition, in the adjourned debate this day week, for which LORD HARTINGTON and MR. GLADSTONE reasonably pressed, and which MR. DISRAELI wisely conceded.

Tuesday.—SIR WILLIAM FRASER attacked the "Parochial System" of Local Metropolitan Government, and thereby laid himself open to sundry "counters"—but more for slips in words than facts—from LOCKE, LUSH, and HOEG. London is now misgoverned, not by its beaules, but by its *Ediles*; not by "porochial" Bumbles, but by District Boards and Vestries, which combine in a smaller cluster of big bodies most of the faults of the huge congeries of lesser bodies they have absorbed. LUSH uttered the pious wish that those who found fault with the existing vestrymen, had to look after the street-sweeping, the dust-carts, and the nuisances themselves. Fancy SIR W. FRASER transformed from Apollo to Hercules—turned from translating *Tasso* to cleansing the Augean Stable of London! SIR J. HOEG said a good word—not undeserved—for the Metropolitan Board, which has now finally passed from the stage of Words to that of Works.

But more is needed for London than the great mind of even the Metropolitan Board can compass. We want to see *Edileship* brought down from such heroic tasks as Embankments and Viaducts to the humbler duties of the scavenger's cart and the domestic dust-bin. No doubt the Wen is a big one to deal with, but it wants doctoring sadly. If Cross would take up his London, London would take up its Cross, and set him on a higher pinnacle than he ever will reach by even the regulation of Licensed Victuallers' houses and the improvement of Artisans' Dwellings.

MR. HUBBARD is going to set the law as to Crossed Cheques on its right end again, from which it has been rudely toppled by the rude hands of the Judges in MILLS and SMITH. Don't check the use of crossed cheques whatever you do! There is nothing prettier to look at than the magic "and Co" across a stamped "Please pay." And then they show the payee has the highly respectable appendage of a banking account.

Stern Economists, Municipal and Imperial, don't like paying superannuation allowances. Let a man save out of his salary, and if he don't, or can't, turn him out to starve, when past work. The House declined to endorse this economical doctrine by the narrow majority of 101 to 94 for Second Reading of MR. RATHBONE's Bill empowering Corporations to grant superannuation allowances—with due precautions against local jobs. Old public servants in municipal employments should be much obliged to MR. HANKEY—who pointed out that pensions are only a form of deferred salary, on which principle they are paid by the Bank of England—and to MR. CROSS, who supported the Bill. MR. BASS opposes it. Bitter beer is tonic, and braces up men's nerves to do hard things.

Wednesday.—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR used to boast his own short and simple plan for increasing the efficiency of the Episcopate. "Give every Bishop £800 a year, and make it death to leave his diocese." MR. BERESFORD HOPE, in his scheme of episcopal improvement, takes another line. Private persons are to be at liberty to endow, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to cut and carve, new Bishoprics out of existing dioceses—subject to the approbation of Queen in Council and Parliament assembled.

Everybody—who wants Bishops at all—wants more of them. The Bench, as it is, is over-diocessed and over-worked. The flocks—black sheep and other—are certainly not easier to rule now than in old times, and the shepherds and crooks at work now are no more than when HENRY THE EIGHTH was King, and population counted by hundreds, where it is now reckoned by thousands.

But nobody—neither SIR W. BARTHELOT, nor MR. MONK, nor MR. MOWBRAY, nor MR. DILLWIN, nor MR. HENLEY, nor MR. WALPOLE, nor MR. CROSS,—much as we may want more Bishops, approves MR. HOPE's machinery for making them. And so HOPE—*spes longa*—was obliged to accept an adjournment of his Bill to the Greek Kalends—*alias* July 26.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD CARNARVON, after apologies for a very bad cold, gave an elaborate explanation of the motives which had led the Government to entertain favourably propositions for an exchange of our possessions on the Gambia against French possessions on the Gold Coast. No wonder an explanation made with such a cold was rather coldly received. LORD CARNARVON makes a very good case, but their Lordships want further information. And so should the country. There ought to be very strong reasons indeed for giving up the command of a river navigable for 400 miles by 100-ton craft, and so leaving us ten degrees of African coast without any station but a tiny island off one of the mouths of the Niger.

(Commons).—The Nasmyth Hammer at work. A brisk fire of questions on all sorts of subjects, from Snow in the streets to Slave-Trade Legislation. *Inter alia*, Knife-cleaning Boys (such is the decision of the Inland Revenue Authority) serving many masters are not to be taxable as men-servants; but knife-cleaning boys with one master, *are*. Let all who keep a boy to clean their knives see forthwith that he finds somebody else's knives to clean, or send him about his business. Also, we are glad to learn from MR. HARDY that the indecent practice lately prevailing in the Royal Artillery Barracks at Aldershot (not there only, we fear,) of lodging four families in one room without screens, or even curtains, to separate them, is at once to be put an end to. But why four families in one room at all? If a certain proportion of married men is allowed in the Army, surely there ought to be proper provision for that proportion in all barracks—with its own room, at the least and lowest, for each family.



DISTRACTING.

Customer. "WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE BISHOP'S SERMON ON SUNDAY, MR. WIGSBY?"

Hairdresser. "WELL, REALLY, SIR, THERE WAS A GENT A-SETTIN' IN FRONT O' ME AS 'AD HIS 'AIR PARTED THAT CROOKED I COULDN'T 'EAR A WORD!"

A MEMBER'S LAMENT.

DULL is an essay on the Vatican,
Even by GLADSTONE written; dull the day
When nought save fog in street and square you scan,
And e'en policemen fail to find their way;
Dull is KENEALY, with his bounce and ban;
Dull is the fierce Home-Ruler's blatant bray;
Greatly I fear—how sad is the confession!—
We're settling down to dulness, for the Session.

Look at the PREMIER's countenance of lassitude!
Might he not be a worn-out, weary Sphinx,
Gazing o'er deserts dim of Tory crassitude,
Where from Wit's fount no weary traveller drinks?
If with Lavater-lens you tried to glass it, you'd
Discern that chiefly of repose he thinks:
Roi fainéant he, who finds it a relief
That hostile hordes have lost their mightiest Chief.

That Chieftain, who of yore for battle lusted,
And hurled invective's javelin swift and straight,
Being by many followers mistrusted,
Quietly bowed to the decree of Fate.
We know not if his bright sword, still unrusted,
Will starlike shine again in hot debate,
Or if, heroic shade, he means to dwell
Henceforth in HOMER's field of asphodel.

If Chiefs are dull, their subs are duller still,
Dullest of all the great financial topic:
Adown the steep inevitable hill
Egypt descends, and we, with philanthropic
Ardour, send CAVE & Co. to stave off spill:
Creditors' chances shrink to microscopic,
And when the crash comes, 'twill be found, I fear,
PIRABONI was not the last lost Charioteer.

Vain to lament, Jeremiads will not bring
DISRAELI's brilliance back, or GLADSTONE's fire,
To BRIGHT's strong words their ancient clarion-ring,
To LOWE the wit-flash and ironic ire.
E'en warbling WHALLEY has forgot to sing;
And coarse KENEALY's torpid in his mire:
Dull are the Parliamentary hours. To vary 'em,
I'll try a quiet stroll in the Aquarium.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL POLISH.—The thing to rub up your orthography with—Bees' whacks.

THE QUEEN is to be authorised to exercise her Royal prerogative of adding to the Royal Style and Titles.

MR. DISRAELI's announcement of the fact was flatter than had been anticipated. The Oratorical Vesuvius did not play off the expected fireworks.

BUT MR. LOWE did his best to fling some fat in the fire, by objecting, in anticipation, to the title of EMPRESS OF INDIA, and provoked the wrath of the House by an ill-omened and ill-timed suggestion, that the name might read awkward if we had to give up India—as some day we might have!

O ROBERT, ROBERT! is the House a Deputation that thou shouldst do this thing?

THE new Royal addition remains a secret till HER MAJESTY has exercised her prerogative of choosing her title. It certainly seems to Mr. Punch that Parliament and the country may, with the utmost respect, but equal urgency, request to be informed which it is to be—Queen or Empress? Not that it much matters, as far as Mr. Punch can see. Perhaps, no the whole, he would say *Queen* for choice.

MERCHANT SHIPPING Bill introduced by SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY, and discussed in a sensible spirit on both sides—ship-owning and sailor-saving. With a little screwing-up from PLIMSOLL, which is still wanted, there seems a chance of a useful and workable measure.

Friday.—How many people, in or out of Parliament, knew that the Official Referees on Private Bills vote on such Bills in Committee, though not Members of the House?

By all means, MR. ANDERSON, have the matter referred to a Select Committee.

MR. SHAW LEEFVRE and MR. FAWCETT as busy as Crows in a newly-sown wheat-field, picking holes in MR. CROSS's Enclosure Bill.

Make it better, Gentlemen, by all means—in fact, you can't make it too good. But do MR. CROSS and his Bill justice. It is good as far as it goes.

WHY THIS THUSNESS?

THERE is surely something—shall we say "high"—not to put it coarsely—in the State we may call Denmark—supposing such social contrasts as the following to be of everyday occurrence. There are noble and elevating thoughts, no doubt, associated with the expression "a Paternal Government," but that paternity does not show to advantage in the castigation of illiterate babies, and the petting of well-educated sons and daughters who ought to know better. Judge for yourselves.

One Sunday afternoon last week, in a Yorkshire town, HODGE, PAT, and BILL GUMMIDGE, resisting the temptations held out to them by sleep-compelling parsons, repaired to a neighbouring stream, where their low tastes and sinful tendencies tempt them to throw chips into the current. Not content with thus desecrating the day, they add the further crime of backing one chip to pass another in their short race to the village bridge. At this plebeian amusement they stake several pence, and coppers change hands freely. The Paternal one has its eye on them, however, and BILL, PAT, and HODGE are walked off by the Police to the nearest station.

One afternoon, a few days later, while BILL and his companions in crime are engaged in an interesting conversation with the magistrates, FITZ, HUEB, and GERALD may be observed at the window of the Holy Alliance Club, Piccadilly, watching with intense eagerness the horses attached to cab, cart, brougham, or omnibus as they pass along the thoroughfare.

"A pony," says HUEB, "on there being a grey horse in the next ten."

"Done with you!" says GERALD.

Bays, browns, a chestnut, and tenthly a spanking white stepper in a *coupé*!

"Roses light on the eyelashes that fringe your aristocratic pupil!"—this was about the meaning conveyed, though not exactly the words used, by the highbred loser—"you've won! I'll go you double or quits."

"I'll do ditto," says FITZ, who has seen four grey dray-horses pass, and feels he must win.

Chestnuts, browns, and a bay, and ninthly a General Omnibus with two whites to the fore.

HUGH pockets his hundred, and they retire to the card-room, where they remain, with an interval for dinner, till four o'clock the next morning. GERALD has lost a couple of thou., which he hasn't got; and FITZ has recouped himself with an agreeable surplus, of which we hope a few sovereigns will find their way into the pockets of HODGE, PAT, and BILL.

In the Drawing-room and Kitchen next door may be noticed by any Asmodeus like ourselves another and equally edifying contrast.

Down-stairs a very snuffy old woman, with a walnut-juice resemblance to a gipsy, is promising, with the aid of a greasy pack of torn cards and a sediment of tea-leaves, all sorts of honours, titles, and fortune to poor little MARY ANNE HOUSEMAID, for the large sum of one silver sixpence and a pound or two of kitchen stuff. While MARY ANNE is gazing with credulous delight on the propitious Sibyl, a Paternal agent steps down through the area-gate, which is wide open, and kindly offers an arm of escort to the snuffy pseudo-gipsy, for whom lodgings have been prepared in Queer Street.

In the Drawing-room above sits MRS. REGINALD COLEVEAL, with six or eight friends, who have invited the celebrated American Medium, JABEZ M. POSTOR, to join their circle, in hopes of eliciting revelations of the Future from such condescending spirits as may happen to listen to their call. The shutters are closed, the little fingers of the Illuminati are linked round a large table, on which a tambourine is already beginning to tap out the names of the returning ghosts and the destinies of the inquirers. This masculine Sibyl has nothing snuffy about him, wears a faultless evening dress, and several diamonds on his fingers. It would be downright rudeness and want of *savoir-vivre* if the Paternal Governor interfered with him—but at the same time we confess to a weak pity for the gipsy, and a strong desire to let off PAT and HODGE aforesaid.

To the Government we simply repeat—Why this Thusness?

RINKOMANIA.



WE believe we break no confidence in publishing the news that the attention of Parliament will shortly be called to the prevalent epidemic, and a Royal Commission, in all probability, appointed to inquire into the causes which have led to the mania for Rinking, to consider the effects it is producing on society, and to report if any, and what steps may be advisable to check its rapid progress. How extensively the mania is spreading on all sides may be gathered from a glance at the columns of advertisements, which, besides inviting notice to the rinks already started, announce a myriad of new skating clubs in progress, or in prospect. That the mania has extended from the

West End to the East, from Hammersmith to Houndsditch, and from the lordly Prince's Ground to the vulgar Pig and Tinderbox, may be seen by a few titles of the companies projected, which we are exclusively now privileged to quote:—

The Mile-End and Whitechapel Rink, and Wheel-Skate Letting Company. Capital, Two Millions. Treasurer (*pro tem.*), MR. JEREMIAH DIDDLE.

The Costermongers' Skating-Rink, and General Conversation Club. Chairman of Executive Committee, MR. BAWLER.

The Holloway-cum-Hornsey Rise and Hackney Rinking Company (Very) Limited.

The United Handsome Cabmen's Rink, promoted to provide a means of healthful indoor exercise for Cabmen.

The Wapping Old Stairs Rink and Below Bridge Skating Company. The Land's-End Real Ice Rink. Executive Committee. MESSIEURS BLUNDERHEAD and BOOBIE, with power (if they can) to add to their number.

The Eligible Spinsters' Rink. Established to promote flirtation

among Marriageable Persons. Chairwoman of Committee, MISS SELINA SLYPUSS.

The Organgrinders' Skating Club, and Asphalte Recreation Company, for the use and entertainment of itinerant musicians. *N.B.* A Concert on wheels will be given every evening, when the public will (on payment) be privileged to attend.

The John O'Groat's House Rink. Open to all Nations. SANDIE MCSAWNIE, Honorary Secretary.

The Jolly Beggars' Skating Rink, and Club for Merry Mendicants. Temporary premises, Rag and Tatter Alley, Scamp Street.

The Water Bibbers' Rink, and Tee-Totallers upon Wheels Aquarium and Convivial Club. President, SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

The Swindleham Skating Company (Limited). Promoters, CAPTAIN FLASHMAN and SIR HOKEM SNIVEX. Present population, 1229; anticipated Rinkers, 1220. Capital, £50,000, in Shares of £10 each. Prepayment in full to be made on application.

The Seven Dials Skating Rink; for the promotion of this fashionable and invigorating pastime among the poorer classes. Chairman of Executive Committee, MR. CATSMEAT.

The Slushborough-cum-Sloppiton Al Fresco Rinking Company. Secretary, MR. DAMPER. President of Council, SIR TIMOTHY GOLOSHE.

The Amalgamated Duffers' Rink and Slide and Tumble Company. Manager, MR. CLUMSTIE. Treasurer, MR. FOOLSCAPP.

The Burglars' Skating Rink. President of Committee, MR. WILLIAM SIKES. Bankers, MESSRS. DOWNBIRD AND HOOKITT. Members for election to attend (after nightfall) at the Office of the Company, which for prudential reasons need not publicly be advertised. *N.B.*—Ring the top bell twice, and sharply whistle.

The North Pole Rinking Company. Promoted with a view of providing wheel skates gratis in the Polar Regions.

The Submarine Skating Rink. Temporary Offices in Water Lane. Chairman of Committee, MR. DRIVER.

SANSCULOTTES AT LIMERICK.

It is not often that an Irishman can be twitted with what other Irishmen might call Scotch economy. But the *Cork Examiner* reports a suggestion on the part of certain members of the Corporation of Limerick, not only in respect of caution and economy, but also as relative to a matter of clothing, specially Caledonian. At a late meeting of one of the Limerick Corporation Committees, the Mayor presiding, MR. CONNOLLY, of the firm of JOHN CONNOLLY AND SON, the municipal tailors, attended to submit for acceptance the new clothing which had been ordered for the Night Watchmen; when

"ALDERMAN CLEARY said he heard a member alongside observe on the impropriety of supplying Watchmen with trousers; for, if they dismissed a Watchman, the question arose how would they get the trousers off him if he would not give it up himself?"

"MR. BERNAL said he was the member alluded to by ALDERMAN CLEARY, and he would advise them to adopt the suggestion which ALDERMAN TINSLEY made some time ago, or by supplying the Watchmen with a hat, coat, and cape. The Watchmen should be obliged to pay sixpence a week for the trousers."

"It's ill takin' the breeks aff a Highlandman." This Trans-Tweedian adage might, had the colleagues of the two gentlemen above-named adopted their ideas, have become as applicable to the Night Watchmen of Limerick as it is to the Gael. The Watch would perhaps have had to be reconstituted, and the Corporation to advertise for recruits, notifying, although in Ireland, that "No Irish need apply." The suits of Limerick's Night Watchmen would then have suited none but Scotchmen. A uniform consisting of a hat, coat, and cape, and no trousers, would for its complement have really required a kilt. The expedient wherewith BRIAN O'LYNN supplied any deficiency in his wardrobe is no longer practicable. Sheepskins are too costly for that now. As a lay of a Limerick Night Watchman, *Brian O'Lyinn* would have needed to be sung with a difference, somewhat after this fashion:—

"BRIAN O'LYNN, wanting trousers to wear,
Joined the Limerick Night Watch in hopes of a pair;
Which when he found out he would not be found in,
'Twill be mighty cool walkin', says BRIAN O'LYNN."

The "songs of other days" included one in which a pretty picture was presented to the mind's eye by a couplet in glorification of—

"PADDYWHACK just come from Cork,
With his coat nately buttoned behind him."

An elegant addition to this array, in a Hibernian sense, might have been beheld at Limerick exhibited by PADDYWHACK patrolling the streets at night in the dark without any trousers. Perhaps, however, the streets of Limerick are lighted after dark—by luminaries even brighter than ALDERMAN CLEARY and MR. BERNAL.



VETO.

"SHALL WE—A—SIT DOWN?"

"I SHOULD LIKE TO; BUT MY DRESSMAKER SAYS I MUSTN'T!"

RUS IN URBE.

"It was no longer the interest of the State,—at least to nothing like the extent it was some years ago—to interest itself in the multiplication of Enclosures. They must now rather consider Enclosures as schemes for private improvement, the State seeing that the public interest did not suffer by the Enclosures. . . . They must take into consideration that which the people of this country wanted almost as much as food,—the air which they breathed, and the health which they enjoyed. . . . The Government had thought it right to make every encroachment on a village green a public nuisance, and to enable any one to proceed against the person so offending."—MR. CROSS, on *Commons Enclosures*.

BRAYVO, MR. CROSS, Sir! Plain speaking at last,
Worth columns on columns of roundaboutation.
Such "improvement" may go it a trifle too fast
For the temper and taste of a trade-ridden nation.
The City must spread with the spreading of man—
That's the law of our life, and 'twere folly to ban it;
But we don't want to see every trace of old Pan
Improved off the face of our planet.

Too plainly we feel that the chimney and wheel—
Twin symbols of Modern Mechanical progress—
Stretch sway every day. We may fume a good deal
Against Trade, the omnivorous Octopus-Ogress,
Whose far-reaching tentacles mesh us all round,
Yet we know she at least is a sort of Step-mother.
But must we give up every acre of ground
To the demons of Shindy and Smother?

We have yielded too much to Utility's clutch,—
That one-eyed Utility, Dunceedom's pet idol—
Forgetting the use of such matters as touch
The health or the heart. We may well put the bridle
On Selfishness rampant, most hard-mouthed of nags,
Who all public interest rough-shod rides over:
May well check old Mammon when plumping his bags
On the plea of some "right of estover."

Too long, under shield of too negligent law,
The insatiate ghoul hight Enclosure has nibbled
Those bits of green open, so sweet to his maw,
In defiance of all who have squabbled or scribbled:
He'd prig from the poorest heath, common, or forest,
And laugh at the masses who toil and can't travel,—
Preferring to needs which are sure of the sores
The profits from villas or gravel.

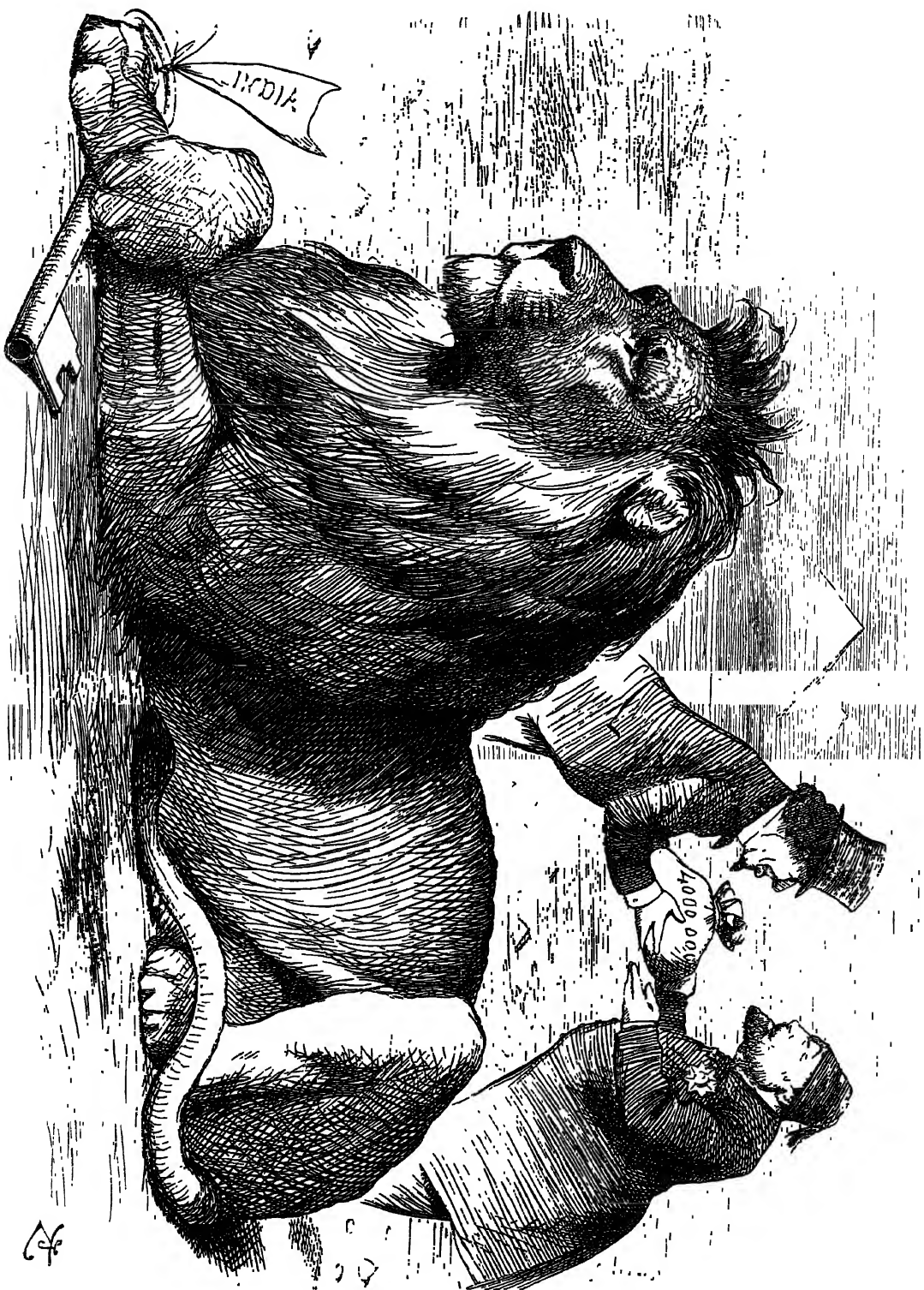
But on Wealth *versus* Health we are getting new views;
New measures of worth for our few Open Spaces:
All glimpses of Nature we dare not refuse
To the populous City's poor throngs of pale faces.
JOHN plainly means backing the weak 'gainst the strong:
Though the "rights" of the rich he's no wish to disturb, he
Intends to preserve for the labouring throng
Some sort of a poor *Rus in Urbe*!

Here's a health to the few who have sturdily fought
In the cause which the many now take into favour.
The names of the nob who such "pickings" have sought,
To the sense of to-day have a nauseous savour.
They will find, will these grudging earth-gobblers, whose greed
Would filch from the poor their few "Patches of Pleasure,"
The cry "No Short Commons!" means mischief indeed
When 'tis backed by shrewd men and sharp measure!

A Political Difficulty.

SIR,
I AM not much of a paper-reader or a politician, but occasionally I glance at the Debates. Whenever I do, I am sure to see a heading, "Offences against the Person Bill," as a subject of discussion in Parliament. All I want to learn, Sir, is, who is the "Person BILL" here alluded to? Who offends against him? Is it a measure for the protection of "the People's WILLIAM?" Is he "the Person BILL?" Explain, and oblige
Yours,

DUNDERHEAD.

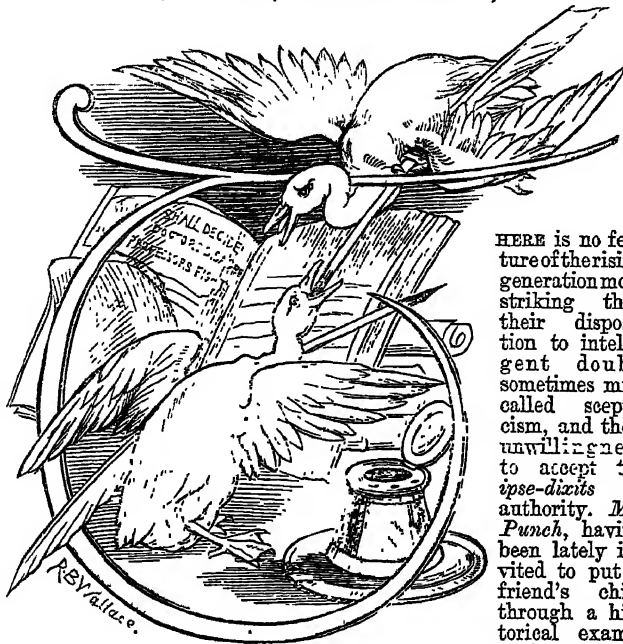


THE LION'S SHARE.

“GARRE À QUI LA TOUCHE!”

TEACHING BY EXAMPLES.

(For the Use of Parents and Guardians.)



HERE is no feature of the rising generation more striking than their disposition to intelligent doubt, sometimes mis-called scepticism, and their unwillingness to accept the *ipse dixit* of authority. Mr. *Punch*, having been lately invited to put a friend's child through a historical examination, was so

struck with the result, that he has recorded both questions and answers as subjoined.

GENERAL HISTORY.

Q. What do you know about ROMULUS?

A. He was a purely mythical personage, whose actions were so excessively stupid that I have not burdened my memory with them.

Q. What was the character of NERO?

A. Humane, gentle, and refined. The assertions as to his cruelty and madness are calumnies invented by his friends.

Q. Who was HOMER?

A. A Grecian MRS. HARRIS. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were street songs of the period—an ancient parallel to "Lord Bateman," or "Tommy make Room for your Uncle," or—

Q. Let us try elsewhere. Who was WILLIAM TELL?

A. He never existed—save as the hero of a German play or an Italian opera.

Q. We will come to our own country. What is your view of KING ARTHUR?

A. KING ARTHUR is a solar myth, like Hercules, Thor, Vishnu, and generally all the so-called gods, demigods, and founders of religions.

Q. Did not KING ALFRED suffer the cakes to burn in the neatherd's hut?

A. Oh dear, no! The story was invented for the benefit of Royal Academicians hard up for a subject.

Q. What did the spider suggest to ROBERT BRUCE?

A. Squashing it.

Q. Tell me what you know about HENRY THE EIGHTH.

A. He was amiable, kind, and forbearing to a most aggravating set of wives, and a strict respecter of legality.

Q. Why is the epithet "glorious" usually applied to "QUEEN BESS"?

A. It is hard to say. QUEEN ELIZABETH was a mean, tricky, and avaricious character, principally remarkable for doing her Ministers out of their money, and cheating her sailors of their beef and beer. I need hardly add, that her private character won't bear looking into.

Q. Comment on the genius of SHAKESPEARE.

A. He hadn't any. That he was uncommonly clever I do not deny, because he is the one theatrical person on record who realised a fortune by management. If he had lived now, it is probable that he would have gone the greatest lengths in the way of sensation drama, burlesque, and *opéra-bouffe*.

Q. This is startling. Who on earth then do you suppose *did* write what we are accustomed to call SHAKESPEARE?

A. Certainly not SHAKESPEARE, as we know that he couldn't write his own name twice alike. For my own part, I lean to the Baconian theory, but refuse to commit myself.

Q. Good heavens! How old are you?

A. If you believe the testimony of my parents—which the experience of life thus far has taught me is rash—I am four years six months and three days old.

Q. What are you?

A. I cannot say that I have yet made up my mind, but, as at present informed, I incline to the belief that my generation was spontaneous, that my bodily substance, in its simplest expression, is protoplasm in the form of germ-cells; that my actions are automatic, my motives cerebro-spinal, and my ancestors anthropoid apes in their later generations, ascidians or bacteria in their earlier.

[Exit Examiner, hastily.]

PUNCH TO THE BLACK-COATS

(Established and Dissenting).

HEAR a lay voice, O recalcitrant Clerics,

To whom *Punch* most respectfully proffers his tip.

Now have we not had *quantum suff.* of hysterics,

Of cat-and-dog conflict, and quarrelsome quip?

Church or Conventicle, list to his caveat,

Bow all ye sensible heads, whether under

Mitre or billycock, curly or wavy hat!

Call in your lightning, and tie up your thunder!

Punch must announce that all sensible people

Are wofully weary of all this to-do;

Wondering why the traditional steeple.

Which points so suggestively up to the blue,

Stands as a sign of perpetual shining, a

Pepper-pot token of battle as hot

As water of Hecla or pickle of India.

Must you keep boiling the clerical pot?

"Peace and goodwill?"—well, it sounds very pretty

From eloquent oracles lovely in lawn;

But passionate squabbles and bickerings petty

Scarcely portend its desirable dawn.

Ridiculous rows round the title of "Reverend"!

Strife about what may be carved o'er a grave!

Say will such puerile potterings never end?

Must the red standard eternally wave?

Small pseudo-popelings who peevishly hanker

For mass and monopoly, cash and kotou—

Priggish P.P.'s whose un-reverend rancour

Revels in rudeness a cad might eschew—

Clerical Dracos so down upon little ones—

Watchdogs who snarl at the gates of the grave—

Ware! or your holds on the mass will be brittle ones,

Useless to shackle as helpless to save.

Genial Gentlemen—Churchmen, Dissenters—

Is there no clerical Coventry known

Whither to banish these public tormentors?

Zealots and sectaries, can't you change tone?

If but for sake of a little variety,

With sweet milk of Charity temper your zeal;

Mingle the spirit of peace with your piety,

Harry no longer, endeavour to heal!

Popular speech on this rumpus parsonic,

Which raises a dust wheresoever we walk,

Is apt to be far less polite than laconic;

Much it might pain you to list to such talk.

Lend *Punch* your ears, then, O Clerics ubiquitous,

Lest it be found there are those who shall say,

"Whenever we'd banish the harsh or iniquitous,

The peace-blazoned 'drag' of the Priest stops the way!"

De Dickey-Birds nil nisi Bonum.

SIR,

WE HAVE heard a deal of the cruelty of killing and plucking Dickey-birds—dear little things! Bosh! They ain't dear little things; leastways, not out of the trade. They are nasty quarrelsome little varmint. WATTS says they "in their little nests agree." What's WATTS? He may have knowed a thing or two about lions and bears, but it's quite certain he didn't know much about Dickets. If he 'ad, this would have been about what he would have wrote—

"Birds in their little nests agree
Till big enough to fight;
And then the biggest gets atop,
And serve the little 'uns right!"

Yours truly,

A FEATHER DRESSER.

ADDRESS TO THE CONVOCATION OF YORK.—York, you're *not* wanted.



OBBIN' COCK ROBIN.

"Who killed Cock Robin?"
 "I," said Dame Fashion
 (Who ne'er knew compassion),
 "I killed Cock Robin!"

"Who saw him die?"
 "The Great Eye, in whose ken
 Fates of birds are, and men—
 I saw him die!"

"Who caught his blood?"
 "We," said apers of WORTH—
 Though English by birth!—
 "We caught his blood!"

"Who made his bier?"
 "I," said Madame La Mode;
 "In wing-trimmings be-
 stowed,
 I made his bier!"

"Where'll be his grave?"
 "In my hat," says the
 Maid,
 "When off Missuses' laid—
 There'll be his grave!"

"Who'll be his chief mourners?"
 English maid, English mother,
 Both one and the other,
 "We'll be his chief mourners!"

"Who will cry o'er his bier?"
 Children gentle and good,
 Fresh from *Babes in the Wood*,
 Will cry o'er his bier.

"What's the prayer they will
 pray?"
 "English girls, England
 through,
 Small birds' corpses eschew!"
 That's the prayer they will pray.

"Who'll to that say Amen?"
 All, save fools of a feather,
 In chorus together,
 Will to that say Amen!

Candid.

MR. PUNCH, with some astonishment at the freedom and fulness of the admission, read last week in that leading medical organ the *Lancet*—

"The law presupposes that every person dying has the assistance of a medical man, and that where such assistance is not procured . . . the facts should be referred to a Coroner."

Such thoughts may have occasionally crossed the lay mind, but what non-medical authority would have dared to give them words?

HORATIAN MOTTO FOR A BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

"Mox reficit rates . . . indocilis pauperiem pati."
Carminum, lib. i. l.

SON AND STRANGER.

We sincerely hope the new comedy of ALEX. DUMAS fils will remain an *Etrangère* as far as the English stage is concerned.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AT GIRTON.

First Young Lady (opens Valentine, and reads):—

“*Ἐπος ἀνικατὲ μύχας,*
Ἐπος, δὲ ἐν κήρυσι πλάτεις, . . . &c., &c.

CHARMING, ISN'T IT? GUSSIE MUST HAVE SENT IT FROM OXFORD?”

Second Young Lady (overlooking). “YES, IT'S OUT OF THE ANTIGONE—THE LOVE-CHORUS, YOU KNOW. HOW MUCH JOLLIER THAN THOSE SILLY ENGLISH VERSES FELLOWS USED TO SEND!”

LUNAR VAGARIES.

THERE are two Moons, one ecclesiastical and the other civil. Perhaps we ought to say there are three, and include the Moon poetical, which hath influences over
 “The lunatic, the lover, and the poet.”

The Moon ecclesiastical defines Easter Day; and this year there is a great outcry against her for putting that festival a week later than if the actual Moon had decided it. The REVEREND LORD ALWYNE COMPTON, however, comes forward with consolation, and says:—

“Among the proposals for amending the Rubrics now before Convention is one that the following words should be added to the rule quoted by MR. JACKSON from the Book of Common Prayer:—‘Note.—That the full moon of this rule is not the full moon of the heavens, but the 14th day of the moon of the Ecclesiastical Calendar.’”

Plain people will fancy that this is an odd way to mend a Rubric (if it be a Rubric), since, instead of altering it, a note is added stating that “full Moon” means something else, and that the “Moon of the heavens” is not the Moon recognised by the Church of England. What an insult to “*Siderum Regina bicornis*”! Why should not the Moon of the heavens regulate Easter, so that everybody may calculate the date of that feast for himself?

There is a story of a Greek Cockney who was surprised to find the same Moon in Athens that he had left behind him at Corinth. His astonishment could hardly have been greater than is that of MR. JACKSON and his friends at finding that the Clergy have a special Moon of their own, which declines to be bound by astronomical rules.

E. Payson Weston's Perpetual Motion.

[110 miles in twenty-four hours, followed, within less than a week, by 180 miles in forty-eight!]

WELL! there is one thing no one can say of our American Cousin's unequalled pedestrian feat—and feet—and that is, Walker!

THE FOLLY AT FOLKESTONE.

AIR—“*The Vicar of Bray.*”

O RIDSDALE, Reverend Gent., desist
 From antics Ritualistic.
 Are you determined to persist
 In aping rites Papistic?
 What, is it really your intent
 To disregard “monition”?
 On that wild course if you are bent,
 Consider your position.
 In the face of the Law no longer fly;
 At Popery cease to play, Sir.
 You had better cave in and knuckle
 down,
 And act the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

Oblige the Law to turn you out
 As being its transgressor,
 And you may call yourself, no doubt,
 A “Catholic” Confessor.
 But you're a Heretic, Sir, says Rome,
 Until her pale you enter;
 Whilst from the Church that was your
 home
 You'll stand a mere Dissenter.
 In the face of the Law, &c.

This is a land of Liberty,
 And all, in these dominions,
 To own what faith they please are free,
 And preach their own opinions.
 Whatever crotchets they may hold
 They're licensed to avow them,
 Without, but not within, the fold,
 Whose Doctors disallow them.
 In the face of the Law, &c.

To Bishops if you thus deny
 Obedience that you owe, Sir,
 Oh whither do you think to fly,
 And where expect to go, Sir?
 What refuge from “Erastianism,”
 But knuckling down to CÆSAR?
 Some new conventicle of Schism,
 A High-Church Ebenezer?
 In the face of the Law, &c.

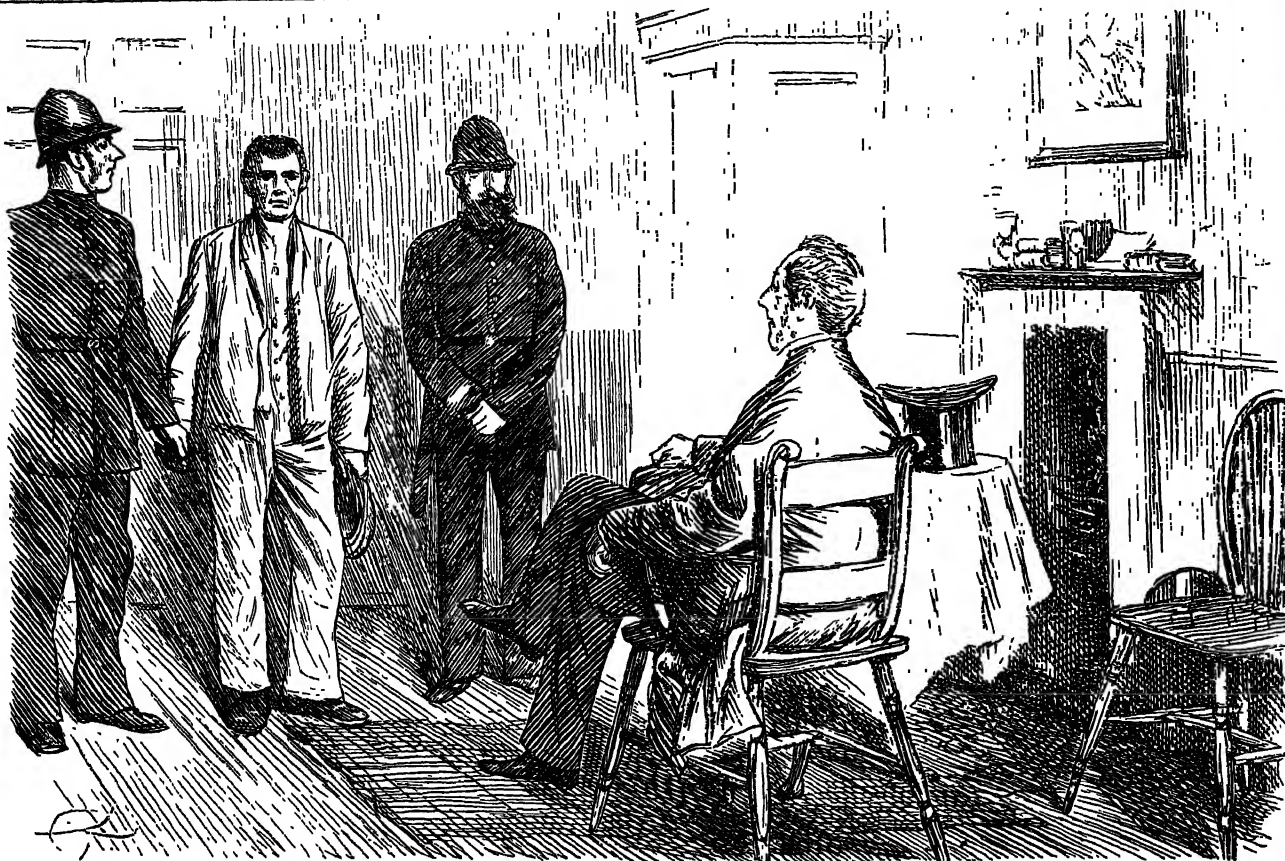
Will you compete, for cure of souls,
 With each sectarian surgeon,
 And, in your chasubles and stoles,
 Attempt to cut out SPURGEON?
 But first a requisite you'll need
 'Twill puzzle you to fish up;
 For your secession to succeed,
 You'll have to find a Bishop.
 In the face of the Law, &c.

Debarred by Vatican Decrees,
 All their gainsayers banning,
 You fellows can't, as refugees,
 Take service under MANNING.
 Like bats you flit 'twixt birds and beasts,
 In view of either erring,
 Nor Protestants nor Popish Priests,
 Fish, flesh, nor good red herring.
 In the face of the Law, &c.

You know, if once you overstepped
 Rome's fixed and rigid border,
 That all of you would then be kept
 Severely under order;
 For pranks allowed no further scope,
 Obedience forced to render;
 No more himself each playing Pope,
 But snubbed as a Pretender.
 In the face of the Law, &c.

Not a Bad Interpretation.

Inquisitive Small Boy. Papa, what does
 Fugitive mean?
Papa (Consulting Nuttall's Dictionary).
 “Not tenable—not durable—volatile—
 short-lived.”
Little Boy. Then, does Fugitive Slave
 Circular mean Short-lived Slave Circular?



THE RULING PASSION.

Prison Chaplain (charged to report on Convict's religious Knowledge). "DO YOU KNOW THE COMMANDMENTS?"

Prisoner. "YES, SIR." Prison Chaplain. "SAY THE EIGHTH."

Prisoner (promptly). "THOU SHALT DO NO MANNER OF WORK; THOU, NOR THY SON, NOR THY DAUGHTER," &c.

A WORD FOR WALKER.

PERHAPS the hilarity as well as the utility of the "Spelling Bee" would be augmented by making it also a Pronouncing Bee, so as to combine rivalry in right speaking with competition in orthography. The President of the "Bee" to spell out the word which he invites the members to pronounce; it being also posted up before their eyes in large print. A Pronouncing Bee would probably afford the following amongst other no less elegant examples of popular utterance:—

"Ask"—ast, arsk, awsk, (*Cockney*) ax. "Basket"—barsket, bawsket. "Class"—clarse. "Master"—mawster, muster, measter (*rustic*). "Bad"—band or bod (*superfine rustic*). "Bore"—baw (*superfine swell*). "Bull"—bul (*northern rustic*). "Pudding"—pud-ding, ud as in mud (*ditto*). "Common"—kimmon. "Cover"—kivver. "Creature"—creacher. "Curiosity"—curoosity. "Ear"—year. "Here"—ear. "Draw"—drawr. "Law"—lawr. "Saw"—sawr (*Cockney*). "See"—zee (*rustic*). "Face"—veeace (*rustic*). "Grievous"—grievious. "Tremendous"—tremenjus. "Hand"—and. "House"—ouse. "Hour"—hour. "Honour"—honour. "Horse"—hoss, orse, oss. "I"—Oi (*northern rustic*). "Spaniel"—spannel. "Spirit"—sperrit. "Thanks"—thens. "Time"—toime (*Cockney*). "More"—moor (*rustic*). "New"—noo. "Duty"—dooty. "Tuesday"—Choooseday, Toosday. "Tune"—toon. "Veal"—weal. "Vehicle"—wehicle. "What"—wot, vot. "When"—wen. "Which"—witch. "You"—yer.

The standard of reference at Spelling Bees has hitherto been too exclusively WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*—a gross insult to the shade of DR. JOHNSON. But surely due regard should now be paid to that other Lexicographer whose authority is held to have determined the speech as well as the spelling of our native tongue. It is the reverse of true that Spelling Bees are all "Walker." The operation of WALKER on the Spelling Bee would possibly effect a considerable diminution of the crime of clipping the QUEEN'S English, whereby the ears of the more cultivated classes of Her Majesty's loyal subjects are too commonly offended.

HYMN TO VICTORIA.

(After BEN JONSON.)

QUEEN or Empress, Lady fair,
Sovran of the swelling deep,
Who, in distant Orient air,
Dost the sway of nations keep?
Must we, changing style with scene,
Hail an Empress in our Queen?

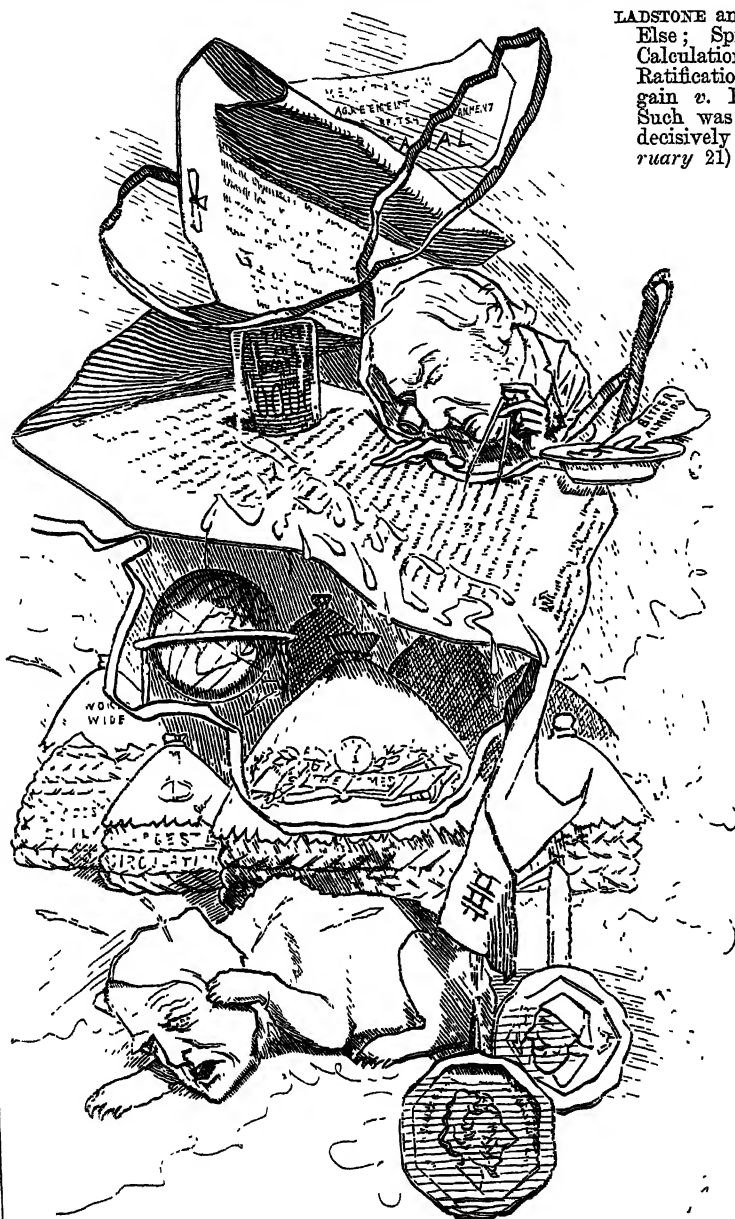
Where the tiger haunts the glade,
Where the mystic Ganges flows,
Where we English, unafraid,
Govern friends who once were foes,
There thy power is felt, unseen,
There men bow to England's Queen.

Lay the imperial style apart;
Leave it to the lords of legions:
Queen in every English heart,
Be thou Queen in Eastern regions.
Keep thy style and state serene—
Who so great as India's Queen?

Beams in the Balance.

THERE is reason to believe that the "Imponderables" are about to be abolished. A distinguished Chemist has, if not mistaken, determined, by experiment, that Light at least is ponderable. At the Royal Institution, the other Friday evening, MR. CROOKES gave a lecture, in which he appears to have actually demonstrated the possibility of weighing a ray of Light. Now if Light has weight, the weight of Light in some quantity must be no light weight, and in that case, therefore, it is manifestly not a paradox to say that light is heavy.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LADSTONE and LOWE v. Everybody Else; Spirited Policy v. Close Calculation of Per-Centages; Ratification of Suez Canal Bargain v. Repudiation of Same. Such was the triple issue very decisively settled (*Monday, February 21*) without any Division

but that of the Opposition against itself.

DOCTOR LOWE should really be cautious how he uses his blistering ointment. It is a dangerously lively irritant, as may be inferred from its ingredients. To equal parts of penny wisdom, cynicism, and self-complacency add equal parts of wit, half-truth, and Oxford logic. Rub in hot, the wrong way of the hair; and stand clear of the patient's teeth and claws, or horns and hoofs, as the case may be. It has been known to set even Deputations kicking. No wonder that the British Lion and British Bull are not very patient under it. Nor are these high-spirited animals just now more in the mood for putting their heads into MR. GLADSTONE'S Economical Muzzle.

Not satisfied with Monday's discomfiture, the conscientious and energetic W. E. G. has since hung up his twenty-seven headed syllabus in the columns of the *Times*. There is much force, and we doubt not solid foundation, in his cross-questioning of the ministerial bargain from the pure Economist's point of view. But that is not the stand-

point from which JOHN BULL just now looks at it. He applauds a prompt act of "spirited policy,"—annoying as such a strange piece of perversity may be to MR. GLADSTONE—and persists in his "inflammatory approval" of MR. DISRAELI'S unprecedented *coup de bourse*. Nothing can show this so clearly as the hornet's nest MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE have brought about their ears, even from the friendly columns of their own Press, by their objections to the purchase. The course and conclusion of Monday night's debate gave Parliamentary proof of the same incontestable, however inexplicable, fact. MR. GLADSTONE must appeal from JOHN BULL "inflammatory" to JOHN BULL "condemnatory." That appeal cannot be yet set down for hearing; but it may come on.

Tuesday (Lords).—Patents Bill: same as last year's, but with only one class of Patents (for fourteen years) instead of two (one meant for "one-horse" Patents, to last half as long), and without the power to appoint professional referees, besides the Commissioners and Examiners of Patents, to sift the grounds of Patent claims—both changes for the worse, but said to be pressed on the Government *ab extra*. No sufficient reason, we are glad to learn on satisfactory authority, for the complaints of the Martini-Henry rifle as the soldier's shooting-iron.

(*Commons.*) First night with the Fugitive Slave Circulars.

MR. WHITBREAD—as by right hereditary—moved Resolutions involving immediate withdrawal of Number Two, without reference to the Commission's report.

MR. HANBURY moved a Resolution *contra*, to wait for the oracle from under the extinguisher. Hence two nights of very long speeches; the lawyers having a good deal of the field to themselves, and expatiating freely, but as unable as their lay-fellows to reconcile the irreconcilable.

There is no denying the fact that LORD CLARENDON in 1870 wrote a letter that goes the whole length of Circular Number Two. Policy and public feeling, conscience and comity, the hearts of the British Public and British Officers, and the heads of departments, are all alike at odds in this unlucky matter.

"*Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?*" Why didn't Government leave the difficulty as it has been left till now—in the discretion of the British Captain? There seem to have been only six hitches concerning fugitive slaves in some thirty-six years; and better any number of such hitches than an official act of the Government tying the hands of British Naval Captains—discreet and indiscreet alike—from helping the slave out of his shackles.

Several speakers in the course of the two nights' talk recalled, with a sigh of regret, LORD MELBOURNE'S famous query—in a similar perplexity between conflicting courses with much to be said for each—"Why not let it alone?" It was a British Admiral (SIR J. HAY), who suggested the course *Punch* would have recommended, to await the Commission's Report, and meanwhile withdraw the Circular. Even staunch Conservatives prayed MR. DISRAELI to follow SIR JOHN HAY'S sensible advice. Of course, it isn't a party question; of course, Her Majesty's Government hates Slavery as much as Her Majesty's Opposition. But, unluckily, if a Member of H. M. O. moves Resolutions, and a Member of H. M. G. moves counter-Resolutions, the fight will become a party one in spite of everybody's teeth, and so it was here. Two nights' talk (*Tuesday's* and *Thursday's*) ended in a party division. Circular Number Two stands, and MR. WHITBREAD'S Resolutions are defeated by 45 (293 to 248), a few of the usual supporters of the Government holding aloof. A solitary "Act" of stout MAJOR O'GORMAN'S enlivened the long and wearisome two nights' discussion of humanity, internationality, and exterritoriality. The portly Major wound up with an impassioned allusion to his portly Dartmoor protégé, ARTHUR ORTON. What that obese impostor has to do with the Slave Circular is not clear, though, taking corpulence and captivity together, one does see an association of ideas between him and a circular slave. One thing must be said to the House's credit. There was less "cant" and "rant" than might have been expected on such a subject.

But whatever Commission may report, and Commons vote, *Punch* agrees with SIR HENRY JAMES that Circular Number Two is as dead as Circular Number One. The country, simply, will not stand it. It has "got to disappear," as our American cousins say—whether under the Commission extinguisher, or what other device of Disraelitish ingenuity, matters not. "*Actum est!*"—i.e., in English—it won't act. No, Sir! it won't *wash*—except out.

Wednesday.—An Irish afternoon. First instalment of the Home-Rule Bill-Budget—a plan of CAPTAIN NOLAN'S to shift the control of County Finance from

Grand Juries to Boards elected by Twelve-pound Ratepayers—i.e., "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

The Irish Members had the fight to themselves; and the opponents of the Bill, led by MR. KAVANAGH—who has a Bill of his own for tinkering the frying-pan—had the best of it.

Then followed Home-Rule Measure Number Two, MR. BUTT'S Grand Jury Presentments Bill—knocked on the head after a refreshingly short struggle.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD SALISBURY introduced the Oxford Reform Bill. The Government of the University is to be put into Commission after 1877. Till then, if a House likes to put itself in order to the Commissioners' satisfaction it may do so. Funds for University needs are to be got by abolition of "Idle Fellowships," which ought to put £50,000 at the University's disposal at once, and four times as much eventually. The Marquis tried to make a distinction between "idle fellows" and "idle fellowships." What Colleges and Captains have to do is to get the idle "fellows" out of their "ships" as soon as may be.

Thursday's (Commons) Essence we have extracted in advance.

Friday (Lords).—THE LORD CHANCELLOR tried to prove that the New House of Lords' Court of Appeal would be the Old House of Lords—or that *parvum concilium* = *Magnum Concilium*. What's in a name? LORD CAIRNS could answer *Juliet's* question.

Commons.—HOLMS of Hackney made a rash and ill-directed attack on the Militia and the Barrack System, and was very energetically and sensibly answered by MR. HARDY. Hackney readily suggests hobby; let not MR. HOLMS, though sitting for the one, take to riding on the other.

PHILOLOGY "IN SPORT."

It is agreeable to notice a praiseworthy effort to make the study of abstruse languages no longer a task and a drudgery, but a pastime and a pleasure. *A Sanskrit Handbook for the Fireside* has our cordial wishes for its success through many editions to come; and we hopefully look forward to a time when the language, dealt with in this very alluring manner, will have become as familiar as Irish or Scotch, Erse or Gaelic, to many a solitary student by his lonely hearth, to many a fair philologist in her comfortable chimney-corner.

We are betraying no secrets, abusing no confidence, in announcing that this help to Sanskrit is only the first of a series of Handbooks planned to while away odd moments and unconsidered minutes. The following pleasant little manuals may be expected to appear in due course:—

Garden Strolls among Greek Roots.

Chinese at Tea-time.

Arabic over a Cup of Coffee.

A Gujarati Handbook for the Easy Chair.

Siamese in the Summer House.

Hungarian: a Book for those who are kept waiting for Dinner.

How to study Polish while you are having your Boots blacked.

Tamil and Telugu: a Breakfast-in-Bed Book.

Turkish over a Pipe: a Bird's-eye view of the Language.

Anglo-Saxon in a Country Ramble.

Icelandic: a Book for the Chimney-Corner.

Half-Hours with the Hardest Languages.

SUN v. STEAM.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum*, a Frenchman "states that he has proved his position of being enabled to use sunshine as a motive power." This piece of scientific intelligence suggests three obvious corollaries:—

1. The employment of sunshine as a means of locomotion is altogether distinct from the extraction of that article from cucumbers.
2. Should a patent be taken out for the practical application of this discovery, it will be of but little value in the Metropolis, Manchester, and other large cities and towns, owing to the absence of the motive power for a considerable portion of the year.
3. It may be fairly assumed that within twelve months from this time some other sanguine projector will uphold the claims of another motive power as equally efficacious—namely Moonshine.

The Pope and the Pretender.

THE Carlist forces having been signally defeated at Vera, Estella, and Teless, DON CARLOS is told from the Vatican that, in the opinion of the Holy Father, "he ought to cease carrying on war in Spain now that there is no probability of his being successful." His Holiness, claiming to be the Vicegerent of Heaven, recognises the safety of siding with the big battalions.

MUSIC AND COOKERY.



A MEETING has been held at the Mansion House, the LORD MAYOR in the Chair, to aid the new National Training School for Music, about to be opened at Kensington, by the establishment of Free Scholarships. Several of these, the great Corporation, City Companies, and Common Councilmen, have undertaken to found. Not a word can be said against this laudable movement in the East, to promote harmony and the study of counterpoint and thorough bass in the West. But there is another educational institution, now in full operation at Kensington, which, we trust, will not be forgotten by City opulence, appealing as it must do to tastes and pursuits which, for many generations, have been cultivated with untiring energy and complete success to the East of Temple Bar. It can only be necessary to name the School of Cookery and its wants, to

prompt the most hospitable Corporation in the world; the Fishmongers, the Fruiterers, the Vintners, the Poulterers, the Cooks, and all the rest of the festive City Companies; and the genial Common Councilmen of Portsoken, Vintry, and every other ward in London, to endow, with loving care and affectionate liberality, an establishment in which they must all feel the deepest personal interest—thereby showing that while they are mindful of the wants of the larynx and the voice, they do not overlook the claims of the epigastrium and the appetite, and are as sensible of the pleasures of good eating, as they are alive to the delights of drinking in sweet sounds. Music has had a hearing at the Mansion House: we hope that Cookery also will soon receive proper attention in that congenial atmosphere.

QUESTION IN RULE OF THREE.

(For Vestries and Vestry Reformers.)

Pure and Mixed Mathematics. Time allowed, to December, 1876.

A GENTLEMAN of Florence writes to say that all the snow that fell in that City was rapidly carted away by hundreds of carts and flung into the Arno. Now, if a block of snow in front of my door, measuring four inches by four inches, weighs two and a half ounces, and can be compressed to one-third of its bulk (for snowballing), how many carts, and of what capacity, will be required to cart away all the snow lying in one mile of a London street fifty feet wide, the snow being four inches deep? Having found this, find how many carts, of the same capacity, will be required to do the same work for all the main thoroughfares of London, showing how they will get to their work, and how they will travel to the River with their loads, and back empty (traffic not to be suspended during this cartage).

Jenkins v. Jenkins.

THE JENKINS tribe, it seems, are fain
In contrariety to revel:
One JENKINS writes *The Devil's Chain*,*
Another holds there is no Devil.
'Twixt two such JENKINS, 'tis plain
Satan will find his proper level.

* See the drastic and didactic Temperance Novel, so called, by E. JENKINS, Esa., M.P. for Dundee.

An Old Rhyme.

(Adapted to a Modern Metria.)

Angelina. Fain would I rink, but that I fear to fail.
Edwin. You must risk "spillers," or not rink at all.



AN OLD KING BY A NEW NAME.

Tymkyns. "GOOD MORNING! A—A—I WANT A COSTUME OF HENRY THE FOURTH OF ENGLAND, IF YOU PLEASE!"

La belle Costumière (affably, but not without a touch of scorn). "EXCUSE ME, SIR! HENRY THE EIGHTH OF ENGLAND! HENRY THE FOURTH WAS A FRENCH KING!"

The Costumier (solving the difficulty). "PARKINS! PAR-KINS!!"

The Costumier. "BRING DOWN THE 'ANGRY CAT!'"

(Voice in the distance. "YES, SIR!")

[He must have meant "HENRI QUATRE," but that was what he said.]

CHAIRS BEHIND COUNTERS.

As a rule, when a customer enters a Draper's shop, an Assistant hands that customer a chair. That is, if you are a Lady, or a being of the lower sex at ladies' heels. Not if only a Man, come shopping simply on your own account. Male customers never have chairs offered them. The Shopmen know that the man will be suited immediately. He will choose what he wants out of any assortment of articles at a glance. Man, in making purchases, of draperies at least, does not compare, deliberate, and judge. It is not his nature to. He will buy and be off. He won't sit down for an hour, or even a minute. He does not want a chair, not he.

However, chairs are at his elbow, plenty, before the counter. But there are none behind it. There, those who serve stand. The Female Assistants stand, as well as the Shopmen, and have to stand all day. A Lady, who at farthest will probably not exceed three hours in choosing a silk or a muslin, has a seat provided for her; but the Female Assistant, to say nothing of the Shopman, who serves her, must keep on her legs not only while attending on customers, but even whilst unoccupied, from early morning till late at night. There is no sitting at the receipt of custom for her; no sitting for anybody but the Cashier. Why does this particularly brutal and barbarous arrangement exist? "It is said that this custom has to a certain extent been adopted out of deference to the supposed wishes of customers." So we learn from a Circular signed by a number of Ladies resident in Bristol, Clifton, and the neighbourhood, deprecating the regulation by which Female Assistants in shops are "obliged to stand so many hours continuously," to the detriment of their comfort and health. These are their words:—

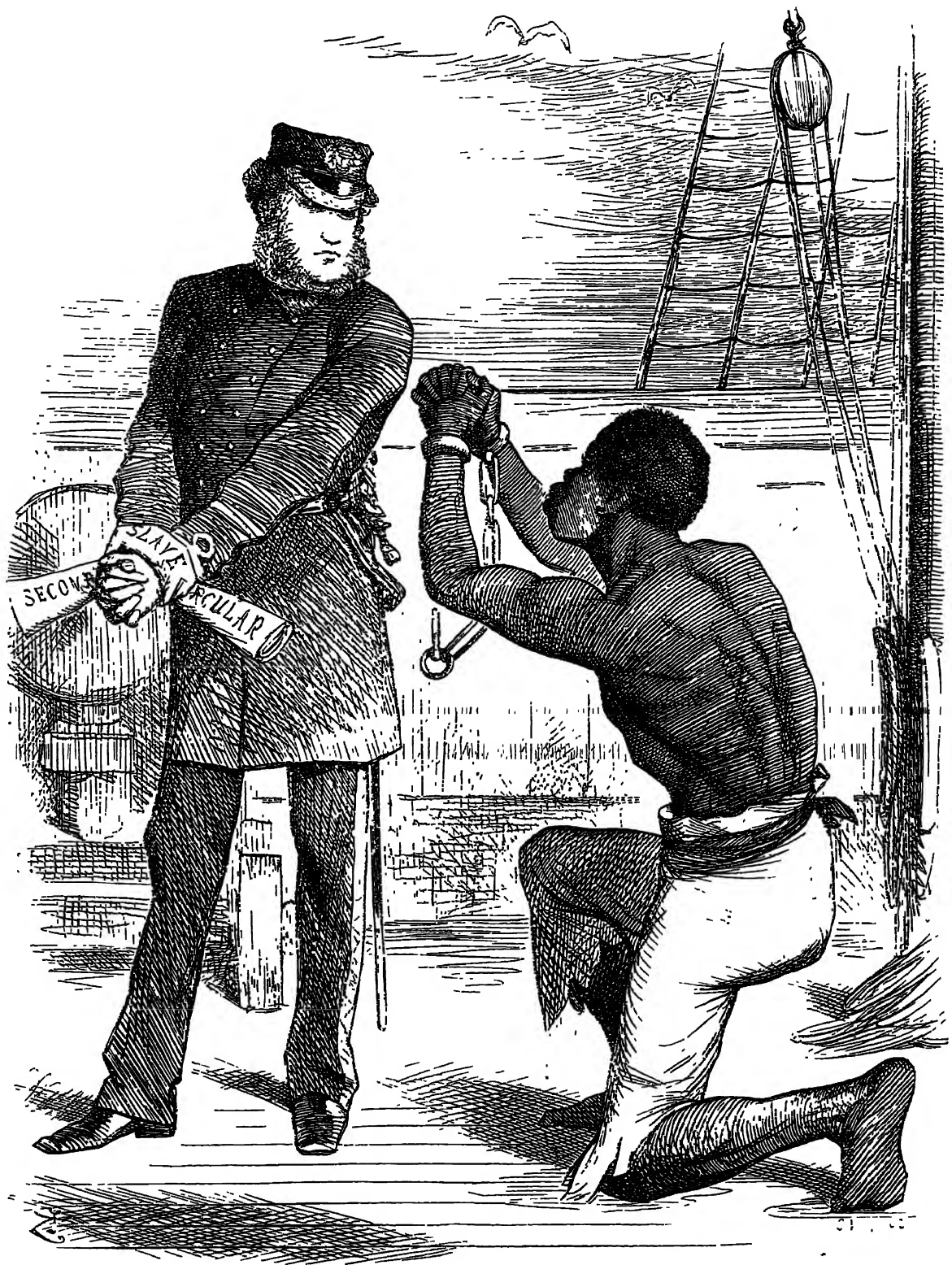
"Without any desire to interfere unduly in business arrangements, but solely out of sympathy with those of our own sex, we beg to submit to the Masters of all retail shops in which women are employed as Assistants, that it

would very much add to our comfort when we are making our purchases, if we saw these young women relieved from this unnecessary strain upon their constitution, by seats being provided for them, and permission given to sit and take a few minutes' rest at the various intervals, in which, as we believe, they might, when not serving, do so without neglecting the interests of their employers."

This appeal, though addressed to all Shopkeepers who employ Female Assistants, chiefly concerns Drapers. The Philosopher, detained in a Draper's shop, and looking around him, is generally struck with the pallid, hectic, pasty, flabby, and otherwise unwholesome visages of the Assistants, male and female. Of the latter even he may often grieve to notice that not a few have partially lost their hair, so that their heads present here and there appearances similar to the half-worn mop, or long-abandoned crow's-nest. He feels that all this is partly owing to the vitiated air of the shop, always peculiarly stuffy, though made so by emanations from sources worse than stuffs, and he sees that the injurious effect of a bad atmosphere is greatly aggravated by having to stand in it all day long.

The considerate Ladies who beg that Shopwomen may be allowed seats, add the suggestion that all shops might advantageously "be closed at a much earlier hour than is now the case." They truly observe that—"The chief thing wanted is unanimity among the Masters." An initiative is needful to render people unanimous who are not so yet. Might it not be judiciously taken by any enterprising man of business, master of Female Assistants? He would surely find it at least a safe "spec" to combine enterprise with humanity. Who will risk it? "Seats behind the Counter"—would not this be a taking legend in a shop-window amongst the scrolls that teach us to come and buy? Of all attractive labels announcing the "novelties of the season," would not this be the Ticket?

NEW NOVEL.—*Angry Livers.* By the Author of *Cross Lights.*



MEN AND BROTHERS!!

FUGITIVE SLAVE. "TAKE THESE OFF!"

CAPTAIN, R.N. "HOW CAN I?—WITH *THIS* ON?"

EAST AND WEST.

Punch to the MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN.

WELCOME, Wise RAJAH OF
BURDWAN!
From the far heart of
Hindustan.
I risk nothing for you send.
Punch, pink of Western
courtesy,
Feels it his part to make
reply
To England's Eastern
Friend.

These medals, sent from
East to West,
When hung upon each
boyish breast,
Will tell the stirring
story,
How British lads could
play the man,
And how a Prince of Hin-
dostan
Could see, and swell,
their glory.

Punch thanks you in the
youngsters' name.
"Such deeds are not of
local fame,"

Your Highness says, and rightly.
Yet none the less their thanks are due
To one who proves that dictum true,
So promptly and politely!

Such deeds, such words, do much to knit
Far lands; when diplomatic wit
Proves the more strained the duller:
The "touch of Nature" everywhere
Knits hearts that feel and hands that dare—
In spite of creed and colour.

Be sure our boys will wear with pride
These tokens from the Orient side
Of Britain's empire spacious—
From one you courteously call
"Their fellow subject," in Bengal—
Kind thought, and impulse gracious!

We serve one Lady—EMPRESS—QUEEN,—
Mere title matters not, I ween,
While we are friends, not foemen.
Though Critics carp, though Statesmen jar,
Burdwan, from her oasis far,
Sends words of pleasant omen.

* ("Burdwan is one of the most productive territories of India, and being environed by jungles, appears like a garden surrounded by a wilderness." The Rajah's gift of silver medals to the boyish heroes of the *Goliath* is one of the pleasantest passages ever recorded between England and India.)

UNITED AT LAST!*

A Novelette for the Drawing-Room and the Kitchen.

CHAPTER I.—All Wrong!

"Don't speak to me," said FRANCES. "I cannot bear to think of it. Your Master did not come back to-day, and I do not expect to see him to-morrow."

She was a pretty, pouting young wife. Her complexion was cream-coloured, and her eyes a glorious hazel. When she smiled her face became as bright as a sunbeam; but now, as she reclined on her easy-chair, there was a curl about the ends of her rosy mouth telling of great distress of mind. The expression of anxiety was out of place on that sweet, trusting countenance. So thought the faithful ATALANTA.

"You will find it will come all right, Mum, in the end," observed the faithful creature. "Take my word for it—it will all come right."

* So many stories are published now-a-days without a purpose, that *Mr. Punch* has no hesitation in presenting his readers with a tale having a very high purpose indeed—the spread of the science of Cookery. The style of its popular Author is so patent in every line that it is unnecessary to divulge his name.

"I have done my best to make my home comfortable for his sake," continued the Mistress of the house; and her lip trembled. "I have clothed the walls in blue-green tints, and hung up any amount of delft and Persian plates. All the furniture is artistically ugly and aesthetically uncomfortable; and, to please him, I have changed your name from BETSY to ATALANTA, because I thought it sounded more refined."

"Indeed you have, Mum," replied the faithful creature.

"And yet he does not come!"

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when a loud knock was heard at the front door. The two women looked at one another as women will when they feel their hearts in their mouths. Then FRANCES clapped her hands with joy, and ATALANTA glided gracefully out of the room to attend to the visitor. In a moment more a hurried step was heard on the stairs, the curtain barring the entrance to the *boudoir* was thrust aside, and husband and wife were locked in one another's arms. And then they began to talk. He was full of conversation. He gave her a *précis* of all the leaders in the daily papers, and read many articles from the *Law Times*, the *Engineer*, and the *Economist*.

"I could listen to you for hours," at last she said; adding, with a smile, "Indeed, I have done so. But I want so very much to ask you a question, dear."

"Nay, nay, pretty trifler," he replied hurriedly, but affectionately, "you really must hear this. Listen!"

And then he read, from beginning to end, the last number of the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*. She listened with a half-smile upon her lips, but there was a feeling of anxiety at her heart—at her heart of hearts.

"You must tell me," she said gently, but firmly, "why you did not return to dinner?"

"Did I not?" he murmured, absently.

"O EDWIN, you know you did not."

He blushed up to the roots of his hair. He felt that his evasion was regarded as a subterfuge.

"You are right," he said, at last—and there was a hard, cold expression about his eyes as he spoke—"I did not return to dinner."

She was all of a flutter, and the tears gathered in her eyes. In a moment she was clasped to her husband's heart.

"O my darling!" he cried, "we have been married only six weeks, and yet a shadow has arisen between my loved one and myself: a shadow bringing with it agony and remorse—a shadow horrible and palpable!"

She was cold and pale now, but she replied, calmly, "You mean the shadow of dinner?"

He buried his face in his hands, and was silent.

"EDWIN, my love, my angel," she said, softly, "before we part for ever—for part we must if the Club claims you daily for its own—Nay, do not interrupt me, darling. I repeat, before we part let me ask you, is there no hope?"

He was silent for a moment. Then he wiped away a few tell-tale drops of moisture from his eyes. Then he sighed heavily, and produced a newspaper.

"Only this," he said. "Take it!" He moved towards the doorway. When he reached the curtains he turned round and cried, with a voice trembling with emotion, "My darling, O my darling, I leave my dinner in your hands. Let us forget the past in a glorious future."

As he disappeared she began to read the paper he had left with her. A passage was marked. The marked passage contained a report of a Lecture upon Cookery delivered by MR. BUCKMASTER at High Wycombe.

Soon her eyes glistened and her cheeks became rosy. "At last I know the way," she murmured—"at last I know the way. And now for ATALANTA."

She rang the bell, and soon the faithful creature was closeted with her Mistress. At the end of the conversation the Mistress kissed the servant, as women will under the impulse of a joy too great to bear single-handed.

(To be continued.)

Two Paragraphs.

News from India:—

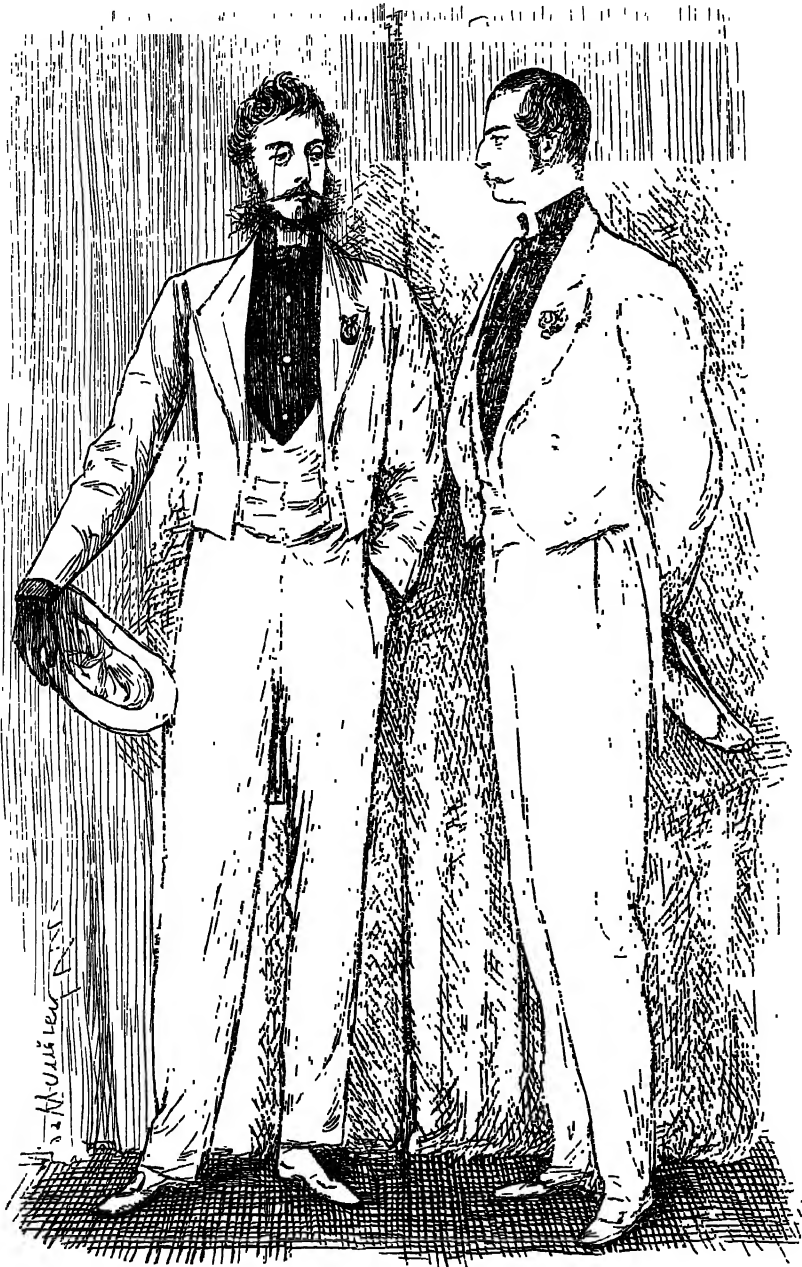
"It is not very improbable that, before long, Burmese Women will be employed as land surveyors in the Amherst district."

The champions of Women's Rights are in high spirits, and parade enlightened Burmah as an example to prejudiced England.

News from St. Petersburg:—

"An official ukase forbids the exercise of the functions of barrister by Women."

The champions of Women's Rights are in low spirits, and use harsh language about poor benighted Russia.



A SUGGESTION IN BLACK AND WHITE.

OUR ARTIST BEGS RESPECTFULLY TO SUGGEST THAT WHITE EVENING SUITS MIGHT WITH ADVANTAGE BE ADOPTED BY GENTLEMEN DURING THE COMING SEASON. BLACK SHIRTS MIGHT ALSO BE WORN, IF CONTRAST OF COLOUR IS DESIRED.

[N.B.—Our Artist will have to draw a good many Evening Suits in the course of the coming Season, and probably grudges the labour of imparting the proper amount of blackness to them.—ED.]

REAL "FASTING GIRLS."

THE announcement of "Another Fasting Girl" which is going the round of the papers does not interest *Mr. Punch*. He is far more concerned for the poor fasting girls whose total earnings for a week's work of eight hours a day only amount to three or four shillings. There is certainly something of "the miraculous" in the fact that these unfortunate creatures manage to keep body and soul together; rather more wonderful, thinks *Mr. Punch*, than that a girl should be able to lie in bed and sustain life by the "moistening of her lips with wine, brandy, &c." "Moistening" is a convenient word, and "&c." is a wide term. A little wine and brandy, and a few "*etceteras*" would often save the life of an over-worked sempstress, whose "fasting" had become a matter of cruel necessity.

If our readers wish to have brought home to them a real and recent case of this sadder order of "fasting girls," let them read, mark, and digest this brief record, from last Thursday's morning papers:—

"Last evening, Mr. BEDFORD held an inquest at St. Martin's Vestry-hall, Charing Cross, respecting the death of ADA FILE, an unmarried woman, aged twenty-two years. From the evidence it appeared that

deceased and an elder sister lived in one room in Chandos Street. Since the death of their mother, who died recently, they have gained a precarious livelihood by needlework. The deceased was at work all Saturday night and Sunday morning. At about half-past five on Sunday morning, she gave a sudden shriek, and fell back in her chair, and died almost immediately. The medical evidence showed that the body was extremely emaciated, and the stomach was completely empty. All the internal organs were healthy, with the exception of the right side of the heart, which was dilated. Death arose from the failure of the action of the heart, produced by over work and long abstinence from solid food. The Coroner said it was a sad case, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence."

"EMPRESS" V. "QUEEN."

WHEN CÆSAR shirked the kingly name,
And reigned as "*Imperator*,"
The choice implied no higher aim—
None deemed that title greater.

With anxious care he shunned the style
That Roman pride offended—
Content the "*cæsar*" to beguile,
And rule through forms less splendid.

What though that daring Soldier's sway,
Through scores of rogues transmitted,
Enslaved Old Europe, from the day
When Roman freedom flitted;

And, age by age, that name accrue
Has still, from first to latest,
Implied of Monarchies the worst,
But ne'er with us the greatest;—

What though the phantom of a Past
With crime and folly teeming,
Was, for a wonder, doomed to last
In faint imperial seeming,

Until this shadow of a shade,
A tyrant's views offending,
Like some old ghost, at length was laid
By NAR's resolve unbending* ;—

What though this empty name, the scorn
Of honest right and freedom,
In apish mimicry is borne
By those who little heed 'em ;—

Let mushroom dynasties that spring
From spoil and usurpation,
To this, as to each emblem cling
Of lawless domination.

For us, though now we go to school
Where crazy Crotchet's mission
Seems to be to subvert old rule
Of History or Tradition—

Still "King" or "Queen" from earliest
days,
To British understanding,
A sense of rank supreme conveys,
That brooks no rash expanding.

Symbol august of regal state,
With Freedom's spirit blended ;
Can title so securely great
Be altered or amended ?

* On the compulsory abdication of FRANCIS THE SECOND, the last of the Emperors of the old Holy Roman Empire, which was broken up by NAPOLEON's conquests.

MERCY TO ANIMALS.

THE Baring reign has come to an end in India. Let us hope, thanks to the joint influence of FLOWER and common sense, it will not be resumed in London.



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

Near-Side Passenger. "HE EVIDENTLY WANTS TO RACE YOU."

Driver (disdainfully). "BUT YOU DON'T SUPPOSE FOR A MOMENT, SIR, THAT I'M A-GOIN' TO RACE WITH ONE O' THEM TWOPENNY YALLERS?"

HARD-BOILED EGGS.

"The answer to the Andrassy Note was ready on Wednesday, but was kept some days awaiting the approval of the SULTAN, who was ill with cholera from having eaten eighteen hard eggs at one meal, and could not be communicated with."—*Constantinople Correspondent.*

GREAT SULTAN, stubborn 'gainst attacks,
Diplomacy attention begs,
While you digestion over-tax,
By this excess in hard-boiled eggs.

Look, where your Rayahs evil-starred
Oppression's cup drain to the dregs,
And think *your* yoke on them lies hard,
As on you yolks of hard-boiled eggs.

From scorn, wrong, robbery, grant them rest,
As Russ, Pruss, Austrian, JOHN BULL begs,
And you'll find easier to digest
Hard-worded notes than hard-boiled eggs;

Lest when Al Sirat's narrow bridge
You cross with rather shaky legs,
Your subjects speed you o'er the ridge
With, "Allah bless those hard-boiled eggs!"

AN ÆSOP'S FABLE.

(*Re-written.*)

A CERTAIN Actor was tried and condemned for murdering a Moorish Captain in the employment of the Venetian Republic. On his way to the place of execution, he requested, as a last favour, that he might be allowed to shake hands with his Critics, who followed in the crowd, weeping. The favour was granted, but in this act of apparent cordiality the condemned man contrived to twist out of joint the pen-fingers of the Critics' hands.

"Unhappy man!" exclaimed the bystanders. "Will you, at this awful moment, add yet another to your catalogue of crimes, that you treat thus your best friends and advisers?"

"Not so," replied the condemned man. "If these Gentlemen had not told me when I was a beginner that I was a happy mixture of ROSCIUS, BETTERTON, GARRICK, KEMBLE, and KEAN, I might never have come to this unhappy fate!"

Moral—superfluous.

THE FATAL TWENTY-NINTH.

"MR. FITZ MILLION presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and would be glad to know from the Universal Monitor of Mankind what to do with these letters, all of which he found on his breakfast-table on the morning of the 29th of February."

Mr. Punch's reply was laconic: "Burn them." As there were about five hundred, they will make a pretty bonfire.

MR. FITZ MILLION is twenty-two, and has just inherited his worthy old father's vast property. He is emphatically—

"A marriageable man, with plenteous cash."

Mr. Punch selects three letters as fair samples of the terrifying mass.

I.

DEAR MR. FITZ MILLION,

How I wish I knew your Christian name! I dreamt it was FERDINAND. Is it? I have seen you driving four-in-hand, like Apollo driving the chariot of the Sun. Your hair is golden, like that Deity's. O happy Leap Year, in which, without maiden shame, I can tell you that I love you!

I am poor, but poetical. I make my own costumes—why should I blush to own it?—but I am divinely beautiful. Your ecstatic love will decorate me with the most resplendent apparel and the costliest gems, will it not, dear FERDINAND? O fly to my arms, most adorable of heroes!

Your impatient, impassioned,
AMANDA BLOGG.

II.

MR YOUNG FRIEND,

I HEAR that you have inherited large property, and I propose to take the control of it in the interests of Science. This being Leap Year, I have a right to make you a matrimonial proposal, which of course you will not refuse. You are, I am told, extremely ignorant; but you are very young, and as I do not suffer from either the one

or the other misfortune, I shall be able to educate you, so far as a mere masculine intellect is capable of development.

To devote your wealth to the noble pursuits of Science will be a grand enterprise. Money is very needful for great experiments. To find DARWIN'S missing link it is only requisite to keep a few thousand apes of different species, and select such of their offspring as show a tendency toward manhood. This is one of many valuable experiments in which, as the husband of my natural selection, you will be privileged to aid me. I have tried it on with others of your sex in preceding Leap Years. You succeed to their chance on the Darwinian principle of survival of the fittest. You will, of course, call at once. I remain at home to receive you.

PRISCILLA GUBBINS,

Professor of Anthropology, University of Laputa.

III.

Πανδαύριον Ἐγὼς,

How daring he grows

In the year that's bissextile, when fun overflows!

Ἀδανδρ' Ἀποδιδῶν

Is equally flighty,

And won't give us maidens a minute's repose.

Nummus aureus est

By no means a pest,

If you know how to spend it with wisdom and zest:

So dear MR. FITZ,

If keen are your wits,

In CHLOE, M.A., you at once will invest.

Girton College.

Such are the dangers of Leap Year. MR. FITZ MILLION (whose name is *not* FERDINAND) did well to ask our friendly advice.

A COMMON CLERICAL SCANDAL.—A Bachelor Rector with a Family Living.



MUCH IN THE SAME LINE.

Chinamanias (on the prowl, with an eye to prey). "HAVE YOU GOT ANY OLD CROCKERY, MY GOOD WOMAN"
Old Woman (suspiciously). "CROCKERY, INDEED! WHAT DO YOU GIVE FOR RABBIT-SKINS?"

ON A POLITICAL ZOILUS.

(*LOWE v. High Policy.*)

THERE'S a scholarly Statesman who wields a keen wit,
 Like a rapier polished, and pungent of point;
 You might warrant that wonderful swordsman would hit
 In a dragon-fly's armour the tiniest joint.
 The Gushers and Foggers fight shy of that blade,
 The Wind-Bags all shrink from its pitiless prick,
 And fools at the flash of it slink to the shade,
 Double-Quick!

But so keen is his eye, and so sure is his hand,
 That to pry and to prod grow his only delight.
 For sentiment—pooh! 'tis a mountebank's wand,
 And policy—nothing but conjuror's sleight.
 Small prudence, thinks he, based on *L. s.* and *d.*,
 Backed by cynical sneer and discourteous snub,
 Is the *Aegis* of State. But JOHN BULL can't agree;
 There's the rub!

The spy-glass and scalpel are all very well,
 But a microscope's useless for watching the stars;
 And the blade that's a boon when it cuts up a "sell,"
 When it pricks little holes in big policy, mars.
 We are not wholly governed by ledger-law yet;
 And the pitiful prudence that fain would have shrunk
 From a right royal risk, *Punch* declares—with regret—
 Looks like—funk!

A New Shakespeare Reading.

Adapted to the Times.

"ALL the world's a Rink,
 And all the men and women merely skaters."

A DELICATE SITUATION.

MR. PUNCH;

As the Pantomimes are nearly over, I shall soon be out of place, and what do you think of my applying for the situation following?—

WANTED, a Christian Person who has seen better days, and would value a kind home more than high wages, as NURSE in a private family.

I'm a rare hand 'at nursing (ask *Pantaloon* if I'm not), and, though I'm often heard to exclaim "Oh, what a day we're having!" I don't at all mind owning that I've seen many better. People who have seen me steal a baby, and then thump it on the floor, or treat it like a football, may entertain a doubt if I can be "a Christian person;" but people who in these days expect to find a servant who will work for them for kindness' sake, and next to nothing wages, may expect their advertisement to be treated as a joke, and answered by

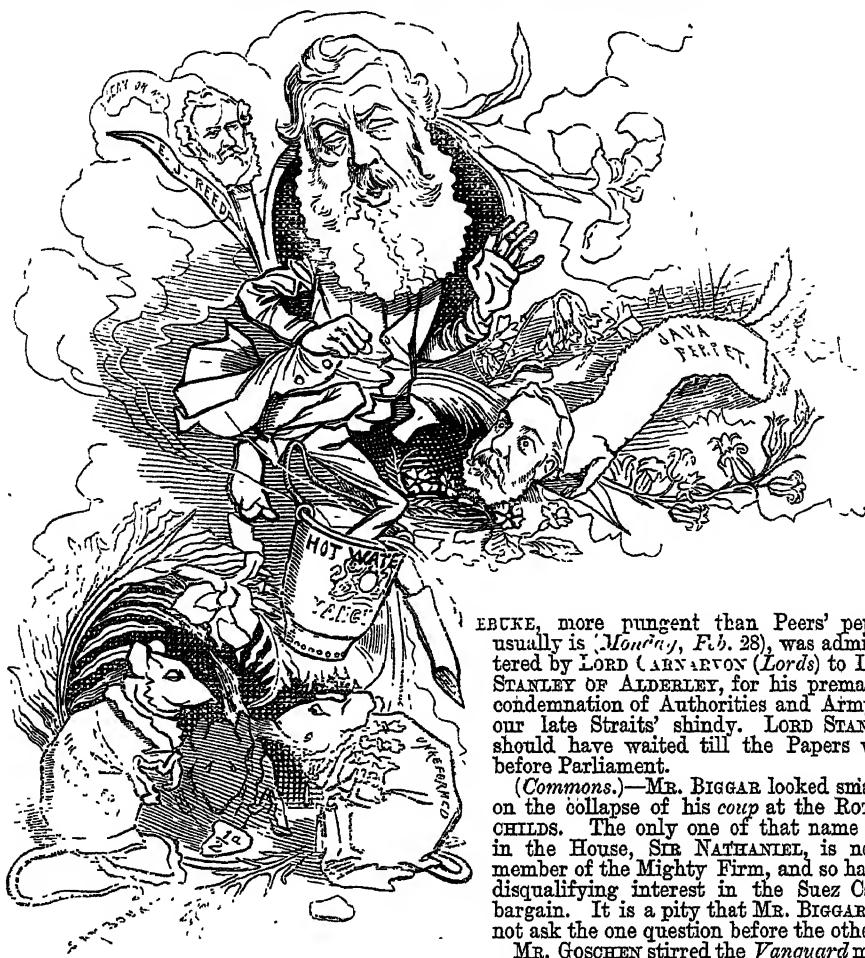
A CLOWN.

Music of the Future.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH is going to give something more than his Patronage to the New National Musical Training School of Kensington. His Royal Highness, we hear, contemplates giving Lectures on the National Wind Instrument of Scotland, with personal illustrations on the Bagpipes. Of course there will be a Bagpipe Scholarship to add to the fleet of scholar-ships already announced. The question, as to "who will pay the piper" has not yet been answered. Doubtless, H.R.H., as England's Sailor Prince, will also throw in a Hornpipe Scholarship. The lucky winner of both honours will be known as Kensington Bag-and-Hornpiper to H.R.H. the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, by Appointment. So far, the prospects of the New National Musical Training School are magnificent!

THE WORST SLAVE CIRCULAR (*By a Brute of a Bachelor*).—The Wedding-Ring.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EBUCKE, more pungent than Peers' pepper usually is (*Monday, Feb. 28*), was administered by LORD CAMARON (*Lords*) to LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, for his premature condemnation of Authorities and Army in our late Straits' shindy. LORD STANLEY should have waited till the Papers were before Parliament.

(*Commons*).—MR. BIGGAR looked smaller on the collapse of his *coup* at the ROTHSCHILDS. The only one of that name now in the House, SIR NATHANIEL, is not a member of the Mighty Firm, and so has no disqualifying interest in the Suez Canal bargain. It is a pity that MR. BIGGAR did not ask the one question before the other.

MR. GOSCHEN stirred the *Vanguard* mess, with its accompanying messes, the Admiralty Minute on the finding of the one Court-martial that was held, and the Admiralty

mistake in refusing the two Courts-martial that *ought* to have been held.

MR. WARD HUNT defended himself after his wont, blunderingly, but in perfect good faith. He did not seem even to see the point of MR. GOSCHEN's attack—that in over-riding the Court-martial's censure of one of his own colleagues by an Admiralty Minute, he was exposing a good and gallant officer to the most unfavourable imputations. Also that a Court-martial on ADMIRAL TARTLETON and CAPTAIN HICKLEY, so far from a hardship, would have been the greatest boon to both. The Service, differing of every other point in the case, agrees in dissatisfaction at the withholding of full public inquiry into the conduct of the two officers exonerated by the Admiralty Minute, and this without reference to their deserts in the case.

That is about the upshot of the long night's talk. Even MR. WARD HUNT must, one would think, have got the true *gravamen* of his own blunder beaten into him by this time. It is true, his power of resisting the ram of reason is amazing. Talk of iron-clads!

A snug job (creation of a Chief Civil Service Commissionership at £2000 a-year, for LORD HAMPTON, *et. seventy*) rudely questioned, and all but upset. Too bad. Aren't there two Commissioners to do the work, and hasn't LORD H. earned a retreat for his old age?

Tuesday (Lords).—Second Reading of LORD CAIRNS' BILL, bringing the law as to Crossed Cheques into accordance with mercantile practice, out of which a recent judgment has rudely shaken it. A cheque crossed " & Co.," may be paid through any banker. But any one who takes a cheque specially crossed with a banker's name—except that banker—does it at his peril.

LORD SANDHURST led an attack on Knightsbridge Barracks. But they have got to be re-erected. The site is pronounced, on high authority, the best for strategic purposes—if the Guards should ever have to do bloodier duty than guard the line of route for a procession—*quod Di avertant*. Besides, the Duke assures us that the healthiest cavalry barracks are those where men's rooms are over horses' stables. Troopers so lodged are not so liable to chills as when they pass, heated, from detached stables to gusty barrack-rooms. The ammoniacal odours, we presume, they get used to. Nay, perhaps we shall be told these are medicinal. Did not an elderly carcase-butcher tell the Smithfield Committee that if ever he felt a little "queer in his inside" he used to go and inhale the odours from the grating of one of the Smithfield sewers, and it always brought him round better than any physic? *Odor equi—like odor lucri—bonus est.*

(*Commons*).—The brisk Baronet of Chelsea gave the House a delightful night's rattling sport over the "unreformed Corporations." There were some hundred little burrows left untouched when the municipal rats were smoked out of the bigger boroughs. It was intended, no doubt, to bring the sulphur and the ferrets to these lesser holes, after the big ones were cleansed and set in order; but this latter work took more time and energy than was calculated, and so the

venerable rottenness of these cosy retreats of antiquated corruption was spared to exercise the Chelsea Baronet's keen taste for ferreting. Last year he turned his ferret into the burrows of New Romney, Queensborough, and Woodstock. This year the sport is spread through Sussex, the Isle of Wight, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall. Shall *Punch* wrong DILKE by picking the plums out of his pudding? No. Let our readers go to his speech if they would enjoy the amazing "bag" of musty abuses and venerable villanies his sharp eye and keen scent have brought to light. Never was there such an unearthing of vermin since the Pied Piper of Hamelin charmed the rats into the Weser, and did *not* earn the blessing of the Corporation.

MR. CROSS undertakes the future ferreting in these well-stocked preserves; and SIR CHARLES leaves the sport in his hands. The vermin should have been unearthed, and their rotten old burrows cleared out, forty years ago—but better late than never.

Wednesday.—Another Irish afternoon. By doubling the usual number of Parliamentary sponsors to a Bill, the Irish Managers have doubled their chances on the ballot for days. So we are in for a good allowance of Irish Bills. *En revanche* the English Members seem disposed to leave Irishmen all the talk on Irish business.

The Great O'GORMAN moved to assimilate Irish to English municipal franchise. It would be more to the purpose, if we could, to assimilate the English municipal franchise to the Irish—of £10 rating. As it is, having made the mistake of severing municipal taxation from representation, in our own Corporations Reform Bill, we should be cruel to do Ireland the same bad turn.

The Bill was thrown out by 176 to 148, a narrow majority under the circumstances.

Thursday (Lords).—Second Reading of the Ecclesiastical Offices and Fees Bill. Offices are to be amalgamated, staffs reduced, fees diminished, vested interests preserved or compensated, £10,000 a year saved out of more than four times that amount, and, with all this, a salary to be screwed out of the surplus for the new Judge under the Public Worship Regulation Act. All facts about fees are the better for sharp sifting—and those about Ecclesiastical Fees are particularly likely to repay investigation. So *Punch* can't pretend to be sorry that the Bill was referred to a Select Committee.

(*Commons*).—Army Conversation and Army Estimates.

HARDY—*toujours hardi*—tackles his hard task like a man. He gallantly speaks up for the Knightsbridge Barracks site—echoing the DUKE. The road is to be widened when the barracks are rebuilt. He increases the pay of noncommissioned officers and rank and file. He has settled a scheme of deferred pay, both for the line and the reserve, calculated to check desertion, and to bring the reserve-men up to the colours. He speaks, and thinks, hopefully of our recruits, and gives very good reasons for so speaking and thinking; and he has done his best to content the Medical Service and attract to its ranks the strength now wanting. Altogether HARDY shows cause for the extra half-



THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

Paterfamilias (dismally, to Uncle John, who has called to ask the young People to dine, and go to the "Play"). "WELL, WE'VE RATHER A SICK HOUSE! FACT IS, WE'VE BEEN RINKING A GOOD DEAL LATELY. MATILDA HAS DAMAGED HER KNEE-CAP; GRACE HAS GOT A BLACK EYE AND LOST SOME OF HER TEETH; GEORGE HAS SPRAINED HIS WRIST; AND FRED'S IN BED WITH A COMMUNUTED FRACT—"

Servant (at the Door). "DR. SPLINTER, MUM!!"

[Tableau!]

million he asks for. If the figure-head of the Navy were carved out of the same stuff as the *ex-officio* head of the Army, it would be all the better both for the Services and the Ministry.

Were HUNT but as HARDY 'twere well for the Navy;
But a HUNT for a HARDY means taking your davy
That whate'er you go in for will end in *peccavi*!

Friday.—MR. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Resolution, affirming the right of all parishioners to be buried in their parish churchyards without reference to the burial service that may be celebrated over them, was defeated, in a House of 527, in the teeth of the "uncompromising" opposition of the Government, by a minority of 31. Shall we say next year, or the year after, for the Bill? After such a division, it is clearly due.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Based upon Calculations made during the Present Year.

THURSDAY.—It may rain. Very prudent people will take out umbrellas.

Friday.—Probably wet. Ordinarily cautious folks will not leave home without umbrellas.

Saturday.—Rain and sleet may be looked for. The price of goloshes will increase twenty-five per cent.

Sunday.—A snow-storm may be expected, accompanied by wind. No one will go to Church without a greatcoat and an umbrella.

Monday.—It is likely to rain. Several nasty cases of umbrella stealing will be reported from the Clubs.

Tuesday.—There is a great chance of a wet day. Umbrella stealing will continue, and much bad language will be used in smoking-rooms.

Wednesday.—The odds are in favour of its pouring cats and dogs. Thousands, in their eagerness to buy *Punch*, will leave their umbrellas at home.

THE REJECTED OF ROME.

A "PRESBYTER" (High) "ANGELICANUS"
Would, forthwith, turn *Sacerdos Romanus*,
"If you'd only agree
To admit us," says he,
"Not requiring to first reordain us."

We own English Orders? *Profanus!*
Ineptus, insulsus, insanus!
Did he verdure espy
In the living POPE's eye?
Stupidissimus asinus vanus!

Speaking Out.

PUNCH finds this advertisement in a provincial paper:—

WANTED, a GENERAL SERVANT, one who can neither Read nor Write preferred. She must be clean, obliging, willing, and honest. Good wages given.—Apply personally, to M., Post Office, &c.

Would cleanness, obligingness, willingness, and honesty be any the worse *with* reading and writing? Let us hope that, if the former qualifications were found in the applicant to "M.", the reading and writing would not be fatal—disqualifications!

Notice.

As the recent discussion about Crossed Cheques has produced a state of anxious agitation, difficult to describe, among several nervous elderly Ladies and amiable Clergymen, it is requested that all Cheques, about which there may be any hesitation as to their immediate destiny, be made payable to *Mr. Punch* or order, Fleet Street, without crossing of any kind.



A POINT UNSETTLED IN HISTORY.

Lucy (to her elder Sister, who has just been relating a thrilling Episode in the Life of William Tell). "AND WAS THE LITTLE BOY ALLOWED TO EAT THE APPLE AFTERWARDS?"

COLLISION EXTRAORDINARY.

COLLISIONS at sea are, as every one knows, but too common, though they usually occur when one or the other of the vessels is urging on a wild career with supreme indifference to the fate of any unlucky craft that may happen to be in the way. The disaster of the *Strathclyde* has taught us that broad daylight, smooth sea, and unimpeded sight of the vessel into which you are driving, are no securities against running down. But we had yet to learn that not even the fact of both ships being at anchor will prevent vessels from indulgence in their favourite pastime. In the Wrecks and Casualties report of last week we read:—

"GRAVESEND, Feb. 27.—The *Dorothy*, of Sunderland, from Newcastle for Marseilles, has returned from the Downs with damage, having been in collision with the *Toivotaar* (barque), CAPTAIN LINDELL, from Shields for Genoa. Both vessels were at anchor at the time (midnight) in the Downs. The *Toivotaar* has received considerable damage to quarter, &c."

If we feel profoundly puzzled how the *Franconia* came to run into the *Strathclyde*, we are still more curious to learn by what perverse capacity for mischief the *Dorothy*, at anchor, managed to run into the luckless *Toivotaar*, at anchor too. At all events, the occurrence goes far to justify MR. HUNT's assertion that collisions "will" occur.

RUM 'UNS FROM ROMSEY.

(A Rural Roundelay. See "Hants Independent.")

THE chap as for his feller feels
Is one as 'ool bemoan
The loss of are another's pigs
As thof they wuz his own.
Ah, you and me, mates, knows what 'tis
Pigs of our own to keep!
A case in Porchmouth County Court
Must meak all hearers weep.

There did Pigdealer HOLIDAY
Pigdealer OSMAN soo
For five disazed pigs sold for sound,
On a warranty untrue.
'A s'ore to Romsey on the Mud
'A went last Romsey Fair,
And dealt wi' un for thirty swine,
And bought 'um of un there.

Gie'd fower pound iteen shill'ns apiece,
And the seller a said, says he,
"I warrand them there pigs all right;
If they baint, I'll meak 'um be."
The pigs that night to HOLIDAY
At Fareham come by train,
They sim'd all right for all he zee,
But praps 'a couldn't zee plain.

Next marn 'a found their stummicks fail,
Their happy tights all flown,
They'd nuther touch milk, nor barley-
male
Ate up, and 'oodn't lay down.
Fust one on 'um died a nateral death,
Soon fower moor went the same.
Some says, for Hampshire sassidges,
That Romsey'll arn a name.

Poor Plaintive to Southampton hied,
He there Defendant zee,
And said, "This here's a purty job
Into as you've let me."
Too late 'a went the cheque to stop
For his ity-zeven pound,
Zo 'a went to laa for the fourteen ten
'A'd paid for the hogs unsound.

Defendant, on his 'davy s'orn,
Pigs' warranty denied.
'Bout pigs when dealers disagrees,
The jury must decide.
That's what the Judge his Honour said,
So they for OSMAN found,
And HOLIDAY lost them there five pigs,
And moor nor voverteen pound.

Now Romsey is a noted plect
For beer and likewise drought.
What haven' a ben to Romsey manes
Is well know'd hereabout.
Oft, whilst the rhwoad to Romsey's
straight,
'Tis zigzag back from there,
Mind that, whenever ye gooz to dale
In pigs at Romsey Fair.

Ancient Drinking Customs.

ONE of the officials of the Corporation of Lostwithiel fills the agreeable, but responsible office of "Ale-taster." The existence of Ale-tasters, probably, also, of Wine and Spirit-tasters, is quite within the bounds of possibility, not only in the unreformed Corporations, so amusingly shown up by SIR CHARLES DILKE, but may we venture to suggest in some of the reformed ones also. How about our Venerable Civic Corporation itself?

LEAP YEAR READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.—*La femme propose, Dieu dispose.*

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(In which the bubble bursts, and the Public is made acquainted with the real facts of the case.)



UT of the question to say, "Dear Sir," until I have received the necessary funds to carry on the war. What is a man without his sinews? Nothing. "No song, no supper!" no cheque, no chatter. That's my motto. Those, Sir, are my sentiments.*

'Tis early morning. The dews are falling—(why do I use this word? Strange! Heaven gives the earth its dew every morning and evening; and yet, Sir, why do I not receive my *dew* from you? I cough this playfully, but I mean what I say)—the Indians are snoring round the camp-fire, my Noble Sportsman is asleep. He little dreams that when he awakes and calls for his most faithful and most loyal companion, that his summons will not be answered. No, I must away! I cannot own to my Illustrious Friend that I have come to my last rupee! I cannot borrow.

Do you ask me *why* I cannot? Ask your own heart, if you have one.†

And I who have done so much for my country! Alas! how does History repeat itself! Did not an ungrateful people make CÆSAR himself sit in a swamp all night until he caught the cramp, from which he never fully recovered? Was not HANNIBAL, the liberator of his country, put under a burning-glass off Syracuse, and scorched to death by his own admirals? What was the end of POMPEY? What of HELIOGABALUS? What of IVANITCH THE FIRST OF RUSSIA, whose near relation, the chief of the M'SCATCHITT clan of Scotland, was also cruelly rewarded by his own ingrate countrymen? Not to mention examples, how about MAC ASSAR THE THIRD and ROWLAND O'DONTO, surnamed "the Dandy," tenth King of Trim, Ireland?‡

However, so be it! Farewell the tented field! Farewell the elephant-hunt, and the death-struggle with the tiger! Farewell the private scandal and the secret history of our life in India! Ha! Sir, do you not now regret not having forwarded me the paltry dross? Why, if you liked to come to terms now, aye, at the last moment, I could a tale unfold of Indian life behind the scenes which would make each particular porcupine stand on end, and send up your circulation to the highest degree on the journalistic thermometer. Six thousand a second would be your sale. But there are two sides to every question.

My esteemed and Royal Friend has but to say to me, "Don't!" and, on my word of honour—unless you make it very well worth my while, by placing £20,000 to my account at once, and getting me a free pass to the South of Lusitania (where there are some charming spots for a literary man to live in)—I say, on my word of honour and of loyalty, I would not (except on the conditions just mentioned) allow a single word of all this to pass my lips. But let me remind you there are other firms, besides your publisher's, who know the value of this offer. But I would rather, for old friendship's sake, that you were first in the field; so if you want to realise thousands, send a boy on receipt of this with twenty-five pounds on account. §

* The cheque was sent, was received, and was cashed. We know all about it now, and so shall the patient public.—Ed.

† The evident reply to Our Correspondent's question, "Why cannot I borrow?" is, of course, "Because no one would be such a donkey as to lend you anything." We know Our Man by this time.—Ed.

‡ In spite of all that has happened, and of all that may happen, we shall always regret that a gentleman of such historical learning and research should have so utterly thrown himself away as the public will subsequently learn he has done. We willingly admit that so accomplished and erudite a scholar would be an ornament to any society. Alas! poor Yorick! —Ed.

§ Here Our Correspondent at last let the cat out of the bag. In his eagerness to secure the money, he wrote, as may be seen, "send a boy on receipt of this"—forgetting that his letter was supposed to be written in India. We secured the envelope. It was stamped *Gravesend*! We took steps accordingly. Gravesend is associated with the place wherein to "spend a happy day!" We know Our Man now. Attendees! —Ed.

I am bidding farewell to my old and faithful *Sunderbund* (a kind of Indian valet), who has served me most faithfully ever since my arrival. The poor fellow is weeping bitterly.*

It is a heartbreaking scene. Our *Tattie* is packed. I have given away my last new pair of *palankeens*, with India-rubber straps, made by the best Indian tailor, to my old *Suwarree* (Indian cook), while my pistols, I am presenting, as a *souvenir* instead of wages (for as to wages, like "two into one," I can't), to my trusty *Patarra* (a kind of gamekeeper), the truest shot in India.†

I suppose I must bid farewell to my Illustrious Friend, even if I run the risk of having the bootjack thrown at me; for this he will do when suddenly roused from sleep.

My elephant, and camels, and Arab steed await me. I must depart without noise, and get down to the coast. Away! Ah, the weeping Nautch girls! Muffle the tom-tom! Adieu! This is my last morning in India . . . unless before I embark I receive a telegram from Gravesend to say, "All right—cash paid—stay on the tour—see it out!" in which case duty before pleasure, and I will stay, and write you all particulars.

Oh, Sir, as you are great, be merciful! For the sake of my poor widowed mother! for the sake of my bedridden children and my disconsolate wife, to whom your harsh conduct would be a death-blow! for the sake of my family name! do not, do not proceed to extremities!‡ I admit it all. Let me tell my story. You wanted a first-rate Correspondent. I am *that*. You will own so much, I know. Sir, I was on my way out—I mean I had packed up, and was (for economy's sake) carrying my valise myself, down Regent Street, in order to reach Charing Cross Station, when an intelligent Hindoo, to whom I have often given a penny, thereby saving a dirty boot, touched his turban, said "Salaam, Sahib!" and offered to carry my small portmanteau for a trifle. While arguing with him the simple point of remuneration for his services, I told him the object of my journey. Ah! unhappy wight! Treacherous Black! The glitter of his eye fascinated me! the cunning of his suggestion floored me! "Sahib," he hissed in my ear, "Why Sahib go? RUMMUM PAL BOSHTABBA" (himself he meant) "can toll the Sahib all he wants to know. RUMMUM toll him all Indian words—everything that go on in his own country, all true, on RUMMUM PAL's head be it! Den Sahib save the money for his poor little child and fader and moder, and his whitey wifey, and live happy ever after! Who will know? RUMMUM PAL not tell! Swaree! Takum Affa Dava, RUMMUM no split on Sahib!"

Was not this a tempting offer? It was.

It was too much for me. Home ties held me. I went to Gravesend. RUMMUM PAL came down every evening after his dirty work was done to do dirtier.

Sir, I have been betrayed. You have also suffered. RUMMUM's Indian words were all humbug. So was he.

One evening, when, in consequence of some inexplicable delay on your part, the usual supply did not arrive, the RUMMUM became very angry. He came the worse for liquor; he got worse and worse for liquor as the night wore on. He would not give me any Indian words. He insisted upon receiving all the money himself—may I never again have to do with such an unprincipled vagabond—and because I would not yield a point (for with me, on honour, a bargain is a bargain), he became violent, dashed his turban on the ground, whirled his broomstick round his head, and exclaiming, "Hurroo for owld Oireland!" upset the whiskey and rushed at me.

I was one too many for him, and encountered him with the poker. We parted, and I have not seen him since. When we next meet, I shall have great pleasure in handing him over to the police, as I consider that you, Sir, have serious cause of complaint against him, and so have I.

My letters would have ceased there and then, but for my happening to meet your boy, who had just purchased an Indian Dictionary, and was taking it back to you. § I asked him to stay while I looked

* A *Sunderbund* is "a forest tract on the Delta of the Ganges." Vide our Dictionary, on which we are now certain we can perfectly rely. But we are not to be taken in—in fact, we never were; we always said we mistrusted him.—Ed.

† Once for all we unmask the deceiver. *Tattie* is not a trunk or portmanteau, but a "screen of glass placed in a window and cooled by water!" Everyone knows what a *palankeen* is, though more often spelt *palanquin*; everyone knows it's not a garment of any description. And, finally, a *patarra* is no more a gamekeeper than a tom-cat, being, in fact, "a pair of boxes slung on a bamboo." So much for Buckingham! Off with his head! —Ed.

‡ This change of note is attributable to the sudden appearance of our Head-clerk, with a Police-officer, just as Our Correspondent and the missing Boy (whom we sent, months ago, to buy a Dictionary) were leaving his cottage to go out for a row on the river.—Ed.

§ Our office is in Fleet Street. Why did our Boy go to Gravesend for an Indian Dictionary? —Ed.

We have just asked him this very question. The Boy (who is a good lad enough) replies, "Because I'd always 'eard as hinjun dikshonaries was cheaper down at Gravesend." This looks like truth. The Boy, at his age, could not have invented such a falsehood. We shall retain him on the establishment, and deduct the half-sovereign.—Ed.

out a word. He stayed. I looked out several words. He is here now. I surrender him. He is not a bad boy, though. were I you, I would not implicitly trust *all* he says, especially when he is speaking about *me*. The Indian Dictionary is, I regret to say, lost. I took it to church by mistake for my prayer-book, and left it in the pew. When I went to afternoon service it had disappeared. *So much for piety!* I am now ready to go out to India, or wherever you like to send me. But, believe me, in all your establishment you have not a truer or more faithful Correspondent than has been ever

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.*



* The Clerk and the Policeman returned with the Boy. The Boy owned to having spent the ten shillings. He never bought any Dictionary. He *now* says that he went down with the money to Rosherville "to spend a happy day." There, he says, he met Our Representative. The Boy (who is a brave little fellow) attacked him, and charged him with ingratitude to his employer. Our Representative retaliated, and threatened to take the Boy to the nearest police-court. The case was serious, and the Boy's mother interfered. The Boy was induced to remain with eight-and-sixpence at Gravesend. His mother received eightpence, and left. Our Correspondent took the money, saying he would give the Boy a weekly allowance of twopence. He kept his word so far as to give the Boy an I O U for that amount every Saturday. We believe the Boy, and have blamed the Policeman for not having brought up the principal offender, who has now absconded. However, on behalf of his afflicted family mentioned in his appeal, we have written a full and free pardon.

P.S.—On inquiry we find that Our Correspondent has not got a wife, or a mother, or a father, or any children at all. We have been imposed upon, but it is for the last time. "Never again with you, Robin!"—ED.

PAVING THE WAY.

The Clerical Mrs. Partington on the Burials Question.

"We shall give our staunch and unqualified opposition to the resolution of MR. OSBORNE MORGAN."—MR. DISRAELI to the Deputation.

"Nature will prove too strong even for a Conservative majority."—*Times*.

BRAYVO, my dear BENJAMIN! Bless you! Such words is the sort I assure you

To settle them dratted Dissenters. You stick to that text and you're right!

No Surrender's the only safe standing. So don't you allow 'em to lure you,

From the proper Conservative posture, as gives you a pull in the fight!

Nonconformity's getting a nuisance; and as for that horrid O. MORGAN,

Cremation's the best I can wish him—the sooner the better I say. Equality's rubbish; the cry of each tuppenny tub-thumping organ. And means what that darling EARL FEVERSHAM patly called "paving the way."

As certainly no "good intentions" to us, or to anything proper, Don't form any part of that pavement, although its direction's the same

As—but, there, I don't wish to speak strong, not at all! but we must put a stopper

On plans whose prime mover's a Person I'm always unwilling to name.

For whatever that bragian JENKINS, as bothered poor dear MR. COOK so,

May say in his nasty stuckupishness, I'm too Conservative far

To give up my Satan, though Science our Church's foundation has shook so,

Resolving all faiths' into Sun-Myths, and him I suppose to a Star!

But none of your sly "educating," no "leaps in the dark," dearest DIZZY!

"Moderation" may sound very nice, but it often means pulling up stakes.

Your talk of "discussion" and "reason," with MIAL and MORGAN so busy,

Remembering what I remember, I own sich talk gives me the shakes.

The question did ought to be safest, as EGERTON says, with the Tories.

Which why to be buried like Christians the Tubthumpers can't be content,

Fogs me. But the fact is, their aim is to strip us of all our old glories,

And that, my dear DIZZY, is why I would have you so down on Dissent.

As to saying that Nature's against us, that's gammon! She knows herself better.

They'd make her a Rad, if they could, with their science and freedom and stuff.

They envies our Church her position, and does their black best to upset her.

Concession! It's not to be thought of; they're truckled to more than enough!

Keep 'em out! That's the watchword, dear BEX. The thin end of the wedge they'd be driving;

They've horrid "ulterior objects"—as doubtless to you is beknown.

To sweep back this deluge of dirty Dissent I have long been a-striving,

And if you will aid Me and my Mop, I have hopes we may yet hold our own!

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

PAPERS TO BE READ.

Antiquaries.—"On an Ancient Venetian Mile-stone."

Asiatic.—"On the Discovery of a new variety of Chutnee."

Astronomical.—"On some Indications of Adulteration in the Milky Way."

"On Theatrical Stars."

Botanic.—"On Flowers of Speech."

Clinical.—"On Breakfast in Bed."

Entomological.—"On Black Beetles."

"On Spelling Bees."

Horticultural.—"On the Connection of Rainy Days with Flower-Shows."

Institute of British Architects.—"On Aërial Castellated Structures."

Medical and Chirurgical.—"On the Symptoms of Insanity to be detected by Dissection in the March Hare."

Mathematical.—"On 'The Loves of the Triangles.'"

Meteorological.—"Biographical Notices of the Clerks of the Weather from the earliest period of the Weather Record."

Numismatic.—"On the French Forms of Change for a Sovereign."

Pharmaceutical.—"On Money as a Drug."

New Shakspeare.—"Was SHAKESPEARE acquainted with the First Four Rules of Arithmetic?"

"On the Traces in SHAKESPEARE's later Plays of his Knowledge of the Semitic Languages."

"On two proposed Emendations in *Hamlet*—

a. "Twas caviare to the General."

b. "An eye like Ma's, to threaten and command."

Statistical.—"Tables showing the Number of Proposals made by Ladies to Gentlemen in the Leap Years of the Present Century, and their results."

Zoological.—"On the Gregarious Habits of Birds of a Feather."

[Secretaries of Learned Societies will confer a favour by giving early intimation of forthcoming Papers.]

UNITED AT LAST!

*A Novelette for the Drawing-Room and the Kitchen.*CHAPTER II.—*All Right!*

It was a very happy party. EDWIN and FRANCES were seated at a table upon which was spread a snowy white cloth, upon which were placed some hot-house flowers. He was eating heartily; she was all aglow with excitement. In the background ATALANTA stood like a presiding genius, the very impersonification of contentment. The faithful creature was employed in removing the dishes. The soup had been praised; the fish had been excellent; the joint was on the table.

"Come," said EDWIN, "this is something like a dinner. I will be bound no dirty fork was used to remove this boiled beef from the pot to the dish."

"I should think not," replied the now happy mistress of the house, putting. "I followed the directions of the great master."

"You mean BUCKMASTER?" put in EDWIN.

"I do mean Mr. BUCKMASTER," replied FRANCES, smiling. "A piece of tape was tied round the joint. The dirty fork lets out the gravy."

"It is beautifully cooked!" murmured EDWIN.

"It is," returned his wife, with conscious pride. "Thoroughly agreeing with Mr. BUCKMASTER that it is a great mistake to keep the pot bubbling away, I got a receptacle large enough to receive the meat in, the clean soft water I had heated to about 190 degrees to receive it. The meat was boiled a quarter of an hour to every pound. I carefully (with the assistance of my faithful ATALANTA) removed the scum every now and then, and you see the result."

"I do indeed!" cried EDWIN, laughing merrily, and holding out his plate for a second helping. "How good the soup was!"

"Yes," murmured FRANCES, dreamily, "I followed the directions of Mr. BUCKMASTER. I put the meat in cold water, and set it on the hob to simmer for three or four hours."

"Did you say cold water, my angel? Another potato, please!" It was EDWIN who was speaking.

"Yes. The joint was plunged into hot water, the meat forming (with oatmeal) the nourishment of the soup, was thrown into cold.

In one case I wanted to keep the juices inside the joint, in the other to get the juices out into the soup. In future (following the advice of Mr. BUCKMASTER) I shall turn the liquid in which the meat is boiled into soup." This was said with a pretty little air of determination.

"How good these potatoes are!" cried EDWIN, enthusiastically. "I am sure you took the advice of Mr. BUCKMASTER on this subject, too?"

"I am not ashamed to say I did," was the reply of the sweet young wife. "I selected potatoes of the same size and same variety. I washed and scrubbed them with a hard brush."

"Did you remove the skin before cooking?"

"Certainly not," she cried. "If I had, all the delicate flavour of the potatoes would have been lost. If a raw potato is peeled, the part giving the distinctive taste of the different varieties—which lies just under the skin—is wasted. No, Sir, I packed them as tightly as possible in a saucepan, and covered them with the smallest quantity of rain-water. I brought them quickly to the boil, and when they did boil I set them aside till they were tender. I soon ascertained that they were tender by using a knitting-needle—not, mark me, a dirty fork. When I knew that the potatoes were indeed tender, I put them on the fire to boil for two or three minutes quickly. Then I poured all the water I could away, gave the potatoes a shake, and took off the lid to allow the remainder of the water to evaporate. Then, and not until then, the potatoes were peeled, and sent up to table."

EDWIN was silent for a long time, thinking deeply and gravely; then he rose from the table, went to his desk and wrote a short note. All this while FRANCES was watching him anxiously and eagerly. Then he came to her, and smilingly placed the letter in her fair hands.

"My soul!" he murmured, as he embraced her, "it is my resignation of the Club. In future I dine at home

with a darling little angel who knows how to cook. Thanks to Mr. BUCKMASTER's teaching, this is now a happy house—and, darling, we are united at last!"

Our story is over. EDWIN and FRANCES (now MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS OF BROMPTON AND ISLINGTON) are the most contented couple to be found in the pages of *Burke*—their dinners are the



MR. PUNCH'S DRESS DESIGNS (AFTER NATURE).

COSTUME DU SOIR—ROBE EN HOMARD.

[A Suggestion for Tight Dresses.]



CIVIL SERVICE STORES.

"WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, MADAM? ROYAL COMMISSION?—SELECT COMMITTEE?—PAPERS?—CAREFUL CONSIDERATION?—OFFICIAL INQUIRY? ANYTHING TO OBLIGE!"

theme of admiration for miles and miles round their many country seats. As for ATALANTA, that faithful creature learned the theory of Cookery, went to Canada, and married a wealthy farmer. She has her box at the Opera at Toronto, and her husband keeps a pack of hounds.

And now let us drop the puppets, lower the curtain, blow out the lights, and—with MR. BUCKMASTER as our guide—cheerfully and comfortably to dinner.

NE QUID NIMIS.



1827

1876

DEAR OLD PUNCH, Now do be reasonable—and don't scold so. You know it is absurd to expect us to make ourselves pretty—and we do make ourselves lovely only for you horrid men—without destroying something or other. Of course I don't want to hurt the dear little Robins though I believe they deserve their name—though what they would say at the Spelling Bee if I spelt Robbing without a *g* or Robin with two *b's* if it comes to that I don't know—but goodness gracious you know you really make us out too awfully cruel and I cannot think why for surely tropical birds were not meant to waste their beautiful plumage on savages or their desert hair and after all when our first parents, I don't mean anything profane you know, committed their first sin their first thought was dress and beasts meant birds

one would think though perhaps as salt was not discovered it might be difficult for ADAM and EVE to put any on their tails.

Dear dear I fear there are no stops but I am in such a hurry to go to the Rink and I must tell you, you old dear, what I think and that is that nobody cries out about the poor silkworms who spin their own catacombs for us or the dear little cochineal insects or the shivering lambs or the thousand and one animals that lay down their lives gratefully at the shrine of Beauty, no that's nonsense but you know what I mean and though as I said before I am sure I would not have darling Robins and those sweet nightingales shot to put in my hat I hope we shall not have any of my sex shrieking about the innocent Bombyx or the ill-used Ostrich which after all are to be pitied for it must be painful after weaving so much silk and growing such beautiful feathers to be unrolled or plucked just when you have succeeded in producing your best, and if the silk was meant for our use surely the beautiful scarlet and green and purple, and blue sheen were not intended only to adorn the virgin forests—oh! and I quite forgot all the chirpy little squirrels and *petit-gris*, is that a weasel a squirrel or a rat? which must have multiplied by millions you know lately for it takes nearly a hundred and fifty skins to make one of the mantles we wear and you know everybody does and we could not go without. Is that cruel too? I suppose it is somehow or other but then there are chops and outlets and dear me I suppose I am very hard-hearted but nothing will ever make me turn vegetarian. There's CHARLIE'S knock! Ta-ta, you dear old thing you.

Ever your admiring subscriber,

EDITH ROSAMOND SPARROWHAWK.

The Eagle's Nest, Falconbridge.

Celestial Cruelty.

THE Chinese have a Board of Rites called *Li-pu*, which has lately published an edict to the effect that brides of Mandarins are not to wear more than eight ornaments (it says nothing about bridesmaids, by the way). What would become of our brides, and their châte-laines, lockets, and bangles, under such cruel sumptuary restrictions? Li-pu Board of Rites, indeed! Had we anything of the kind here, English Daughters-in-love and Mothers-in-law would call them a Board of Wrongs.

VIVISECTION.

Old Lady Day.

SIR,

No less than forty-eight Mayors, some of them old Mayors—and so perhaps or no further use except to the knacker or vivisection—protest against the cruelty of Vivisection, and call on Parliament to legislate against “the existing evil.” I can sympathise with them, and hope they will succeed in neutralising, by law, the philosophic curiosity and cruelty of Students.

Never be afraid, Sir, to ride your “Cockhorse” to our “Cross,” to pay me a visit. I will protect from the dangers of vivisection your horse, and as many Mayors—equine or asinine—as you like to bring.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

THE OLD WOMAN.

Banbury, Feb. 29, 1876.

P.S.—Why do they not enlist in their cause the *mères* and *com-mères*, as well as the Mayors?

Christendom was once “our hell” as well as that of “dumb animals” (see advertisement). Cruel wretches used to vivisection us after they had hanged or drowned us as witches. THE O. W.

The Old Woman encloses the following advertisement, to which we gladly give publicity:—

REASONS AGAINST THE SCIENTIFIC TORTURE OF ANIMALS, most respectfully addressed to the Members of the House of Commons, shortly to be engaged in the consideration of the question of Vivisection:—

Because it cannot be justified without justifying the scientific torture of man. To torture a man is not wrong on the ground that he is intelligent or immortal, but only because he has a sensitive body; and the same is true of all vertebrate animals.

Because it cannot be practised without an immediate hardening of heart to students who grow up under it, and a spreading demoralisation in the community.

Because in particular it becomes impossible to punish boys for indulging their boyish curiosity by cruel experiments, when philosophers indulge their philosophic curiosity by experiments prodigiously more cruel. So that if a philosopher may try how many minutes it takes to bake a dog to death, or what amount of torture suffices to alienate his affection, rude man cannot be punished for trying which of two animals has greater endurance of wounds.

Because a medical degree is at best a test of intellectual attainment, not of gentleness, patience, and wisdom; and since one heartless man who has taken a medical degree can torture in living death tens of thousands of dogs, cats, and rabbits, no licence of torture can safely, wisely, or justly be granted to any one by virtue of his degree or station.

Because the increasing use of more and more artificial apparatus for ingeniously torturing our helpless, harmless, and innocent creatures, has been accompanied with an increasing tendency in the medical profession to approve of and promote artificial impurity in the blood and in morals; cruelty, recklessness, and impunity going hand in hand; so that we are threatened with demoralisation of a complicated order from the profession which ought simply to minister to health.

Because it cannot be proved that any truth of science worth knowing is not attainable by legitimate observations and experiments which involve no cruelty, and especially by observations upon human beings.

Because in particular it is denied by competent medical authorities that the circulation of the blood and the function of the nerves were discovered by vivisection; while other eminent persons have avowed that this cruel practice has perpetuated error and distracted students from truer modes of discovery.

Because it is not even pretended that the cruelties aim directly at the relief of human suffering. Avowedly they aim at science, that is, at the gratification of curiosity; any relief to man from it is only contingent and barely possible, and to judge by results may rather be called a fiction and a fraud.

Because Christendom has long since been taunted by the nations beyond as the hell of dumb animals, and Christianity must be eternally and fatally disgraced if nations called Christian allow the perpetration of these heart-rending enormities under any pretext whatever.

Issued by the Birmingham Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. H. F. GOODSON, Hon. Sec.

It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the softness of heart—and head—at the bottom of the present vehement horror of Vivisection. The Commission's Report recommends the wise course, regulate, but do not prohibit. Prevent the abuse of Vivisection, but in the name of Science and Humanity do not deprive the world of the use of it.

Admiralty Maxim.

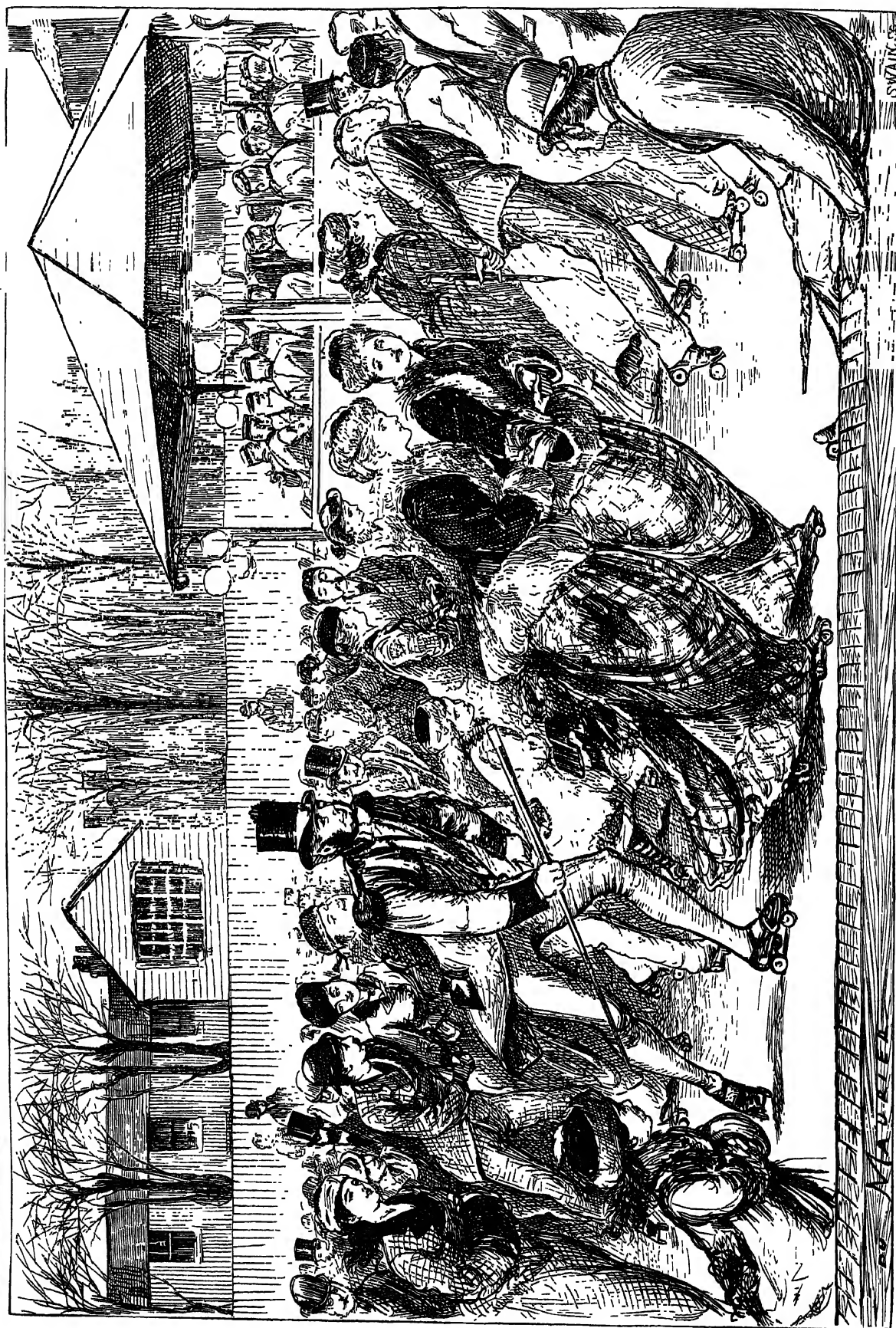
(As Translated by the RIGHT HON. W. H.)

FIAT Justitia (?), ruat cælum. “Let Justice be done, though EVANS come to grief.”

FAIRLY WALKED OFF HIS FEET.

MRS. MALAPROP writes to sympathise with poor PAXSON WESTON on his great walking feet having come off! She doesn't wonder at it, considering the awful amount of work they have had!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 11, 1876.



JOHN THOMAS TO THE RESCUE!

RINK SOCIETY IN THE PROVINCS IS APT TO BE RATHER MIXED. AT ALL EVENTS, LADY FITZ-TOPPINGTON THINKS SO, AND WILL NOT HEAR OF HER FAIR DAUGHTERS' SKATING WITHOUT SUCH ATTENDANCE AS BEFITS THEIR RANK AND STATION.



LAST MATCH OF THE SEASON.

EXCITING RACE.—JUMPING IN ULSTERS! BY GENTLEMEN AMATEURS! (*Umbrellas "de Rigueur"!*)

FOG-SIGNALS.

MR. PUNCH has picked up a pocket-book (with the initials W. H.), containing nothing (as far as he can make out) of any value to anybody, including the owner. In the hope of identification, he publishes a portion of these contents—rough copies, apparently, of what would seem to be letters. No signatures are attached in any case.

(Private.)

DEAR ADMIRAL T*****

OF course you could not be expected to be on deck in your position, and I don't blame you the least for being below when the collision took place. Try not to do it again.

(Private.)

SIR,

WHAT the devil do you mean by being below when your Commanding Officer was not on deck? If you had not slowed your ship, you might have gone right through the other, and in the fog we should never have heard more of her. Now we shall have to make an example of you, as ADMIRAL T***** did of WILMOT, when he ran his ship ashore.

(Private.)

SIR,

WHAT, in Heaven's name, do you mean by thinking, when you ought to have been below instead of on deck—no, I mean ought to have been on deck instead of in the tops? You did it for the best, indeed! Why did you not follow the example of your Captain, and do as he did? Had you drowned yourself, it would have been better for us all.

(Private.)

DEAR CAPTAIN,

OF course you know best. There is no doubt that, if the Captain's place on board the *Iron Duke* was on deck, your place on the *Vanguard* was below. If the Admiral was right in not being on deck, which cannot be contradicted, then LIEUTENANT E—ought

to have known better than to remain out of his cabin. You are not to blame any more than the fog.

(Private.)

MY DEAR G*****

I AM in a fog. That is, they were in a fog. Do tell me who ought to have been on deck and who below? When an Admiral is below, ought the Captain to be in his berth? Has a Lieutenant in charge any right to leave the wheel, or may he remain in the galley? Answer me these questions at once, or I shall be in a fix.

LOVELINESS BY LIMELIGHT.

"During the PRINCE OF WALES's visit to Agra, the Taj Mahal was illuminated by coloured lamps and limelight, with results as little pleasing to the senses as to aesthetic sentiment. Malodorous fumes from myriads of oil lamps and Will-o'-the-Wisp illumination suggestive of a Crystal Palace firework 'set-piece' on a windy night, could hardly have enhanced the native beauty of the place, or—one would think—the pleasure of the Prince."—*Our Own (indignant)*.

UXORIOUS SHAH JEHAN, could you return

To view the peerless tomb your love created,
How would your Eastern blood within you burn,
To see that sacred shrine so desecrated!

The snowy marble must have blushed for shame.

Better decay like Tadmor's should, with time, light
Upon that fairy dome, than it should flame.

A la Cremorne, with coloured lamps and limelight!

Were Sahibs snobs that they should do this thing,

Where the East's Marble Miracle reposes,—
A dream of "mist and moonbeams" glistening;

Amidst its clustering cypresses and roses?

A Prince's Progress has its needs, no doubt;

Yet is there not a dash of something sad in

Thought of the lovely Taj tricked, tawdry, out,

Like—Covent Garden, when they play *Aladdin*?

AURINKULAR CONFESSIONS.

(By Witnesses examined before Mr. Punch's own Royal Commission.)



THE HONOURABLE MR. DAWDLE confesses he thinks Rinking rather fun than otherwise. Does not skate himself. Likes to drop in, don't you know, and look at other fellows.

MISS AURORA GUSHINGTON does not mind confessing that she dotes upon the Rink. Thinks it quite too awfully jolly. Is not very strong, and gets knocked up by dancing. Can skate for hours and hours—at least, when CHARLES is with her.

CAPTAIN HAR-DUPPE (unattached) skates because it's cheap. Can't afford to hunt, or to play rackets, or tennis. Rinking only costs you eighteenpence a day. Cheapest exercise there is, and never wears one's boots out as one does by walking.

LADY SHORTCOMMONS confesses, with a blush, that, as the mother of six daughters, she looks upon the Rink as quite a heavenly institution. Girls must have amusement, or they get out of sorts, and even out of temper. Now skating is so economical a way of taking exercise, and quite as fashionable as riding, which is so expensive. Besides, there are always some eligible young men now at the Rink, and who knows but an attachment may spring up from a premeditated tumble. Really, don't you know, a Rink is quite as suited for flirtation as a ball-room; and there's no expense incurred for bouquets or evening dresses.

MR. SLOWCOACH confesses he objects to this new-fangled amusement. Thinks it quite un-English to go skating in summer-time. Seems to him like flying in the face of Nature.

MR. DASHERTON confesses he goes in for Rinking a good deal. Has averaged five hours a day for the last six months. Doesn't care much for the skating—in fact, considers it a bore. But likes meeting girls one knows, you know, and having larks and chaffing with them.

MR. BONESETTER confesses that, professionally speaking, he much approves of this new fashion of skating upon wheels, for it has brought him several highly interesting cases. Asphalte is more dangerous to tumble on than ice; accidents, though personally pitiable, are professionally paying.

MISS OGLEWELL confesses she loves Rinking. Those little ducks of hats are so delightfully becoming, and a short skirt looks so well when one has pretty feet and ankles. It's really, don't you know, almost as awfully nice as valseing. Indeed, in one respect, it's nicer, for if one feels timid one needn't be ashamed of leaning upon somebody.

CAPTAIN RATTLECASH thinks Rinking a good spec. He has helped to get up heaps of Rinks, and, as a promoter, of course has helped himself to something handsome.

MR. SPOONLEY confesses that he's awfully fond of Winking. Yes, he means to say Winking. Can't pronounce his R's well. Likes Winking better than waltzing. Comes a cwopper pwetty often. Hasn't fallen in love yet.

MISS DOLDRUMS confesses she thinks Rinking a sadly demoralising habit, and one likely to produce a most pernicious influence upon the female character.

MR. ADONIS WOBLEBY confesses, upon pressure, that although he is most brilliant in a ball-room, he does not shine on wheels. Has an uncommonly fine figure (for a fellow over forty), but rarely shows it on the Rink for fear of looking awkward.

MISS PRETTIPET confesses, with some shyness, that she delights in skating; that is to say, when she gets some one nice to teach her. Really, is so nervous that she dares not try alone, but can manage pretty well, if some one holds her by the hand. When one makes a slip, you know, he cannot well help squeezing it. (The last six words were spoken in so low a tone that the Witness was obliged, with great reluctance, to repeat them.)

SIR CHARLES DILKE AND THE CORPORATIONS.

ALAS, ye unreformed Municipalities,
With small venalities,
Saltash, Lostwithiel, Pevensy, and Wareham,
This harum-scarum

Young Baronet has tried you, taking notes
From the Land's End, it seems, to John o' Groat's,
And swears your members all are greedy sinners,
Who spend the public money upon dinners.

Certes, not quite un-English this proclivity

To free festivity:

GLADSTONE, in tones half menace and half pity,
Has told the City

That not for banquets did our fathers build
The deep foundations of the traders' Guild:
And who can doubt that all men will be learners
From WILLIAM's wise sayings to the Turners?

So Romney, with your very grave election *

(Then gay refection),

And Brading, with your Hall for Aldermen,
Eight feet by ten,†

And Plympton Earle, that sold the portrait rare
Of great SIR JOSHUA, your most famous Mayor,‡
Not very long the public shall you bilk:

Reform must follow on the words of DILKE.

* "The Corporators of New Romney sat round a tomb to elect their Mayor, and, locking the gate of the Church to keep the people out, declared themselves a public meeting of the inhabitants."

† "At Brading the Town Hall and the Stocks were the only outward and visible signs of the existence of the Corporation. The Town Hall was the smallest he ever saw, being only eight feet by ten."

‡ "SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was once Mayor of Plympton Earle, and, not being able on one occasion to attend the Corporation dinner, he sent down his portrait, painted by himself, to be put in his vacant place. It was afterwards hung in the Town Hall, but, after a long period had elapsed, the representatives of the Aldermen claimed that the portrait had not been given to the Corporation, but to the Aldermen as private individuals. They sold it, and it was now in the possession of LORD EGREMONT, at Silverton Park."

OUR LEVÉE.

By Command, a *Levée* was held yesterday afternoon at 85, Fleet Street, by H.R.H. PRINCE PUNCH (on behalf of HER MAJESTY).

The following Presentations were made:—

THE S-I-T-N, on his not paying his debts, by a Commissioner of Bankruptcy.

THE K-I-T-V-E, on his selling the Suez Canal (and the purchasers?) by a Stock Exchange Bear.

DON C-R-L-S, on his happy dispatch, by the Spanish nation.

MR. L-W-E, on his late heavy falls, both in Public Opinion, and on the asphalt, by the proprietor of the — Skating Rink.

B-R-N DE R-TUSCH-LD, on his obtaining his commission, by MR. L-W-E.

MR. W-R-D H-N-T, on his naval policy, by ADMIRAL T-R-L-T-N.

MR. G-L-D-S-T-N-E, on his Syllabus, by MR. D-S-R-L-I.

Several Conscientious, Painstaking People, on reading the Syllabus, by several other C. P. People.

MR. C-V-E, on his deliverance from Egypt, by the K-I-T-V-E.

SIR W-L-E-R-D L-W-S-N, on his great success in the character of J— M-I-L-L-R, by MR. A-L-L-S-P B-S-S.

DR. K-N-L-Y, on his having mercifully held his tongue this Session, by the SPEAKER.

Six other K-N-L-Ys, on their chances of being returned to Parliament, by their father.

MRS. PR-D-G-RS, on having ridden 1 mile 1759 yards for eighteenpence, by a Metropolitan Stipendiary Magistrate.

MRS. CR-W-SH-X, on her attempts to abolish maid-servants, by the grateful Head of a Family.

RISHMAYDAYKOOKOKLARMAN (Spelling-Bee Directors, beware!), on his splendid reception of the PR-NCE of W-L-S, by his taxed subjects.

MR. I-R-V-N-G, on his *Othello*, by S-G-N-R S-L-Y-N-I.

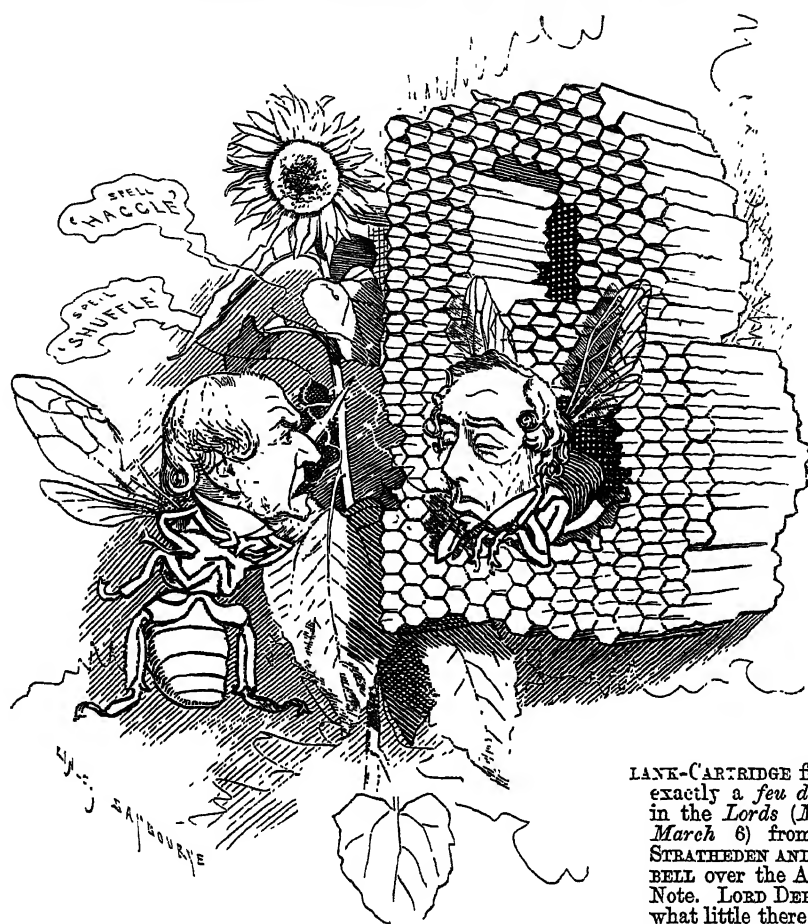
MR. T-L-E, on his refusing to play *Macbeth*, by MR. I-R-V-N-G.

The D-R-G-T-S of the W-S-T-M-N-S-T-Ag-R-R-M, on their laudable endeavours to promote the study of pisciology, by an instructed public.

Various Contributors to *Punch* (whose modesty will not allow of their names being printed), on the refining, enlightening, and edifying effect they produce on the world, by the aforesaid grateful world.

CRACK!—Reports of the Martini-Henry Rifle have been presented to Parliament. The most conclusive report is the Rifle's own.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LANE-CARTRIDGE fire—not exactly a *feu de joie*—in the Lords (Monday, March 6) from LORD STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL over the Andrassy Note. LORD DERBY said what little there is to be said, in a case where there is nothing to be done but to keep our eyes

open, mouths shut, and see what the SULTAN will send us. We couldn't keep our fingers out of the Turkey Pie when all the Great Powers were dipping theirs in; but it is a comfort to know we have not plunged them deeper than was inevitable, and than will allow us to take them out without soiling—it is to be hoped—or burning.

(Commons).—A night on the Suez Canal. The Government declines a partnership in the Egyptian National Bank. It has not declined to appoint, with France and Italy, one of three receivers of Egyptian revenue, with power to appropriate the needful out of Egyptian income, for payment of Egyptian debt. Unfortunately any dealing with the KHEDIVÉ flings our Government among the bulls and the bears. It is unlucky that our road to India should lie, not only through the Suez Canal, but through the dirty alleys of the Stock Exchange.

MR. GLADSTONE twitted the Government on the dismissal of SIR D. LANGE from the English agency of the Canal Company. M. DE LESSEPS wants to show he is still master of his own house, if England flatters herself she has bought the latch-key. MR. GLADSTONE thinks, as most people are likely to think, the publication of private and confidential despatches an inadvertence and an error, and suggested that the Government ought to intervene on behalf of an agent whose only fault was being too English.

MR. DISRAELI retorted with some irritation. SIR D. LANGE had not asked the intervention of Government. When he did it would be time to consider of action on his behalf. Two, and the most important, of his five Dispatches published, were not marked "private and confidential." Besides, LORD GRANVILLE had seen the Blue Book, and had not objected to their publication.

LORD HARTINGTON explained that the papers were sent to LORD GRANVILLE merely as an act of courtesy, and that he had not been consulted as to the propriety of the publication of SIR D. LANGE'S Dispatches.

Altogether, MR. DISRAELI did not come brilliantly out of the night's skirmish. The Bill to raise the Four Millions was read a Third Time.

In Committee of Supply on Army Estimates, SIR WILFRID poked fun at the increase of MR. HARDY'S little Bill; and MR. PEASE, with better taste and more sense, withdrew his Motion to knock off 10,000 men.

MR. HARDY defended his estimates gallantly. He hankers after MR. ANDERSON'S scheme for marking recruits in vaccination. And why not? There seems more prejudice than reason against such a plan of making a "marksman" of the British recruit. Of course, if outsiders *will* call such a mark a "brand," it sounds ugly, and is likely to be pooh-poohed. If it be adopted, officers should be marked as well as men.

An Irish row over the appointment of the Referee Committee. MR. SULLIVAN wanted more Irish Members on the Committee. MR. BUTT was not there to keep the "boys" in

order; and so SULLIVAN and O'GORMAN between them kept up the game, through seventeen divisions, till after four in the morning! Now "division," like love, may be

"The sowl of a nate Irishman,"

but Englishmen get tired of the sport, when begun unreasonably and kept up hopelessly.

MR. SULLIVAN ought to know better than discredit Ould Ireland by such "devilry," especially when all decent folks—even M.P.'s—want to be in bed. The pleasantest Club in London will lose its character if this sort of thing happens often. To be sure, the Home-Rulers are not particularly anxious to promote the harmony of its evenings.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD GRANVILLE disposed of MR. DISRAELI'S statement that he had sanctioned the publication of the Lange Despatches. LORD DERBY had to admit that no such sanction had been given. He added a lame defence of what remains, after all said and done, an official blunder, if no worse.

The best summary of the *pro* and *con*. on the subject of the Slave Circular that Parliament has yet obliged us with. LORD CAIRNS for the Government, LORD SELBORNE against. LORD SELBORNE'S argument clinches the case against Circular Number Two. Why not have substituted for it a declaration that we would *not* restore Fugitive Slaves, and leave the aggrieved Governments to look after their own Niggers? That's what it must come 'o, with more or less circumlocution.

(Commons).—Three talks on Wine Duties, Tralee Savings Bank Losses, and Railway Passengers Duty. Government won't give Select Committees on the two first (wonderful! Select Committees are *not* granted as asked, then); but to make up for the unexpected refusal, grants one on the third.

Wednesday (Commons).—Great rejoicings of Opposition. In the fight over MR. M'LAGAN'S Scotch Game Laws Bill, Government flogged by 172 to 150. First blood for the Opposition!

It is true it was a scramble. The Government didn't seem quite to know their own mind. The Bill was a decently good Bill, on a subject fertile of bad blood, and hard to handle reasonably. Scotch Members are not so easily driven as English, when the Government road is one they don't want to go.

It wasn't much of a victory, but the Opposition is thankful for small mercies in that way, and yelled vociferously at the announcement of the division.

Thursday (Lords).—An instructive talk on LORD SALISBURY'S Oxford Reform Bill. When their Lordships do talk to the point, their wisdom is wonderful. We seem in their high House to breathe a serener atmosphere than the hot, if breezy and healthy, breath of the Commons. But who are the "Idle Fellows" LORD SALISBURY is for waging such fierce war on? *Punch* would have said that Clerical fellows, as a rule, best answered the description. The danger seems to be that LORD SALISBURY'S Bill will hand over the University to the tender mercies of these very Clericals. If that is what LORD SALISBURY means by strengthening the University element, we would rather he strengthened the Colleges, by getting rid of the Clerical dry rot which now infests them, and left the University to take care of itself.

(Commons).—Queen or Empress? Which

is it to be? "Empress," says MR. DISRAELI, with much emphasis, yet with little force of logic, or reason of history. "Queen," says MR. GLADSTONE, with emphasis all the more effective for the pulse of patriotism and force of feeling that beat and glowed under his words.

The House, like the Country, is most anxious to avoid anything that shall have the appearance of interfering with HER MAJESTY'S choice of a title, still more of disapproving any title she may choose. But HER MAJESTY always feels with the Country. For her best title, if she still hesitates, we beg to refer her to our Cartoon, and to remind her of the additional reason she has given in favour of "Queen of the East," by her last week's visit to the London Hospital, and the womanly and motherly feeling which guided her kind hand to poor little KATIE AMBLER'S pale cheek.

Friday (Lords).—A good word for a good thing—LORD SHAFTESBURY on Training-ships—the most useful of machines (witness the boy-heroes of the *G. V.*), to work up the waste of our back slums into stout "fearnought"—about the best stuff going for wear and tear.

Government admits the need of able Seamen and the feasibility of converting our X. Y. Z.'s into A.-B.'s. The question is, who's to find the money? The Ship-owners, for whose use the article is manufactured, are not at all disposed to pay for it. JOHN BULL doesn't like to be asked to dip his hands in his pocket, though it would be cheaper, in the end, to turn street Arabs into sea-boys than into gaol-birds.

(Commons).—MR. BRASSEY on the same tack as LORD SHAFTESBURY. *Punch* is glad to hear that the Admiralty is ready to pay twenty-five pounds for every trained boy who joins the Navy, and three pounds for every Naval Reserve boy, and to provide three training-ships a year.

MR. BRASSEY, besides training-ships to look after the launching of our Jack-tars, wants a Pension Fund to provide for them when "laid up in ordinary"—their best berth, when disabled, now being the Workhouse.

Here again Government is welcome to do its utmost, but Ship-owners will not hear of a compulsory contribution. The Sailors' Friends must fall back on "Voluntary Contributions"—in other words, the generous must pay for the selfish.

"So was it ere my life began,
So is it, since I've been a man,
So will it be when I am gone!
Let SHAFTESBURYS, BRASSEYS, still work on!"

Altogether, this has been one of MR. DISRAELI'S bad weeks. He has treated the House, strange to say, to bad taste, bad temper, and stranger still, bad talk. MR. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, has been in rare force—quite a revival of the old man—

"The ARTHUR whom we knew,
From spur to crest a star of tournament."

THE 'VARSITY FGENERATOR.



APORES nostri furem dupli
condemnatum, feneratorum
quadrupli."—Cato.

THE 'Varsity Sixty-per-
center

Is a gay and genial
wight;

In parting with his money
He taketh great delight;
And is piously glad when
the Undergrad
At his gilded hook will
bite.

Some youth who go to
Cambridge

To sap for honour are
fain,

But the faster sort they
love their sport,

And the midnight oil
disdain,

Save that which lights
Unlimited Loo

And Van John's loss and
gain.

At pigeon-match and race-
course

They love to take the air,
They love to take the air,

And where they bet, "Hail fellow, well met!"

The Sixty-per-center's there:
For a loser rash he'll find the cash,
So nobody need despair.

These youthful Cantabs, gallant and gay,

Diversion merrily seek;

Both x and y they do defy,

And also Latin and Greek:

Who hard up would be found when twenty pound

Can be had for a pound a week?

So Cambridge has its Tattersall's:

Of course they choose the one day

When there's never a race or a lark in the place—

And life runs slow of a Sunday.

In his twentieth year what youth will fear

Don, Devil, or Mrs. GRUNDY?

Still, inquisitive people want to know

If really Alma Mater

Likes boys in their teens to waste their means,

And so heavily mulct poor *Pater*?

In their caps and gowns to be horsey clowns,

And slaves of the Fenerator?

And you, young Cambridge gowmsmen,

Distrust the genial cad

When out he totos his sheaf of notes,

Which for sixty per cent. may be had;

Such helps over stiles are the way to the dogs,

And such lifts short cuts to the bad.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

CONFIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

OUR Readers will learn with pleasure that negotiations have been entered into with an Authoress of great repute, as the representative of a certain school of fiction, for the immediate production of a Novel in this Journal. The Editor, in pursuance of his usual course of plain-spoken and open dealing between himself and the Readers of this paper, wishes to put them in possession, at once, of the circumstances attending this new arrangement. For reasons which will be appreciated in the proper quarter, he gives to the Public the correspondence that has passed between the gifted Authoress and himself, in lieu of preface to the forthcoming work, which he believes will prove itself to be the Authoress's *chef d'œuvre*—unsurpassed by any work of fiction within the present century.

PREFATORY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Editor to MISS RHODY DENDRON, Authoress of "*Good-bye, Sweet Turt!*" "*Red as a Nose is She*," "*Not Silly, but Don't Tell*," "*Cometh Down like a Shower*," &c., &c.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE not had the great pleasure of reading any of your charming Novels, but having heard from a great number of my fairest and liveliest friends that your works are "awfully good," I have determined upon asking you to give us something in your very best and most characteristic style. You understand, of course, the high moral tone which is required from all Contributors to this Journal, and I am certain that it will be your aim and object, as well as your greatest pride and truest pleasure, not only to adorn your tale, but also to point clearly and emphatically a *first-rate and unexceptionable moral*.

I remain, my dear Lady, yours, in most sincere admiration of your undoubted and acknowledged talents,

THE EDITOR.

To the Editor from MISS RHODY DENDRON, Authoress of "*Red as a Nose is She*," "*Not Silly, but Don't Tell*," "*Good-bye, Sweet Turt!*" "*Cometh Down like a Shower*," &c., &c.

DEAR SIR,

Do you object to tremendous Love interest? If not, I think I have the very thing for you.

Yours truly,

R. D.

From the Editor to MISS R. D.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,

I NEVER object to "tremendous interest," even up to fifty per cent. Yet permit me to observe, as a matter of business, that, when the interest is extraordinary, the risk is proportionately large. You will take this remark as made from a humorous point of view, and will have too much uncommon sense to be in the least offended. In fact, I am sure that I may leave the question of "Love interest" to your own good taste, delicate feeling, and excellent judgment.

With most profound respect for your genius, and every confidence in the result of our arrangement,

I beg to remain, &c., &c. (as before).

From MISS R. D. to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

I TAKE you at your word. You are willing to accept a high interest with proportionate risk. Of course I do not write for milk-sops, and I am sure that you would not wish either yourself or your

readers to come under *that* designation. My object is to raise a rosy cloud of Love and maddening witchery round you, to make your veins throb, and your pulse beat with ecstasy,* as I guide you onward, with my enchanter's wand-pen, into the very presence of divine ambrosial loveliness. Those who listen to the voice of this Syren, must prepare their palates for goblets of the vein-tingling nectar of the Gods and Demigods. I do *not* profess myself to be a demure Hebe serving out flabby toast and wishy-washy tea to sleek divines and weak effeminate milksops. As to "pointing a moral," my dear Sir, depend upon me for that. I am proud to say that there is not one of my novels which has not been written *with the highest possible aim*. All teachers of morality have not one uniform plan of inculcating their lessons. If you have not already made yourself acquainted with my method, you should do so without delay. *I consider the bargain concluded*, and the novel shall forthwith be commenced in your pages.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours, &c., R. D.

P.S.—Do you really mean to say you've never read my *Red as a Nose is She*? You should.

From the Editor to Miss R. D.

DEAR MADAM,

No, no, we are not milksops. On the contrary, no man whose daily literary *pabulum* is the *Revue des deux Mondes*, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's *Objections*, SCHLEGEL's *Philosophical History*, GÜNTHER's *Problemata*, and reviewing the latest Dysteleological arguments of Circulionist savans, with a cold bath every morning throughout the year, and the dumb-bells and leaping-bar to follow, can be much of a "milksop." The day is gone by for milksops. Give tapioca to the timid, steaks to the strong! Were there any "milksops" among our readers, I should request them to take their money back, as they would not find the food provided by *this* Journal of the "flabby toast" and "wishy-washy tea" description mentioned in your letter. I heartily agree with you, and, holding out the right hand of fellowship, I will order the agreement to be drawn out at once, and am yours strenuously and hardily, THE EDITOR.

P.S.—I couldn't get *Red as a Nose* at either MUDIE's or SMITH's. I suppose the run on it was enormous. Should like to read it. You might send me a presentation copy on toned paper.

From Miss R. D. to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter is highly satisfactory. Now I understand you. As you say, "Tapioca for the Timid," so I may be permitted to add Rice for the Respectable! Venison for the Venturosome!! Beef for the Bold!!! Why did you not tell me at first the sort of thing you expected? I detest beating about the bush. But now you shall have your Novel. You want a real good thing—the pith and marrow of *Red as a Nose is She*, Good-bye. Sweet Treat. Not Slightly, but don't Tell, Cometh Down Like a Shower, and the rest of my popular works, all distilled into one strong, clear jelly—a very Liebeg's Essence of a Novel! Good, my dear Sir, you shall have it. "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little strong."

Yours sincerely, R. D.

P.S.—"That Little—Strong!" wouldn't be a bad title. But I prefer either titles of popular songs or a bit of a proverb. I have had my eye on several song-titles, such as "Tommy, make room for your Uncle," which might be cut into "For Your Uncle;" also "Don't be Sorrowful, Darling," which could come out well as "Sorrowful Darling!" * * * Stay! I have just put my hand on what I am told is quite a catch phrase about Town now, and that will be half the battle of popularity. It is "There's another good Man gone Wrong." You can therefore announce my new Novel as

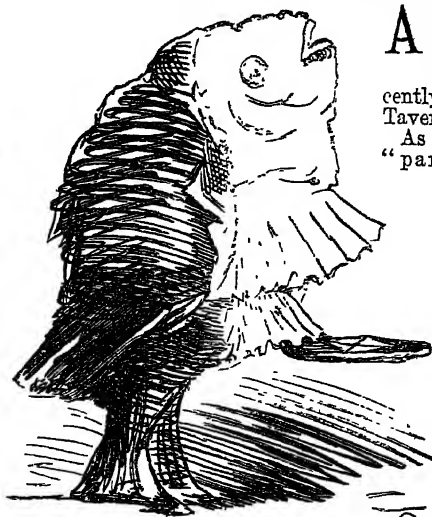
GONE WRONG!

And you can advertise the first Number for your Next.

* On showing this letter of the gifted Authoress to a confidential friend, whose advice we have hitherto found invaluable, he remarked, "Ahem!—'veins throbbing'—'pulse beating with ecstasy'—ah—um—if the Novel is to have this effect on you, don't you think it would be as well to keep a first-rate medical man on the premises?" We felt he was right, and acting on this suggestion, we intend to edit the forthcoming work under medical advice. *With a Doctor and a Solicitor on the spot, we can't go very far wrong.*—ED.

To the Public.—In consequence of a private communication, the Editor, in the interests of the Public, of the Publisher, of the Authoress, and of himself, has, with the advice of his Solicitor, inserted a clause in the agreement with Miss R. D. (in whom he has, of course, all the confidence consistent with ignorance of the gifted lady's previous writings), to the effect that, on occasion, he may, in his highly responsible capacity of Editor, insert a little explanatory note, or remark, wherever the text may appear to require it. To this the distinguished Authoress has, with a ladylike courtesy which does credit at once to her head and heart, replied, that, as her text will need no comment, she has no objection to the insertion of the above-mentioned clause, which stipulation the talented Lady goes on to observe, seems to please the Editor, and can do no sort of harm to the writer. On this amicable understanding, the Editor has the greatest possible pleasure in welcoming this rarely-qualified Writer as a contributor, who will widely extend her already large circle of ardent admirers.

A ZODIACAL CONGRESS.



A MEETING of the Signs of the Zodiac, in reference to the state of the weather, was recently held at the Mermaid Tavern.

As the PISCES (though "parents of sweetest sounds") are not famous for oratory, AQUARIUS was unanimously voted to the Chair.

The venerable but rather washed out Chairman remarked that, although his duty had ended in February, his successors had carried out his aqueous policy with real consistency, for which he heartily

thanked them. He was proud to be able to say, in the words of HORACE,—

"Piscium et summâ genus hæsit ulmo,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis."

PISCES wagged their tails in grateful response. There was no need to provide for them a special aquarium, as the room was under water.

ARIES rose to dissent from the Chairman's watery discourse. His favourite grass meadows were all overflowed. It was his chief duty to provide good mutton for the Lords of Creation, and that could not be done unless the sheep had wholesome grass to eat. Had it not been for the fun he had lately had—on salt water—thanks to the employment found him by the *Iron Duke*, he really hardly knew how he could have stood the late superfluity of fresh water vouchsafed by JUPITER PLUVIUS.

TAURUS followed on the same side. He had no personal disrespect to the Chairman, but he should like to see him cross his paddock with water-buckets. He should have an aerial voyage gratis, and see how he relished another element. He had quite enough to do on the Stock-Exchange, in keeping up his "Egyptians," without having to waste his time on a set of "Pumps!"

The GEMINI spoke together, and swore a little, but they were suddenly interrupted by

LEO, who, having kicked CANCER out of the way, roared his approval of the remarks of ARIES and TAURUS. Both men and lions wanted beef and mutton (*sensation*), and you couldn't grow either in wet weather. For his part, he was thankful that the Ministers had given him a permanent interest in the fine dry climate of Egypt, and the Canal he was most concerned in was one not of drainage, but—passage! (*Sensation*.)

LIBRA rose to deprecate political allusions. It was his object, and should be that of his brother and sister Signs, to hold the balance between Government and Opposition. "Open to all parties, influenced by none," should be the motto whether of houses, or Planets, who hung out Signs to the public! He hoped his friend AQUARIUS would not misconstrue him.

Here LIBRA was cut short by an unanimous call for

VIRGO, who remarked, in a musical voice, that, as she looked for garden-parties and pleasant hours on the river in that part of the year which was specially her own, she should take good care that strawberries and flirtations should not be spoilt by the extravagant folly of the Chairman and his *clique*. A great poet—ANACREON—had said:

"Nature to bulls gave horns,
To lions fierce-fang'd jaws"—

But to Woman (he sang)

"What's Nature's boon?—'tis beauty—
More than a match for shields,
More than a match for spears!"

With such authority on her side, she had courage to defy what she must call the fishy conspiracy against the comfort of mankind. Aquariums were all very well, particularly with "covered" rinks attached to them; but to turn the world into an aquarium was a thing unendurable. The race of mortals should have a summer this year, if a lady had anything like the influence due to her sex with the Clerk of the Weather.

The speech was greeted by loud cheers, led by LEO and TAURUS, and the meeting broke up without a vote of thanks to the Chairman.



A PROTECTOR.

Frustrated Gantzer (to his Pal). "BLESSED IF A COVE DIDN'T OUGHT TO GET SIX MONTHS FOR KEEPIN' A DORG LIKE THAT!"

MARY-ANNE ON THE RAMPAGE.

"I see before me say two thousand honest, virtuous, industrious young women, working hard and half starved; and I see before me at least twenty thousand other women holding out plenty in both hands, and that plenty rejected with scorn by young women of very little merit, or, if not rejected, accepted only under various and galling conditions imposed by the persons to be benefited. . . . The way the modest householder is ground down by these young ladies is a grievance too large to be dealt with under this head, and will probably lead to a Mothers' and Mistresses' League. . . . Why do they (the Sempstresses) sit hunched to the dullest of all labour, and hold aloof from domestic service, at a time when Ladies born are beginning to recognise how much better off is the rich housemaid than the poor Lady? . . . They think a female servant has no 'liberty,' and that her principal remuneration is her 'wages.' . . . Her wages are as a drop in the ocean of her remuneration. . . . In the place where she piggied with her relations, she often had a bit of bacon for dinner and a red herring for supper. In the palace of cleanliness and comfort she is promoted to sleep at least four meals a day, and butcher's meat at two of them. . . . The wages of her class have been raised, when they ought to have been lowered."—MR. CHARLES READE'S Letter, "Starvation refusing Plenty," in the *Daily Telegraph*.

DEAR SUSAN JANE,

I takes my pen, I may say, *con amore*, Just to relieve my mind a bit. Which a more wicked story Than that there MR. READE, as writes his rubbidge to the *Telly*, I never see. And that, as JOHN would say, 's the case in belly!

Of course you've read his letter, SUE. A nasty, spiteful—there, I Should like to comb his wool a bit, and so says JOHN and SARY. Which what domestic Ladies, SUE, possessed of sense and sperrit, Likes being called "young women," and "of very little merit"?

A lot he knows about it, I dessay, as talks of Mississes Being ground down by Servants. He should know what groans and hisses is.

If the slandered twenty thousand in his presence might but muster; I'd like to tackle him alone, armed with my tongue—and duster!

He seems to think us Servants' lives is regular paradises—"Where ignorance and dander." But, oh lor! my dander rises

When he says our wages is too high, and reckons up our perkises. A Screw, as ought to go and herd with Ottingtots or Turkises!

And then his nasty insults, SUE! Young Ladies in our stations Don't feed on no red herrings when we "pigs with our relations"—O drat his impudence!—which, SUE, it well to you bekknown is, *My* folks would rather starve than stoop a step below polonies!

"Trampling too hard on Mississes"? I wish he'd got a sample Of Stuckup Naggars at his heels. I guess he'd want to trample! Which if us Servants didn't show a sperrit, lawkamussy, Tain't us would play *that* little game, but rather *wisey wussy*!

And as to talk of cutting down our liberty and wages—

Well, there—it ain't no use, I s'pose, to fly into sech rages!

I've spilt the ink, and Missis is that horridly pertikler!

But let who will knock under, SUE, I keeps my perpendikler.

He talks about a league among the Mississes. O drat it!

They'd better try it on, they had! I'd like to see 'em at it!

I proudly hopes there's none on us, from Brixton to Belgravy,

As wouldn't rally to the flag; no not the veriest slavey!

And as to them there Sempstresses he'd shove into our cribses—

Walker! I says. The letter, SUE, 's all foolishness and fibses.

Just like that "Lady Helpses" dodge! Would READE, for all his bawling,

Relish two thousand *Hammy Toors* pitchforked into his calling?

He says we holds our heads too high. I guess we'll hold 'em higher.

It's time we pulled together, SUE. But there! that's Miss MARIAN

A pulling of her bell like mad, as is her usual manner—

And so no more at present from your much-riled

MARY-ANNE.

The Sweets of Savage Life.

PLINY tells us that, among the ancient cannibals of Ethiopia, black pudding was a favourite dish at all state dinners. In default of other sweets, they beat their wives into a jelly, or made mince-meat of their enemies. As regards one dish of this appetising menu ancient Ethiopia may boast a rival in our modern Black Country.



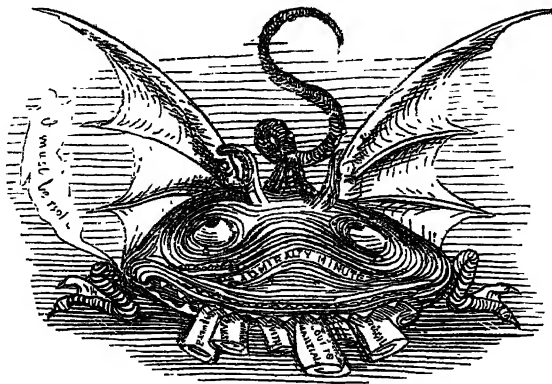
HER BEST TITLE—"QUEEN OF THE EAST."

"MY DARLING, I HOPE YOU WILL BE BETTER NOW!"

[The New Wing of the London Hospital, given by the Grocers' Company, was opened by Her Majesty in person, March 7th, 1876.]

MERE METAPHOR.

Dialogue on a D.Sat.



OME writers say that an English public ship, wherever she goes, is part of the English soil. . . . I must beg leave to doubt the accuracy of that proposition. I believe it to be a metaphor, and a metaphor eminently calculated to mislead." — LORD CAIRNS on the Slave Circular.

"There is no such thing as a Slave by the law of England." — LORD HOLT, as quoted by LORD COLERIDGE.

Jack (looking up from his Newspaper).

What's a "metaphore," Mate?

Bill (scratching his head).

Well, I can't rightly say; But it's poetry-lingo for somethin' or other; A sort of a figger o' speech, anyway, As seems to say one thing and means quite another.

Jack. Hang sich figgers o' speech then! A false figger-head To a sneaking piratical craft isn't wuss!

Bill. Don't know as you're werry far out when all's said; But if land coves will use 'em, 'taint nothin' to us.

Jack. Ain't so sure about that! Here's a Parlyment chap— Their top-sawyer Lawyer, I take it—as says That we Jacks has been sniffin' this "Metaphore" trap, And is like to be caught in it one o' these days.

Bill. How's that, JACK?

Jack. D'ye see, we have had an idee As our deck is a bit like o' free British soil. But this chap says, says he, that's pure fiddlededee— Mere misleadin' "metaphore"!

Bill.

Pity to spoil A straightfarrard rule with such stuff, JACK, say I. Which, wot with their Cirkylers, chatter and patter, We're more in a fog than the *Wanguard*—cos wy, We've got no chart to steer by—and that's what's the matter!

Jack (ruminating).

A "metaphore," eh BILL! That sticks in my gizzard, Which how many more such false signals is flying Who knows? An A B ain't exactly a wizard; I can't see my way, BILL, it's no use a trying. All that 'bout BRITANNIA a rulin' the waves, "Hearts of Oak," and the "Cherub as sits up aloft," With the Union Jack as can't cover no slaves, Is metaphore, p'raps!

Bill (who has been taking a spell at the Paper).

A vast jawing, JACK! Soft! Here's another bigwig—and a Lawyer, by Jingo!— Says *there ain't no such thing as a Slave, by the law Of Old England!*

Jack.

Ay, ay! that's the right sort o' lingo. Let 'em stick to that there, and what need o' much jaw?

What call for to reckernise any sich sham As the "rights" of a rogue in the thing he has stole?—

For to talk about *buying*, BILL, 's only a flam, When the article's contryband,—sich as a *Soul!*

Bill. Jest so, JACK. My eyes! if we've got for to play The part o' Perlice to 'scaped Niggers and such, Why, don't let us have no more "metaphores," pray, 'Cos they only means bounce when they're put to the touch.

Jack (pointing to Paper). Here's lots o' palaver: I don't rightly see

What the plague they are driving at. When they have done,

I hope that plain fellows, like you, BILL, and me, May be able to spell out our duty. For one I goes for the faith of the true-blue old school, That a man-o'-war's deck's like a bit o' free land; But if that's only Metaphore—let's have the rule Put in plain English speech as we 'll all understand.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

(An Apostrophe to DR. JOHNSON.)

MARRIED life is indeed a sad affair when all the conversation between the partners is "whether the mutton shall be boiled or roast, and probably a dispute about that." But in so saying, DR. JOHNSON, you did not mean to countenance a foolish disesteem of eating, and to censure culinary discussion. No, Sir—not you. A conference—no altercation—between husband and wife as to what shall be done with the mutton or the beef—question not confined to the alternative of boiling or roasting, but extending to the possibility of frying, stewing, mincing, hashing, making a *vol-au-vent* of it, or a curry, or bubble-and-squeak—this, Sir, surely you would consider an intellectual talk on a practical branch of the most useful knowledge. You were never the man to disparage gastronomy, or gastrology either; you, Sir, who declared that "the man who would not take care of his belly would hardly take care of anything else."

Sir, an interesting letter in the *Hour*—a Tory, or, as we now say, a Conservative paper, mind—on "Teachers of Local Cookery Schools," signed "SPES," announces that at Darlington, Stockport, Middlesborough, and other places in the North, some sensible persons are actively endeavouring to institute local schools of Cookery. You will doubtless approve the suggestion of "SPES" that it is not only girls in elementary schools, but girls in "middle schools"—that is to say, School-board schools for general teaching—who require instruction in the art of preparing food:—

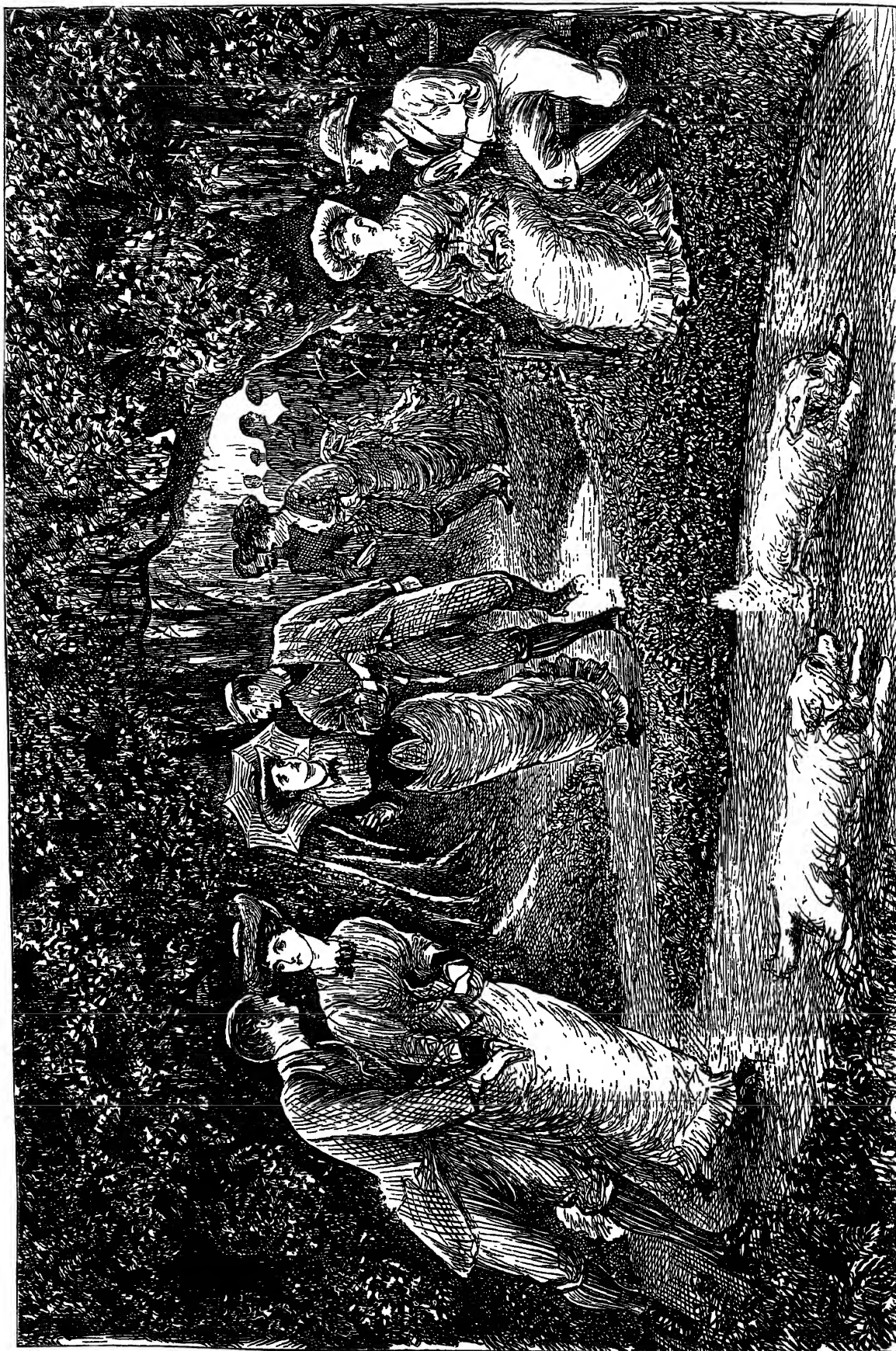
"A local school should provide for teaching both classes; and MR. BUCKMASTER, at one of the meetings to which we have referred, says:—'A local school should not exist for the instruction of children of the working classes only, but the daughters of the middle and upper classes, and, indeed, any class wishing for the instruction. It is the want of this knowledge which makes mistresses dependent on their servants.'"

Why, Sir, might you not have said all this yourself? and did you not, in fact, very often say the like in the course of your valuable life? You know the concise Alderman who, being a man of more wisdom than eloquence, exclaimed on an occasion, "I say 'ditto' to MR. BURKE!" Sir, you are eloquent, otherwise you likewise might simply say "ditto" to what follows:—

"The school must be taught by a person who had not only passed the technical and practical examinations at South Kensington, but who was able to impart her knowledge to others in a pleasing and interesting manner. Such a teacher should be received and treated as a Lady, supposing her to be, as she ought to be, a person of education and refinement, with whom no Lady ought to be ashamed to associate. You can never elevate or improve the Art of Cookery by despising the persons engaged in teaching it."

Them, Sir—pardon the vernacularism—them's your sentiments. That is, if Bozzy has enabled us to divine them. You must know that the MR. BUCKMASTER referred to by "SPES," is a propagandist of practical gastronomy, an expert and able philosopher, who goes about doing good by lecturing on culinary science and art. You perceive that a principal object of BUCKMASTER'S labours is to train ladies to be, so to speak, Buckmistresses—and what better right-hand, I ask you, for a Materfamilias? Mistress-cooks are rare. A *chef is ex vi termini*, always a man. Master minds in cookery, as in poetry, painting, and music, are specifically—genderically may we say—masculine. Is cookery, then, one of the High Arts? Perhaps; but until Ladies are taught that art as well as those others, we cannot know that its highest range is above their powers. Masculine ideas may be necessary for composing a symphony, but do you not think due precept and practice should suffice to enable any thinking woman to compose a *salmi*? Many women have an aptitude for inventive cookery, as in the case of a Lady who did herself the injustice of saying that she had made some mock-turtle out of her own head. Surely, Sir, this aptitude has only to be duly cultivated to qualify any Lady endowed with it for appointments at Clubs and Hotels now entirely engrossed by the male sex, or to preside over the kitchen as well as at the table of a rational husband, one who, having known how to appreciate a real treasure, has insured himself an antepast of your Elysian and ambrosial beatitude, Sir, in the good things provided for him at home, by the truly *placens uxor*, an educated woman whose education has rendered her, as a thorough Cook, indeed an "Angel in the House."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—MR. WESTON, who has walked, and was still walking when we last heard of him, so hard against Time, declares he is not in the least sensible to the shock of the collision. Will he never stop? It really looks like it.



“RINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES—”



SWEET SIMPLICITY.

Visitor. "JANE, HAS YOUR MISTRESS GOT A BOOT-JACK?"

Maid-of-all-Work. "No, SIR; PLEASE, SIR, I CLEAN ALL THE BOOTS, SIR!"

THE ANTI-VIVISECTION MOVEMENT.

A MEETING of lower Animals to claim participation in any measure which may be framed to regulate the practice of Vivisection, was held last evening at the Æsopian Hall. A Pig was unanimously voted into the Chair.

The Pig complained that Pigs were subjected to death by most unpleasant Vivisection. An incision was made through the Pig's neck into a large vein, and he was bled to death. He demanded that porcine Vivisection should be performed under chloroform. Then he should not mind. A Pig must die somehow; and if under an anæsthetic, after a good meal, he would as soon die as sleep.

The Eel wanted to know how much longer he was going to be skinned alive. He wished to give the most decided contradiction to the statement that Eels were used to it. He spoke on behalf of Fishes in general. It was as bad as any Vivisection to be hooked on to a night-line, and remain so for hours.

The Earthworm had something to say to that. His own lot was still worse; and the Eel might remember that he owed all he got to biting at worms.

The Eel replied that, as for that, it was only putting worms out of their misery.

The Earthworm would submit that fishing with ground-bait should be forbidden, and gardeners obliged to be careful in digging not to cut worms in two.

The Lobster wanted to know if the proposed Vivisection Bill would contain any provision to protect him from liability to be boiled alive.

The Domestic Pigeon contended that being torn with shot which did not at once kill a bird, amounted to Vivisection of the very worst kind, for it had not the excuse of shooting wild creatures for food, nor that of any scientific or other useful object whatever.

The Sheep concurred with all that had fallen from the President the Pig. He wished to know if mutton would be any the worse for being made under laughing-gas?

The Calf desired to extend the observations of the last speaker to veal. It was cruel stinginess of butchers to grudge a poor animal a little nitrous oxide.

The Frog had been represented by some physiologists as a creature of what they called "low organisation." They tried to make out that Vivisection did not hurt him. He knew best, and he begged to differ from them.

The Beetle said he had SHAKESPEARE'S authority for the fact that when trodden to death he suffered as much as Gog or Magog would. People should mind how they walked; and he had quite as much right to protection as the Frog.

The Flea also argued that no relation whatever existed between size and suffering. He was liable to be cracked without the slightest compunction. If cracked at all, why not under chloroform? He claimed the same consideration as his biggers.

Several Animals here rose at once, and said that Legislation must draw the line somewhere. An uproar of inarticulate noises ensued, and the Meeting broke up in confusion.

THE WRONGS OF OUR NATIVES.

(A Moan from the Molluscs of Milton.)

"NATURALISATION OF ALIENS.—Some revelations which are calculated to surprise the oyster-eating community were made yesterday in a case which came before MR. RECORDER WEST at the Manchester Quarter Sessions, involving a charge of theft against one CHARLES SMITH, employed as oysterman at 'The Manchester (Limited)' restaurant below the Royal Exchange. On the 18th of January he got £4 from the cashier to buy oysters, but absconded with the money. On his apprehension a month later at Harrogate he denied the theft, and said he had left the place because he was disgusted at having to supply Dutch oysters as natives. The cashier and the manager of the restaurant admitted, under cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel, MR. COTTINGHAM, that it was the practice to put Dutch oysters into native shells, and sell them under the pretence that they were native oysters. The manager stated he was the responsible person, and 'let it quiet.' It was done at the suggestion of the prisoner. The prisoner was found guilty, and was sent to gaol for six months."

DEAR PUNCH,

We gape with indignation

At this appalling revelation!

Crossing in love we hold a trifle,

But *this* stirs wrath too strong to stifle.

We've seen our race, by lovers' treason,

O'er-dredged, and swallowed out of season;

We've borne the sauce of vulgar rivals,

Though—thank our strength—we're still survivors—

But, by our beards, this is too much—

To be translated to Low Dutch!

What's six months for this worst of "sells,"

That serves up Dutch in Natives' shells?

How could they hope to "keep it quiet,"

While England, like Worms, has a diet?

Manchester of its taste cracks much;

But fancy DANDY done by Dutch!

What is electoral personation

To this blow at our reputation?

Aliens pretend to Native worth!

Then what is name or fame on earth?

Much it concerns the whole community

Such a crime pass not with impunity;

Dear we may be, but we're delicious;

And less we'd fetch if less you'd fish us.

Seasons too should share blame for *that*!

How can we help short falls of "spat"?

But Natives' character should stand—

Above all, in their native land—

At whatever cost they show your dish on,

Like CÆSAR'S wife, above suspicion!

Sure this worst form of personation

Asks the strong hand of legislation.

If they who personate electors

Have statutes, sentences, detectors,

What Act would be too bad for *such* men

As dare for Natives pass off Dutchmen?

And though I thank RECORDER WEST,

The muse of MILLON in my breast

Swells into protest at the thought

That such crime, to conviction brought,

But dooms the wretch to six months' prison

Who gives the Dutchman what's not *his'n*,

But *mine*, the advantage of the favour

I owe to my unrivalled flavour!

Then lay, O *Punch*, thy potent lash

On him that, for vile greed of cash,

The worse for better oyster sells,

And plants intruders in our shells—

What doom's too bad for the low cariffs

Who pass off Dutch for

Your own,
NATIVES!



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Draper's Shopman (Melbourne, Victoria). "WHAT DO YOU WANT, MY MAN?"

Successful Gold-Digger (who has been admiring the Customer seated near him). "JIST YOU RIG OUT MY MISSUS LIKE THAT 'ERE YOUNG 'OOMAN!"

THE SLEEPY HOLLOW OF SCIENCE.

A LECTURE on "The Paraffins and their Alcohols" was given the other Friday evening by PROFESSOR ODLING, in the Theatre of the Royal Institution.

A lecture by a clever man on combustible matters, illustrated by experiments, is peculiarly interesting to a popular audience. The remark, therefore, below quoted from a report of PROFESSOR ODLING's discourse, may to some minds appear unaccountable, if not a joke at the Professor's expense. Of paraffins the Lecturer had said:—

"The lightest and most volatile varieties constitute benzoline, a liquid of many uses in the arts, but exceedingly dangerous for lamps."

His reporter continues:—

"PROFESSOR ODLING placed a minute quantity on some cotton wool in a jar of oxygen, allowed a few seconds for it to diffuse itself, and then applied a match. A sharp, short, and very loud report resulted, the effect of which was peculiarly observable on those of the audience who were unable to struggle against the demand for an after-dinner doze."

Nobody, however, who has ever experienced a crowded theatre of an evening at the Royal Institution will make the mistake of supposing that PROFESSOR ODLING's observations on paraffin had sent a good many of his hearers to sleep. The demand for an after-dinner doze on their parts was created not by scientific information, but by carbonic acid gas, with which the atmosphere in the Theatre of the Royal Institution is always loaded when full of people whose lungs, by a law of nature, exhale that narcotic. What we learn from their somnolence is not that PROFESSOR ODLING lectured in a somniferous style, but that the Royal Institution remains unventilated, although its Managers have had pointed out to them, what it is strange they should need to be told, that their Theatre, a Theatre of Science in general, and Physiology and Chemistry in particular, whenever crammed, is crammed, literally, to suffocation.

MY ONLY. "CROSSED CHECKS."—My own Shepherd's-plaid Trousers.

GAMGEE TO CELIA.

(See the Accounts of the Professor's Wonderful "Glaciarium," or Real-Ice-Rink.)

RINK with me upon Nature's ice,
And I'll match hers with mine:
Out of your asphaltes, so cracked up,
'Tis I will take the shine!
I make an ice that's more than nice—
Ethereal, divine!
And they in Rinks that would invest,
Had best buy into mine!

The Great Divide.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN has chosen a subject for his new book which will deeply interest all British matrons. Of course the object of *The Great Divide* is to teach economy in the use of coals and firewood. His Lordship would, however, do well to attend a Spelling Bee, and he will then be able to announce his next edition under its correct heading, with the "e" in the right place, and an explanatory second title, i.e., *The Grate Divide; or, How to Save Half your Fuel. A Narrative of Mi-grating into the Hearthstone Country during the Last Three Winters*. But perhaps this would be more suitable to Lord Dundreary than LORD DUNRAVEN. Or, why not collaborate?

Baring and Over-bearing.

THAT FLOWER's crusade has not been vain;
By a late change is shown:
Ere he'll brook SALISBURY's bearing-rein,
NORTHBROOK gives up his own!

A DISH RE-CHRISTENED.—For Cabinet Pudding, read Suez Dumpling.



SACRILEGE.

Parish-Clerk's Wife. "LET YOU INTO THE CHURCH, TO DRAW A INTERIOR! I DU'ST'N'T DO IT, MISS. THERE WAS A PARTY THERE LAST YEAR, AND DO YOU KNOW THEY LEFT A 'ORRID DISSENTIN' TRAC' IN THE RECTOR'S PEW! EVER SINCE THAT IT'S AGAINST ORDERS!"

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS.

New Clubs are rising almost as rapidly as Rinks and faster than mushrooms. An unsophisticated provincial may perhaps wonder what denomination of mankind remains to be catered for. *Mr. Punch* can answer his mute amazement with the following list of proposed new Clubs:—

"The Janus." Political. For unsuccessful Candidates in Parliamentary Elections, who are not quite decided as to what line they may adopt when they next offer themselves to the Nation.

"The Brillantine." Social. For the younger members of the highest Society, who find their partings not accurately defined at TRUEFIT'S or DOUGLAS'S. A staff of German shavers and French hairdressers are engaged.

"The Wag and Lavish." Military. For those Gentlemen who, having strong military tastes, are, from failure in obtaining commissions in the Army, ineligible for election at the Army and Navy, Junior ditto, United Service, Junior *idem*, Naval and Military; Horse and Foot, Star and Garter, and other Clubs. No Servant of this Club will address any Member otherwise than "Captain."

"The Tarbrush"—or Consolation Club. For Gentlemen who have been blackballed at all other Clubs. Five blackballs insure admittance.

"The Ham-and-Eggs." Festive. Many Gentlemen having complained that in no London Club can they get a decent early breakfast after leaving the Hyde Green whist-table at six o'clock in the morning, this Club will be considered positively a *sine qua non* for men about Town, and breakfasts, at a moment's notice, may be obtained here between 5 and 10 A.M. during the Season.

"The Worms." Ditto. A Club which has long been wanted. Where early birds, turned out of other Clubs by their absurd rules and regulations, may find a snack and a pack of cards after 4 A.M.

"The Subterranean Pavement." A Reform Club. Only Gentlemen are eligible who have sworn off whist and *écarté*, and have made vows

OUR COUPLE OF CRAZES.

THE thoughtful Sage, who notes a "rage"
Prevailing 'mongst his kind,
With calm amaze regards the craze
Which rules the People's mind.
On a single fad the world run mad
'Tis no new thing to see;
But now 'tis insane upon fancies twain—
The Rink and the Spelling Bee.

Like droves and herds, and flocks of birds,
Like oxen, sheep, and swine,
And rooks and daws, whom an instinct draws
Together, how folks combine,
With one consent on a purpose bent,
For no reason the wise can see,
With a common crush as in crowds they rush
To the Rink and the Spelling Bee!

The human swarm will sometimes form
Intent on perilous ends;
But if spelling and skates have turned your pates,
That is all the harm, dear friends.
You indulge no vice on the mimic ice,
Or in mild orthographié,
Free from all such blames are the popular games
Of the Rink and the Spelling Bee.

Our William's Last.

FANCY what the Farmers will say to MR. GLADSTONE'S late declaration that he derived more lively and unmixed satisfaction "from the increase of the agricultural labourer's wages" than from "any of the economical changes he had lived to witness!" "Increase o' labourer's wiges! Yah! Call that there a economical change? Purty economy for we Farmers! There be'n't many as 'ood practus the 'conomy o' spendun moor money nor they could help. What's the differ'nice, at that rate, 'tween economy and ixtirvagance?" In these, or similar observations, it may be feared that too many agricultural gentlemen will criticise the epithet applied in its philosophical sense by WILLIAM to increase of wages.

ADVICE TO ASPIRANTS.—If you go in for a Spelling Bee, and are brought down at the first shot, mind not to be waspish.

to drink nothing stronger than gingerbeer. Spillikins the only game allowed in the Club. Tea at any hour up till twelve at night.

"The Alexandrine." Select. It has long been a subject of astonishment in literary circles that no Club has been started to meet the requirements of Poets—a class now increasing every day. This Club is opened to benefit the numerous disciples of Parnassus who may not find their æsthetical tastes appreciated by Club men of other denominations. A Listener of long standing and great judgment will be kept on the establishment. Members may introduce Publishers as visitors at all hours. Hair-brushes not allowed.

"The Sable Stockings." This Club has been got up by several Gentlemen who have found it expedient to retire from the Hyde Green, Bézique, Brag, and other card-playing *réunions*. Members are allowed to bring their own packs of cards.

Other Clubhouses too numerous to mention are in course of con- and obstruction, with power to add to their number.

Two Birds with One Stone.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I'd like to know why we're having all this botheration about the addition to the Royal Title? Sure HER MAJESTY (long life to her!) can do what she pleases. It is not as if there wasn't a new style convenient, and one that would flatter more than the Indies.

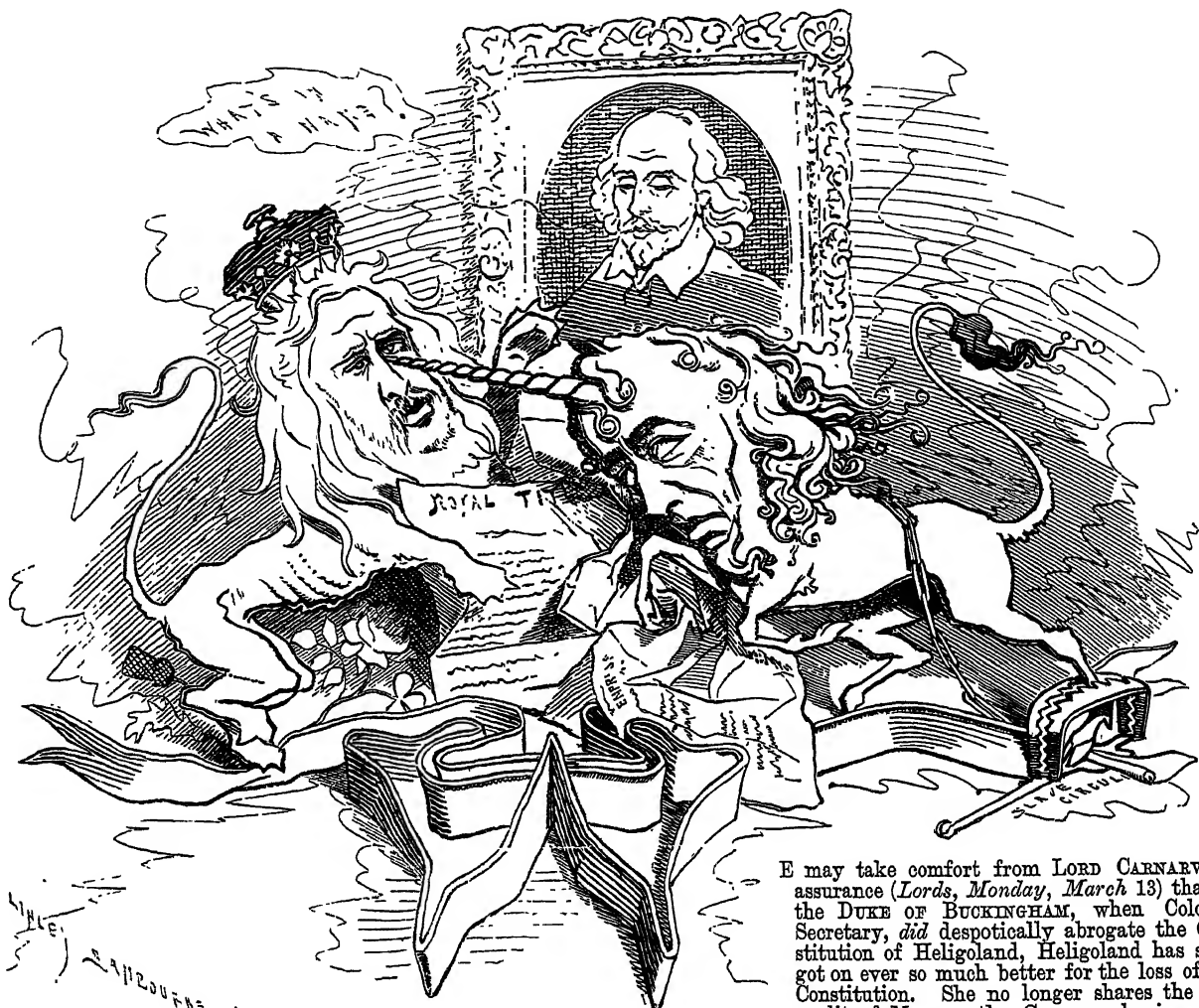
See here, Sir. Don't we all know the Emerald Isle is the finest jewel in the British Crown, and why wouldn't the QUEEN be ownin' it? Sure, thin, isn't here an iligant title which would be aequally nate and appropriate for Ireland as for India—and that's the Paddy Shah?

Should the Royal Titles Bill pass its Third Reading in the Commons, LORD BROWNE AND ORANMORE might take the matter in hand, when the Act reaches the Upper House.

Allow me, Sir, to sign myself

A PAT AND A PATRIOT.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



He may take comfort from LORD CARNARVON'S assurance (*Lords, Monday, March 13*) that, if the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, when Colonial Secretary, *did* despotically abrogate the Constitution of Heligoland, Heligoland has since got on ever so much better for the loss of her Constitution. She no longer shares the discredit of Monaco, the Governor having done what her Constitutional Council would not—put down her gaming-tables. A desultory talk

on Iron-clads, led off by LORD DUNSANY. Why is it that on naval construction everybody thinks himself able to advise the Government? What with Naval Lords, Naval Construction Board, Professional Advisers, Amateur Critics, of the Royal Navy the Merchant Service and all the Yacht Clubs, the Admiralty ought surely to be able to command the best advice. *Punch* never reads a Parliamentary discussion on the subject of ships and ship-building, and what the Admiralty ought to be, but the moral of *Æsop's Old Man and his Ass* is borne in strong on his mind.

(*Commons*).—Nor was the thought of that pregnant apologue ever more present than to-night, when, after MR. BENTINCK'S Resolution (that the First Lord of the Admiralty should be a Naval Officer) had been curtly, and with general consent, disposed of by 261 to 18, MR. DISRAELI having first elaborately smothered Big Ben under Blue Books, MR. REED applied his private and peculiar measuring rod to our iron-clad sea-going Navy, and by excluding first one class of ships as too long, and another as too short, and a third as too fast, and a fourth as too slow, or for some equally sufficient reason, brought down our fighting fleet to a poor dozen, and hence concluded, to his own satisfaction, at least, that France, joined with either Germany, Russia, Austria, Turkey, or Italy would be more than a match for Great Britain. Even Germany, Russia, and Austria—land-lubbers our JACKS have been accustomed to think the smallest beer of—together were stronger on the Ocean than poor BRITANNIA, ex-Queen of the Sea! Our rule of the waves, in fact, according to REED, is a lapsed legacy of the past, and an idle dream of the future, unless we lean on our REED as we ought, and go on as he would have us, building more, and still more, Iron-clads of the kind he fancies. "*Vous êtes orfèvre, Maître Josse.*" You are an iron-clad-ship-constructor, MR. REED. Not only do you believe in nothing but Iron-clads; but your faith in Iron-clads is apparently confined to those of MR. REED'S building. *Verbum sap.*

Till somebody will satisfy *Mr. Punch* that there is a vital distinction between land-fighting and sea-fighting, he must continue to ask why the experience of armour on shore is so utterly inapplicable to the future of armour at sea? Why, if the Knight's steel-coat was thickened and complicated till it fairly swamped the man inside, growing, at last, too heavy for any horse to carry, and too cumbersome for any strength to wear, and wield weapons in, should not a similar danger be apprehended from thickening the armour-plates of our men-of-war? So far from feeling with REED, *Punch* must own to deriving comfort from MR. WARD HUNT'S assurance that for the present he means to confine the new ship-building work of the year to unarmoured vessels. We want eighty-four of these, it seems, for the regular reliefs, and have only eighty forthcoming; so MR. HUNT has already made contracts for six gunboats and two sloops, without waiting for leave of Parliament, and proposes to contract for twelve more gunboats, six corvettes, three sloops, and four torpedo-vessels—in all 4,000 tons of new unarmoured craft to 5,200 of armoured ships now building under contracts of former years. Altogether, if MR. HUNT asks for £11,400,000 of Navy Estimates, he shows us value received for it. And, as earnest of his performance in the year to come, he informs us he has built up to within 450 tons of his programme in the year gone by. If *Punch* could only, like the *Iron Duke*, sink the *Vanguard*, he would say, "Well done, WARD HUNT!" He not only spoke to the point, if clumsily, on Monday, but showed a good tale of work done in the last twelve months. Altogether, spite of the *Vanguard*, &c., &c., &c., *Punch* feels more like trusting WARD HUNT than leaning on E. J. REED. "Nothing like leather!" may be a natural cry for



ON HER DIGNITY.

Cook (at the Registry Office). "'AVIN' NEVER LIVED WITH ANY BUT 'IGH FAMILIES, 'SHOULD WISH TO KNOW IF THE PARTY KEEPS THEIR CARRIAGE.—MEN-SUVVANTS IN THE 'OUSE.—MOVES IN GOOD SOCIETY—"

Mistress of the Office (shortly). "THE LADY HAS BEEN PRESENTED AT COURT, IF THAT WILL SUIT YOU!"

Cook (condescendingly). "THANKS. THEN I THINK I'LL CALL UPON HER!"

dealers in skins, but it does not beget confidence in the article; and "Nothing like armour-plates!" works the same way. *Punch* can't, for the life of him, help putting more trust in hearts of oak than in plates of iron.

Tuesday (Lords).—"Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?" Fancy LORD HALIFAX and the DUKE OF ARGYLL—two of the most aggravatingest Indian Secretaries that ever nagged a Governor-General and his Supreme Council to tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth—united to wig the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY for dictation to LORD NORTHBROOK, because he preferred other tariff reforms to the remission of the 5 per cent. duty on cotton goods! That the Secretary of State for India must have *some* say in Indian Government, is admitted. It needed no J. S. MILL to come from the grave to tell us THAT. That, with the telegraph at his elbow to say his say through, the Secretary of State is likely to say it more promptly and peremptorily than always pleases a Governor-General, is not surprising. Perhaps, in the instance specially complained of by LORD HALIFAX, LORD NORTHBROOK may have been right, and the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY wrong. Doctors differ. But surely it is rather unreasonable to complain of a Secretary of State suggesting that it might be more convenient if important acts of Indian legislation were submitted to him, as a rule, for approval, *before* they are passed in Council, rather than for *veto* after passing. Altogether, in the night's debate LORD SALISBURY seemed to *Mr. Punch* to have decidedly the best of it—whatever he may have in his difference with LORD NORTHBROOK.

(Commons).—MR. CLARE REED enjoyed that pleasantest and proudest of all positions—that of the martyr who can point to the conversion of his persecutors to the faith he has suffered for. He resigned Office because the Privy Council would not enforce uniform regulations for the slaughter of diseased cattle in Ireland and England, and so the Privy Council have agreed, as LORD SANDON now announces to the House, to uniformity of regulation in the two countries!

As MR. REED's case was unanswerable, his triumph is complete;

and he has fairly earned the handsome testimonial which his friends the tenant-farmers have subscribed to present him with.

He remarked significantly, in closing the debate, that all the changes made by the Privy Council had been made since his resignation in November. He has earned his little crow.

The Government has lost more in MR. REED than MR. REED in his berth under the Government.

Wednesday.—A wonder!—the Scotch Members divided among themselves, over MR. M'CLAREN's Bill for the Abolition of Church-rates in Scotland. As the organs of Scotland's collective wisdom always manage to agree among themselves when the object in view is clearly and demonstrably good, we conclude that MR. M'CLAREN's Bill was *not* of this kind; and that it was rejected by 210 to 155 for good and sufficient reasons.

MR. EGERTON's Bill for putting parishes into "mission" whose parochial "black shepherds" neglect their pastoral charge, was talked out.

Punch is rather at a loss whether to condole with MR. EGERTON, or to rejoice for JOHN BULL that another Clerical bone of contention is not to be added to the heap already collected; but he is disposed to think that the measure might have done good in some cases, and that some of the black shepherds it aimed at might be the better for its rod being hung up over their irreverend heads.

Thursday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR's Bill for lopping the too luxuriant branches of the Irish Judicature. The twenty-seven judges are to be cut down to twenty.

Et tu, Brute! Then die, Irish Conservatism!

The changes suggested seem called for. But let us hear what Ireland—above all, the Irish Bar—have to say to them, and then cut away, CATRINS!

(Commons).—Second Reading of the Royal Titles Bill. The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition gave voice to the general feeling in his Amendment that "it is inexpedient to impair the ancient and Royal dignity of the Crown by the assumption of the style and title of 'Empress.'" But MR. DISRAELI persevered, in spite of

argument in the House and feeling out-of-doors; and his followers stood staunchly to him, and gave him a majority of 105—in a full house—205 to 200.

Is the objection *really* a party move, or a gross figment? Is *Punch* right in thinking that—party apart—the more JOHN BULL thinks over the proposed title, the less he likes it? And that whereas, at first, J. B., like Mr. P. himself, though on the whole rather for Queen than Empress, had no very strong feeling in the matter, he now very decidedly would rather the QUEEN did *not* weight, her ancient and royal style, under which we love and honour her, with a new and unfamiliar title, of doubtful antecedents and objectionable associations. So far as Mr. P. can feel JOHN BULL's pulse, that is the time it beats to. For his own part, he must admit that of the two D. G.'s he prefers the old one—"Victoria Dei Gratia Angliæ Regina," to "Victoria Disraeli Gratia Indiciæ Imperatrix."

Friday (Lords).—Crossed Cheques Bill passed. May all who have had crosses and checks in life henceforth find them coupled in the pleasant guise of *crossed cheques*.

Bill authorising Pensions to three Members of the Council of India. LORD SALISBURY admits that, if he had his way, he would have Members of the Council appointed for life, leaving it to themselves to retire and draw their pensions when they felt no longer fit for service. That would be the handsomest arrangement in the case of such men as deserve to fill seats in the Council, and so give the last of their lives to the public service. But what would MR. RYLANDS say to it?

(*Commons*).—Sharp attack on MR. SCUDAMORE. All his figures, in connection with the purchase of the Telegraphs, called over the coals—his estimates of cost contrasted with actual payments—those of revenue with actual returns, and general cawing of the croakers over what they are delighted to call the failure of a great experiment. They crow best who crow last—MR. SCUDAMORE, and the Purchase of the Telegraphs—can both wait for time to justify them. *En attendant*, LORD JOHN MANNERS said what he could in anticipation of time. So Manners, ye cavillers, and croakers! Be of cheer, SCUDAMORE!

MR. MELDON on the insufficient salaries of Irish National School Teachers. On this one point, and only this, all who wish well to Ireland are of one mind. Whether out of voluntary or compulsory rates, imperial taxes, or school pence, the salaries of National School Teachers have got to be raised. The Government seems to feel it; so *Punch* hopes he may live to see it.

"LINKS WITH THE PAST."

To the Editor of *Punch*.



collected the wart on OLIVER CROMWELL's face, and had often escaped from his nurse's charge to see CHARLES THE SECOND feeding the ducks in St. James's Park. I think the event which had left the deepest impression on my father's mind was his being hoisted on the shoulders of "BEN," the old family coachman, to admire the illuminations for the Battle of Blenheim.

Here, then, you have only four generations from ELIZABETH to

STR, I BELONG to a singularly long-lived race. My great grandfather lived to be ninety-seven, my grandfather was an unquestioned centenarian, my father would have been able to claim the same distinction if gout had not carried him off somewhat prematurely, and I myself am now in my ninety-second year—writing, as I think you will admit, an extraordinary hand for one so far advanced in life. I cannot remember my great-grandfather, but the family tradition has never wavered that he was an eye-witness to STR WALTER RALEIGH laying down his cloak in the mud for QUEEN ELIZABETH to step upon. My grandfather, whom I am said strongly to resemble, distinctly re-

VICTORIA. I imagine it would be difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to find any other living person who can boast of such extraordinary links with the past as these.

Your obedient servant,

NESTOR.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WOULD rather not mention my age, but will leave you to conjecture the year in which I was inoculated, when I tell you that I have a perfect recollection of GEORGE THE THIRD applauding MRS. SIDDON'S, at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of *Lady Teazle*, and saying, in a loud voice, "Very good, very good, very good!"

But I am not writing to you to gossip about my own reminiscences, but rather to inform you that my mother's sisters (AUNT GRISELDA and AUNT JANER) danced with the young Chevalier, and a Gentleman, who, from their description, I think must have been Mr. Waverley, at the ball given at Holyrood, in the eventful '45. We have still in our possession a few grains of snuff, which fell from the Prince's *Versa's Martin tabatiere* on that memorable occasion. I would enclose some for your inspection, but the precious powder (an heirloom) is in the muniment-room, at our family seat in Mid-Lothian; and I write this hasty note from Torquay, where I am wintering.

Ever yours, my dear Mr. Punch,

FLORA MAC JARVIE.

I enclose my photograph, *untouched*.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM eighty-four, and can still play the flute. My foster-brother is eighty-two, and able to read the smallest print without glasses. My mother-in-law, who was ninety when she died (after living with us for more than half a century), rode to market on a pillion in the last year of her life. One of my sponsors attained the extraordinary age of ninety-nine, and never took a dose of medicine or wore a great coat. The husband of my eldest sister, now in his seventy-ninth year, gets up at six winter and summer, and practises for an hour with the dumb-bells. Not to weary you with too many details, my step-father, when he was considerably over fourscore, walked from Putney to Mortlake and back on the day of the great boat-race, and afterwards dined at the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, and played three rubbers in the evening.

If there is any other family which can pretend to so much longevity and vigour in its different members, I shall be surprised, and not altogether pleased.

Yours faithfully,

SENEX.

PUNCH,

I HAVE seen the last link-boy and the first gas-lamp, the last watchman and the first policeman, the last mail-coach from London to Dover, and the first tram-car from Westminster to Brixton, the last pig-tail and the first wide-awake, the last Bishop who looked awful in a wig, and the first servant girl who made herself ridiculous with a chignon.

I have handled snuff, lit my pipe with a tinder-box, been carried in a sedan-chair, worn powder and a night-cap, slept in a bed warmed with a warming-pan, carried my watch in my fob, pulled a bell-rope down, fastened letters with wafers and dried them with pounce, eaten my dinner off a pewter plate, pursued peas with a two-pronged fork, and for many years taken a bottle of port after dinner without experiencing any inconvenience.

I have seen the first envelope, the first postage-stamp, the first match striking exclusively on its own box, the first photograph, the first perambulator, the first breechloader, the first Great Exhibition, the first croquet match, the first "Ulster," and the first Number of *Punch*.

I think you will agree with me that my Links both with the Past and the Present are sufficiently striking to be noticed in your columns. What will they be with the Future? Even your prescient eye may here acknowledge some indistinctness of vision. But is it very venturesome to connect with the coming time submarine tunnels, and sea voyages smooth and agreeable as a summer's evening excursion on the Thames, and reasonable hotels, and comfortable hats, and clean swept streets, and the final extinction of parochial misgovernment in the Metropolis?

Yours,

P. P. F.

P.S.—My father has often told me that, when he was a boy, he used to go bird-nesting with another boy whose father, when he was a boy, bird-nested with a young companion of his own age, whose grandfather was the first person to cultivate potatoes in his own garden. Few "Links with the Past" can, I think, compete with this in interest.

NEW TITLES.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL—HOLKAR of Indore.
Solicitor-General—GIFFORD of Out-door.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Unreasoning Panic" in Plain English.

ONE may ask, What's in a Name? In these things everything's in a name. Association and sympathy gather round these ancient names, and it is these things which constitute the national spirit and the continuity of national life. Patriotism and loyalty—sentiments the strongest in our nature—are made of these ancient associations. It is for these things that great men have been proud to live, and good men have dared to die."

SIR W. HARCOURT on the Royal Titles Bill.

JOHN BULL (*loquitur*)—DON'T like it, that's a fact! They wonder why.

SIR STAFFORD says it's all unreasoning panic. Perhaps. Yet stick to the old "Queen" say I.

No mixture of the Imperial or Sultanic

Should taint that ancient title. I would drink Still to the good old toast—"The QUEEN! God bless her!" But "Empress"—'tis a word from which I shrink—A name by which I'd rather not address her.

"What's in a name?" Well I suspect there's much, Far more than is accounted for by reason; But there are things 'twere hardly well to touch With Logic's fingers. Fellows who spout treason Might say that Loyalty is but a name For something rather baffling definition—Mere sentiment. It rules us all the same, Spite of the sumphs who dub it Superstition.

"What's in a name?" Well, there's association Still counts for something. Did it not, confound it! Society were pure chaos. Should the nation Snap the old well-loved links that long have bound it In ordered freedom, loyal ranks well ranged, Before they find the bond to be a fetter? Not so! Nor should the Royal badge be changed Until we're very sure we've found a better.

"No change—addition only"? Well, I'm bad At logic-chopping, but that statement strikes me As much like quibble. I'd be vastly glad To please HER MAJESTY; but *this* mislikes me, I must confess. An Orient *alias* Tagged to her grand home-title, not precisely The sort of compliment I'd choose to pass On one I love so well, and—I hope—wisely.

"India craves it?" Well, I have my doubts If those who say so can read India rightly. I thank her for her loyal shows and shouts, But yet would wish to intimate—politely—That, though her wants and wishes have all claim Upon my thought and care, 'tis my opinion The British Empire's Mistress bears a name Grand enough e'en for the Mogul's dominion.

I'm for the QUEEN! Two titles *might* get mixed In course of time, and—well, with names, the bigger Mostly gets foremost. BEN, your aim seems fixed, But pause a moment ere you pull the trigger. You may bring down much more than you intend; The QUEEN, as England's Queen, rules England's realm: For guide and guard her empire to defend, Loyalty at its heart, Law at its helm!

A NEW SONG.

"Let me Flog him for his Father." Dedicated to MR. WILBERFORCE, J. P., by the Author of "Let me Kiss him for his Mother."

"SPEAKING OUT."

(THE following advertisement, and comment, are to be found in our number for March 11:—

"WANTED, a General Servant, one who can neither Read nor Write preferred. She must be clean, obliging, willing, and honest. Good wages given.—Apply personally, to M., Post Office, &c."

"Would cleanness, obligingness, willingness, and honesty be any the worse *with* reading and writing? Let us hope that, if the former qualifications were found in the applicant to M., the reading and writing would not be fatal—disqualifications!"

They have elicited this plain-spoken letter:)

SIR,

In answer to your query, allow me to state, briefly, that after twelve years' experience as the Mistress of a Household, numbering from five to eight domestics, I unhesitatingly affirm that those who have been innocent of the three R's, were invariably the most industrious, and the most honest, instead of reading *my* letters, and rewriting *their own*. Of the Cook basting her joint with one hand, and her eyes on a greasy cheap pamphlet held in the other (a fact), of the Housemaid, carelessly dusting my drawing-room with a feather-brush, and then spending the hour she had gained in my rocking-chair, reading some mawkish novel, pregnant with evil results, my ignorant servants have been faithful to their duties, respectful, and respectable; and this, I think, is the experience of thousands.

With every wish of good Mistresses to be considerate to their servants, their homes are hives for labour, not houses for idlers to lounge in; and with every deference to those great and good in our land, who have endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes, my experience tells me, and my ordinary sense shows me, that with regard to female servants, their efforts are monstrous failures.

My sympathies are entirely with the Advertiser "M," whom you hold up to scorn; and I think I should find an ally in *Mrs. Judy*.

Yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

PATINAGE.

WHAT would have become of French Comic Opera but for the resource of drinking choruses? One cannot help thinking, as one listens to the singers clinking their glasses together to the same eternal refrains, that a little variety would be a boon sometimes. We would suggest something like the following, by way of a change, to the Manager of the Opéra Comique. The verbs "rinker" and "flirter" being as familiar in French as in English, there can be no objection to their introduction.

Chorus of Village Rinkers.

Rinquons!
Versons,
Garçons et filettes!
Aimons,
Courons,
Tous sur les roulettes!
Flirtons,
Faisons
Jamais des boulettes!
Et ring', ring', ringue!
Choquons nos patins!
Ringue, ringue, ringue,
Du soir au matin!

Woman to the Rescue!

March 12, 1876.

SIR,

MR. HARDY seems to want Surgeons for the Army, and to be unable to get them. I propose a remedy. Let him throw open the Service to Medical Women! They would come forward in shoals, and the British Soldier—our noble defender, Sir!—would no longer be left to the tender (?) mercies of ignorant men.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MINERVA SHEDRAGON, M.D.

A Brahmin to Benjamin.

EMPRESS OF INDIA, and of England QUEEN!
DISRAELI, what does that distinction mean?
For me an Empress, but a Queen for you!
No, your Queen, Sahib, please, and *my* Queen too.



MR. PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE.

THE reasons inducing two young people to enter the holy bonds of Matrimony have hitherto, as a rule, been love, interest, intellectual sympathy, compatibility of temper, parity of social rank, and so forth. Now, *Mr. Punch* (who is an inveterate match-maker) thinks it high time these selfish and old-fashioned notions as to what constitute mutual fitness for the married state should be improved away, in the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race. He begs to present his readers with a sketch of two prize couples, exhibited by him (in imagination) at a "Married Couple Show" (revived from his own inner consciousness), and earnestly commends the same to the thoughtful study of the youth of England. And oh! should one single misguided pair of gifted but dyspeptic enthusiasts be induced hereby to forego their intention of taking each other for better for worse—should one single splendid champion of the river and the cricket-field, on contemplating the above, transfer his affections from some simple-minded and congenial rinker to some such inspired little being as that who divides the first prize in the picture—*Mr. Punch* will not have thought and wrought in vain. *Verbum sep.*

"THE MORE HASTE THE WORSE SPEED."

SCENE—The Charing Cross Station of the District Railway.

Country Cousin bound for Bayswater, to Ticket Clerk, with scrupulous politeness. If you please, I want a first-class ticket to Bayswater.

Ticket Clerk (abruptly). No first-class here. Go to the next booking-place.

[Country Cousin retires rebuffed, and finds his way to next booking-place.]

Country Cousin. If you please, I want a first-class ticket to Bayswater.

Ticket Clerk (explosively). Single or return? Look sharp! You're not the only person in London!

Country Cousin (humbly). Single, please.

[The ticket and change are slapped down unceremoniously, and Country Cousin is shoved on from behind by an impatient City man. Rushes precipitately down brass-bound steps, and presents his ticket to be snipped.]

Snipper (inspecting ticket). Queen's Road, Bayswater? Wrong side! Go up the stairs, and turn to the right. Look sharp! There's a train just coming in!

[Country Cousin, with a deepened sense of humiliation and bewilderment, hurries up-stairs, turns to the right, and reaches entrance to platform just in time to have gate slammed in his face. The train being gone, gate is re-opened, and the necessary snipping performed on his ticket.]

Country Cousin (to Snipper, politely). If you please, will the next train take me to Queen's Road, Bayswater?

Saturnine Official. Can't tell you till the train comes.

[Country Cousin paces the platform in moody silence, and wishes he had taken a cab.]

Enter Train, rushing madly along.

Stentorian Voice (without stops). Earl's Court North End and Hammersmith Train first and second-class forward third behind!

[Country Cousin makes his way towards a carriage, but finds it full. Tries another with the same result, and is frantically endeavouring to open the door of a third-class compartment in which there is one vacant seat next a fat woman with a baby, when train moves on.]

Indignant Official. Stand away there! Stand away, will you! (Drags back Country Cousin.) That ain't your train! What do you want a-trying to get in there for?

[Country Cousin, in deeper humiliation, re-arranges dress, disturbed by recent struggle, and resumes his agitated march.]

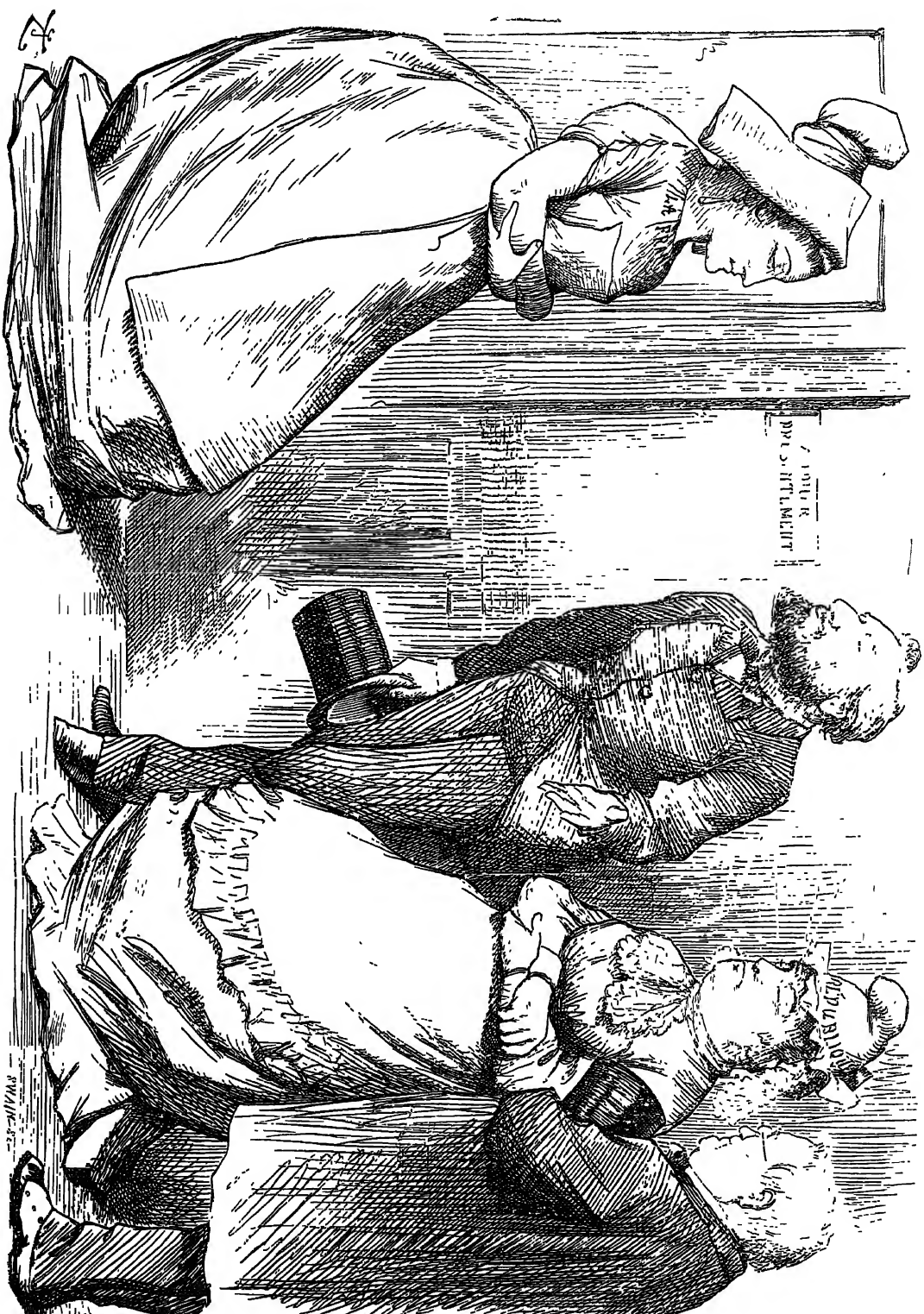
Enter another Train more madly than the first.

Stentorian Voice. High Street Kensington Notting Hill Gate and Bayswater train Main Line train!

Country Cousin (to Haughty Official, in an agony of entreaty). Is this train for Queen's Road, Bayswater?

Haughty Official. Yes, Queen's Road. Look sharp! She'll be off in a minute.

[Country Cousin scrambles through the crowd to a carriage; drops his umbrella; stoops to pick it up, and on rising finds train three parts through the tunnel. Exit Country Cousin in a rage, to get a cab, having lost twenty minutes, the price of his unused ticket, his self-respect, and that of everybody he has come in contact with in the Metropolitan District Railway Station.]



THE NEW TENANT.

LA FRANCE. "THAT MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE! BUT, MON DIEU, SHE LOOKS QUITE RESPECTABLE!"

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Cometh Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell*."

CHAPTER I.—What Jenny says.

Oh the Sea! the Sea! the open, the unpalling, the unfriendly, the unequal, the billowous, unsmooth, the unfailing, the unsteady, the unboundless, the fishful yet porpoiseless, the unshrinking, the unawhaling Sea!

Grand weather for poor little despised Wollum, on the low coast of the Fullum Roads, within full view of the far-stretching Shell Sea. Poor little Wollum! Few people know it, fewer still love it. Pierless Wollum! with its swarms of flies drawn to the place by one horse, and its neat little wheel Bruffum machines, at so much an hour not including the driver. Fresh, sparkling Wollum! with its leafy glades, where the loving trees twine their lissom arms above the low-voiced 'busman's head, and kiss one another in the shady twilight.

And so on the Green—the Green of Wollum—old, froggy-blooded people tottered, and basked, and the marine-coated policeman cracked a nut or two for sheer wantonness, shading his eyes from the fierce darts of the great sun-god, and peered in the direction of the old Knight's Bridge on the one side, the Reach of Putterney on the other, or out on to the horizon-bound Shell Sea.

The small first-floor of a small Wollum Green House; its temperature up to one hundred in the shade; a temple dedicated to rich odours and brave tints; and, in this room, we two sisters, the two Misses ST. JOHN VILLARS.

JENNY—I am JENNY—is engaged in the interminable work of knitting sand-ropes whereon to string the highly-scented, nature-favoured apple-beads of Shalotte. JENNY is the elder of the two. She is a young old maid, and likely to remain so, as her figure has long since passed the turning-point, the *embonpoint*, of comeliness; and young men with short crisp hair, grand broad chests, clean-shaped limbs, muscles of iron, and no sinews of tin in their composition with their creditors, are not likely to be enticed by the matrimonial advertisements of a poor, but respectable, family inviting them to "Try our Stout JANE!"

Let us go to the other—as men always did—BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS. BELLA is our youngest born, and the show one of the family. She is not in a particularly graceful attitude just now, and yet there is a certain charm in it, which would make male passers-by look twice—three times—perhaps even four times, at the two round greyish-green eyes deep set and as full of sweetness as un-shelled peas; and a fifth time would men of maturer age glance at the plump white arms, hanging lazily out of the window, playing with her tresses of bright hair, which she is swinging, to and fro, in the softly-caressing breeze. Neither wholly red, nor purely golden, are her electro-plated locks, which gleam with all the brilliancy of an autumn walnut in a dank wood. She is just settling in her mind which colour it is to be, and has done her sister the honour of consulting her. She makes a soft pillow for her little glossy head on the window-sill. Thought made her head ache.

"I do not want to dye yet!" she murmured plaintively.

"There is no necessity for it," I say. I always say whatever BELLA wishes—it is my *rôle* in life, and I take a good look at her as she twines her shapely fingers in among her sunset tresses. She has big grey eyes, in which, at first sight, there appears to be a considerable amount of green. She has the small upward turned nose of a person who is passing through Cologne, or through a back street of the Seven Dials in the hottest summer time, with two little heart-shaped, dimpled nostrils, that are very extinguishers for men's souls. Her laughing full-blown lips form an elastic framework to a gorgeous mouth, which could scarcely be measured with the breadth, or length, of two table spoons, and enough to make a selfish man of large appetite (and most men have both qualifications) pause before inviting her to dine with him on the remains of yesterday's meal *tête-à-tête* in his luxurious bachelor lodgings.

All men who looked once at BELLA's mouth, thought twice. It seemed to expect life to be one long pleasant dinner of ever-varying dishes, with luscious fruits for the dessert, and then the whole movement *da capo* from the *potage à la Reine*.

There is a lurking gravity in her low forehead which most men have wondered at; and her full, unblushing cheek, men admire still more, but wonder at less. This face is nicely set on a warm round throat, not too white, nor like unliving marble, but like a large, well-turned, soft, consistent roley-poley pudding, with the veins of raspberry jam within, indicated on its warm, soft surface.

As for BELLA's figure,—well, she has told me, her Sister JENNY, that five thousand a year would be about her figure, if the *parti* were in other ways suitable. But there is no depending upon the whims and fancies of this soft, undulating, plump, dumpling-like girl, who is fascinating all round, and whose whole *contour*, whatever our family lineage may be, would never induce an antiquarian

to believe in her having been descended from the Angles, though indeed, some observant naturalists, or logical theologians, holding severally the theories of evolution or development, might have arrived at a somewhat different opinion. But all this is too high for me, who am only Sister JENNY, and, physically speaking, a failure.

BELLA wears a pretty little dress of Japanese silk; of so simple a pattern as to consist of only three figures crossing a bridge, two people in a boat, a quaint tree with large blue apples, a sort of pagoda, two brilliantly plumaged birds fighting in the air, and that is all. It is too plain and quiet to suit most people; it becomes her marvellously, and, being drawn in slightly at the girdle, gives a truer expression to her healthily firm and shapely shoulders, than many a grander garment would have done.

There she sits, lazy, happy, passive; a pretty dollop of colour on the grey stone window-sill of our first-floor front.

"I wish I had something to eat!" she exclaims, wearily. "This air gives me an appetite, especially out here—" As I have intimated, she is on the window-sill, and throwing these remarks into the room to me. "I sent TOMMY out to buy some jelly and a pickled cabbage. Where is he?"

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim—I generally exclaim "Good Heavens!"—"you don't suppose the unhappy imbecile is so infatuated as to run about Wollum with pickled cabbages and jellies in his pocket?"

"Yes, I do," she returns triumphantly, "and ices too, and sponge-cakes, and buns, and nuts. What's he made for, if not to be useful?"

I am about to attempt an answer to this problem, when the sound of a concertina strikes our ears.

BELLA starts up, and holds on by the window-sash, craning her neck out to look round the corner of the next balcony, and down the street, a few yards distant.

"Here he is!" she cries. "He is always playing the same tune, that is, as much as he knows of it." (It is "*Pretty Jemima, don't say 'No!'*" and we both recognise it.) "And—oh!" she cries, almost bounding off her perch, "he's got some one with him! A Man! such a Man! Oh, I do hope he is going to bring him up here!"

I look out of window, and see TOMMY—that is, our friend, the REV. THOMAS HASOCK, who is taking care of us at the seaside—in his long clerical coat, high waistcoat, large white tie, and big, soft, pulpy, slouched hat, dancing about in the middle of the road, playing the concertina; his little pink eyes thrown up, beseechingly, through his pale green spectacles, towards the object of his loving worship, eager for one smile—for one slight glance of approval, or even of recognition, of his attempts to please and amuse her.

But BELLA's eyes are turned in another direction. For a time she is apparently utterly ignorant of the very existence of the REV. THOMAS HASOCK, and as deaf to the voluptuous harmony of his concertina, as she had been, for months past, to the theme of his pitiful entreaties. It is a *Man* who has attracted her attention; and even I, with all my old-maidish contempt for the sex, am forced to admit that BELLA is a connoisseur of this portion of the creation, and that she is right in refusing this title to poor fluffy-headed, green-spectacled, whimpering Reverend little TOMMY, who would play and dance himself to death in the broiling sun on the Wollum Green, if thereby he could hope to win from her one word of love.

"Come in!" She beckons imperiously to the infatuated dancing Clergyman, with a whisk of her dimpled, white, plump finger cutting his capers short.

TOMMY obeyed instantly.

In another second he is in our room.

"Where's your friend?" BELLA asks.

"Outside," answers TOMMY, blushing, and smoothing his curly straw-coloured hair with the corner of his concertina.

"Why didn't you bring him up?" BELLA inquires.

"He is old enough to have brought me up," replies TOMMY, turning all manner of colours, and pulling out a chord from his instrument.

"You are such a donkey, TOMMY!" says BELLA, throwing at his head a thick cushion on which she has been sitting. The cushion caught the REV. MR. HASOCK on his right ear, and brought him suddenly to the ground.

"Never mind," I say, trying to soften matters—it is my mission in life to soften matters—"she does not mean it."

"You know, Miss JENNY," the poor creature says to me, "I would do anything for BELLA. If she told me to stand on my head I would do it."

"Don't call me BELLA," says the young lady, sharply. "And do it."

"Stand on my head?"

"Yes."

He requires no further pressure. He is on his head, with an agility which shows he has prepared for this occasion, and is turning slowly round and round, following with his spectacles BELLA into whatever part of the room her sudden impulsive walk may take her.



EN PASSANT.

"RATHER REMARKABLE, AIN'T IT, SIR? BUT 'AVE YOU HEVER NOTICED AS MOSTLY ALL THE PLACES ON THIS LINE BEGINS WITH A 'H'?"

"AW—'BEG YOUR PARDON?"

"LOOK AT 'EM! — 'AMPSTEAD, 'IGHGATE, 'ACKNEY, 'OMERTON, 'ENDON, 'ARROW, 'OLLOWAY, AND 'ORNSEY!"

Then she stops, and speaks, before releasing him.

"You'd better stay as you are. For months you have been 'off your head.' Your parishioners will be glad to hear you are on it again. Tell me what's your friend's name."

TOMMY, having righted himself once more, produces from his pockets a pickled cabbage, some ices in brown paper, a bottle of ginger-beer, two jam tarts, and a sausage-roll. These he offers to BELLA.

"I thought," stammers the timorous little man, "I once heard you say you liked them."

She puts them aside, and repeats her question—"Tell me his name?"

He answers, "DUSOVER BELJAMBE."

"What is he?"

"A Captain."

"A Captain! I shall go out for a drive with him."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim.

"My dear Miss BELLA," says TOMMY, nervously, drawing out one long expostulatory note on his concertina, and twisting round slowly on one leg, as he sings, in a high, but not positively unmusical voice, "What will Mamma say? What will Papa say? Oh my, fie for shame! What will Mam—"

But a mischievous, tormenting look flashes into BELLA's grey eyes. "Take off your coat and hat!" says the wilful girl, in a calm, determined tone, to TOMMY, who stands aghast—"Take off your coat, hat, waistcoat, and white tie! I am going for a drive with CAPTAIN DUSOVER BELJAMBE!"

(To be continued.)

THE ANGLO-DUTCH PROTEST.

(See "Wrongs of Our Natives."—Punch, March 18.)

DEAR PUNCH,

We hope, in this Metropolis,
They play no tricks of Calicopolis:
We, Anglo-Dutchmen, dare to say,
We are of real use to-day;
Not to you, only, *Mr. Punch*,
Who, having had your oyster-lunch,
Resolve it into purest pearls
For thoughtful men and laughing girls.
We cry, "Come; eat us! Let the best,
Who boast the natives' choicest zest,
Awhile beneath the ocean rest.
Without pretending to be equal,
Eat us, meantime, and wait the sequel."
Once, if we credit Roman stories,
Ceteris ostrisior oris
Was all the pleasant ocean-marge
Where Latian epicures at large,
Enjoyed a British oyster-supper,
When HORACE reigned instead of TUPPER.
But oh the oysters, night and day,
Eaten, since CÆSAR came this way!
Since men at midnight, growing boisterous,
Swore that Olympus was an oyster-house,
That HERMES opened bivalves well,
And always in the concave shell;
That ZEUS, almighty self-refector,
When eating them abjured his nectar,
Thought GANYMEDE a clumsy lout,
And wisely called for London stout.
Natives no longer are abundant;
We, by comparison, redundant,
Not caring, though with scorn you treat us,
"Come, ope," we cry, "come, ope, and eat us!"
Trust not the men who, fond of "sells,"
Will put us into Native shells;
But gulp us in an honest way,
And, having done it, you will say,
"Twere wiser to grant breathing time,
For natives to regain their prime,
Nor while we spare them, scorn too much
The plump and modest Anglo-Dutch."
The doings of Mancestrian folk
Are, we admit, beyond a joke,
But we are not in league with such men:
We're good, fresh, honest

ANGLO-DUTCHMEN.

WHAT OXFORD QUESTIONS.—Whether the way to supply sins of omission be by sins of Commission?

WHAT IT SEEMS LIKELY TO COME TO.

THE Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury contemplate the opening of Westminster Hall as a Skating Rink, for the use of Members of both Houses, the Bench, and the Bar.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's hope shortly to be able to announce the opening of their new Skating Rink, in the Cathedral crypt, for the use of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

Loggia and box-holders at the Albert Hall, who have converted their property into private Rinks, are requested to abstain from skating during the few remaining Concerts which will take place before a Bill is applied for to authorise the adaptation of the Hall as a Metropolitan Rink for the use of the British Public.

The President and Academicians of the Royal Academy of Arts beg to inform Exhibitors that their entrance cards will admit them to the new Art Rink, to be constructed in the courtyard of Burlington House previous to the opening of the Exhibition.

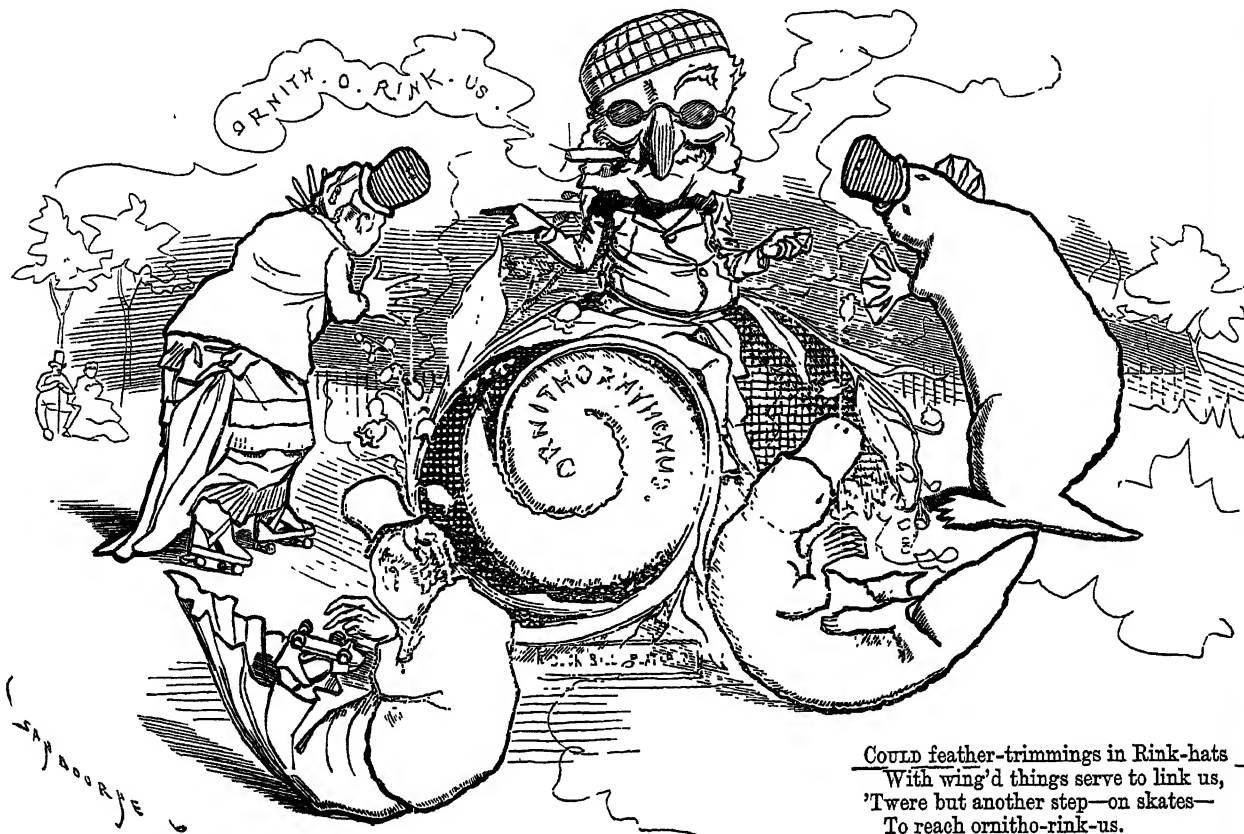
The Zoological Society is about to turn the Fish House into a Skating Rink. Lessons will be given by the Polar Bears.

Conservative Notions.

It is understood that, should the sanction of Parliament be given to the Ministerial proposal of adding the new and foreign denomination of Empress to HER MAJESTY's old English title of Queen, MR. DISRAELI will shortly ask the House of Commons to vote a sum of money for the purpose of whitewashing Westminster Abbey.

DOWAGERS DEVELOPED.

(On the Rink.)



That strange Australian animal,
Half-bird, half-beast, whole puzzle,
Needs little humouring, after all,
Of paws and duck-billed muzzle,

To turn into a dowager,
Upon her "Spillers" balanced,
With hands outstretched to steady her,
And rink-hat feather-valanced.

COULD feather-trimmings in Rink-hats —
With wing'd things serve to link us,
'Twere but another step—on skates—
To reach ornitho-rink-us.

"Ornis-ornithos—Greek for bird."
Quoth *Punch* behind his blinkers,
"Old rinkers in plumed hats—absurd—
Call 'em, ornitho-rinkers!"

APPREHENDED OUTRAGE AT HAMMERSMITH.

ACCORDING to a Correspondent of the *Times*, some wretch connected with Hammersmith proposes to cut down the noble trees by the River side at the end of the Mall, two hundred years old, and said to have been planted by the Queen of CHARLES THE SECOND. If so, and the caitiff is only quick enough about his work, he will be in time to cause regret and annoyance to numerous spectators who will miss those picturesque objects at the University Boat-Race. Let us, therefore, be informed, as soon as possible, who this fellow is, in order that, whilst all the Philistines, and snobs that rejoice in Vandalism, and revel in the destruction of ancient memorials, will unite in applauding his design, every possible opposition may be offered to it by every sensible person who can make any.

An Enigma.

(*À propos of the Oxford Professor on Political Economy, BONAMY PRICE, Esq., M.A.*)

ALL questions of Exchange
Are settled in a trice
At Oxford University
By reference to PRICE.
Still it is understood
Political Economy
Has never yet held good
With what proceeds from BONHOMIE.

INHABITED HOUSE DUTY—The Servants'. And I wish they'd do it.—Yours, PATERFAMILIAS.

Slippery Ground.

THE following note occurs in a column of Southampton news:—

"CHARLES EDWARDS is announced to give Gospel addresses in the new Skating Rink to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon and evening."

To serve the purpose of MR. EDWARDS, a Skating Rink seems about as fit as a Circus; but authority for preaching both in season and out of season may equally warrant preaching whether in or out of place. However, perhaps a sermon would not be quite out of place in a Skating Rink, where it might touch backsliders.

Elementary Education.

THE Elements of late have been unusually unruly. Meetings to promote Elementary Education have had not the slightest effect in restraining their violence, so as to keep them from tearing telegraphic wires, and throwing tiles and chimney-pots. There are Elements which nobody as yet has been able to master; hence the late tempestuous weather. Better luck to the efforts of philanthropists to educate the people.

Proposal to Parliament.

In order to the more effectual exclusion of private jobbery from Parliamentary proceedings, suppose you resolve that any Honourable Member accepting office as a Railway Chairman or Director, shall by the fact of so doing, like the receiver of a Ministerial appointment, vacate his seat, and ere he is permitted to resume it, have to offer himself for re-election.

PERFORMANCES IN LENT.



THE *Hampshire Independent*, under heading of "Lenten Missions at Southampton," reports the performances of certain "mission preachers," invited by some of the Clergymen, who, "headed by the Rural Dean, the REV. DR. CARY, approached the LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, and obtained his sanction and warm approval of a series of Services to be held during the first eight or ten days of the present Lent." Some of these proceedings would once have been deemed prodigious, and not merely extraordinary; but in these days we are accustomed to notices of Theatres Clerical, such as the following account of a performance at—

"ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.—Those who, knowing the Ritualistic tendencies at this church (REV. F. M. GREGORY'S), expected that the Mission would be accompanied by extravagances, were not disappointed. The notices, announcing the Services stated the Mission Priests will be ready to hear confessions, or to give spiritual direction after any of the Services, with the Service for the renewal of baptismal vows."

The acting at the REV. F. M. GREGORY'S Church, where "Mission Priests" attended to hear confessions, if truly described, was very close to the real thing indeed. MR. GREGORY appears to have played the part of a provincial POPE GREGORY in capital style. This is further apparent from what follows:—

"On Saturday evening the Missioners (REVS. R. LINKLATER and L. N. JONES) were met by the Vicar and choristers at the old parsonage house, where a procession was formed, and headed by one of the choristers bearing aloft a jewelled crucifix, they proceeded to the church, singing, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!'"

These soldiers, however, seem unaware that they are troops with whom the genuine Pope's Own would not march through Coventry, nor would have marched through Southampton.

A "service," we are told, was next "conducted" by MR. GREGORY—playing Anti-Pope, perhaps, rather than POPE GREGORY, as the Ritualists disobey P.R.s. It was "taken from the Book of the Mission":—

"In this book the advantages of coming to confession are set forth, with directions 'how to make a good confession,' in which an admonition is given 'not to keep back anything. To take care to be plain and simple, and if you find it difficult, to ask the priest to help you;' 'if you doubt whether anything you have done was sinful, ask the priest;' 'keep to the point, and remember you have to confess your own sins, not the sins of other people;' 'make your confession as if it were your last, and you were going to die to-night.' Then is given the following form of confession."

This was simply the Roman preamble to auricular confession slightly garbled to suit the Ritualistic stage. It is followed by the direction, "Then tell the priest your sins," and, that done, finally, to pray "you, my father, to give me penance, counsel, and absolution."

Might not the penitent, told not to confess the sins of other people, as well consider how far he is sure that his own will not be divulged by his mimic "Father Confessor"? There is nothing to prevent a Ritualist from being a hypocrite; nor are there in the laws of the Church by Law Established any provisions to regulate the practice of "Confession," which, as a practice, that Church ignores. No such provisions are likely to be made by Act of Parliament, and even if the Bishops could be prevailed to frame any, what Ritualist—each his own Pope—could be trusted to obey his Bishop? Let boobies, therefore, beware how they play at auricular confession.

The thirty odd Hampshire parsons have "approached" the BISHOP of WINCHESTER to such purpose that next, instead of warily "approaching" him—getting at him in a gradual and tentative manner—they will perhaps at once peremptorily request him to patronise their sacerdotal performances. If the REV. MR. GREGORY, of Southampton, for instance, has the courage of his opinions, will he hesitate to apply to his Diocesan for a faculty to erect a Confessional in St. Michael's Church? For that purpose, however, the mere faculty of imitation will not do.

AN EDUCATIONAL NORTHERN LIGHT.

IN these days, when the Schoolmaster is so much abroad, what a comfort to know that even where School Boards are not spread, the banquet of instruction is ready for the children of the humbler as well as the highest orders. And what instruction! Take as an example the following *bond fide* educational *menu*—actually put forth by a North Country Schoolmaster—which has been sent to *Mr. Punch*, and which he reproduces textually.

"MR. — now ventures to commend his scholastic attainments to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of —, feeling confident he has made himself master of a good sound English education, after pursuing the above object many years—nevertheless returns his sincere thanks to those who have favoured him with their patronage and yet earnestly solicits a favour of greater patronage feeling assured that by strictness, perseverance, economy and wonted ability he will give satisfaction to both sexes in tuition and also to parents by imparting to their Children a liberal Education, consisting of Reading, Writing, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic in all its extensive branches and powers, also Mathematics and Drawing."

"N.B.—MR. — deems it highly necessary to remark that it is a matter of great materiality regarding the progress in any boy or girl being absent at school, as their progress depends on their attendance, if the Teacher do his duty, and it is an undeniable fact that Learning cannot be acquired unless attention be paid, hence MR. — only wishes to have attendance of boys and girls, to prove what he has stated above, but he begs to say that he wishes parents would deliver their Children into his hands and charge, as he has seen in several cases that indulging Children in laziness and not making them obey their duty have been their ruin—thinking this a sufficient remark yet without verbosity or any vague assurance—he hopes this will be conclusive and worthy of the readers attention without embarrassment of un-accomplished achievements."

"METHOD.—I. A course of intelligent study is initiated & steadily pursued having immediate reference to the requirements of his meanest pupils. II. The exercises worked by his pupils are carefully corrected and honestly criticised and every means are taken to secure rapid improvement. III. The result of six years experience are offered for consideration."

"TERMS.—Learning the letters 2d. per week; Beginning to read 3d. per week; Ditto Writing & Arithmetic 4d. per week; Small Hand Writers 5d. per week; Those learning Grammar 6d. per week; Drawing, Mathematics, Geography, &c., from 9d. to 1s. 6d."

Who can say the region enlightened by such an educational luminary as the author of this hand-bill can be in want of a School-Board?

SUPPORTERS OF THE CROWN.

A NOTABLE discovery was communicated to the *Times* the other day by MR. HENRY WALKER, the Honorary Secretary of the West London Scientific Association. On the preceding Saturday afternoon, in the brick earth pit of the old Thames bed at Crayford in Kent, a gentleman belonging to the learned body abovenamed found an unquestionable relic of a noble animal too commonly, of late years, accounted a myth:—

"One of the members of this Association, MR. R. W. CHEADLE, of Christ's Hospital, was successful in excavating a bone which was identified by PROFESSOR MORRIS as the thighbone of a British species of lion."

Thus the British Lion, whose very name is sneered at by subversive scoffers as all humbug, is now demonstrated to be a genuine reality, at least to have been a real quadruped once; a live lion in his day, the most ancient of the good old days,—

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

The aboriginal Briton, bedaubed with woad. That is if in Britain at that prehistoric period there existed any aborigines on two legs and featherless, and if woad was comprised in the British *flora* at an epoch when the British *fauna* included lions. But, most strange to say, the discovery of the British Lion is not the only one made by MR. CHEADLE, and a more remarkable case of "curious coincidence" has perhaps never been announced in any journal than that which remains to be pointed out:—

"MR. CHEADLE found at the same time several teeth of rhinoceros in this cemetery of ancient life among the hop-gardens of Kent."

It is indeed wonderful that remains of a creature in heraldry associated with the British Lion, and popularly also regarded as a fabulous monster, should have been discovered in actual vicinity to those of its companion on the Royal Arms. That is to say, unless the rhinoceros's teeth discovered by MR. CHEADLE were those of a two-horned rhinoceros. If the creature they belonged to was one of the ordinary Indian type, then, assuredly, that gentleman has done himself the honour of discovering not only the Lion of British antiquity, but likewise the Unicorn.

ITALY ON FRANCE.

"La Repubblica non aveva che una *Gambetta*; Adesso ha due gambe, e sta ferma!"



PUNCH'S PICTORIAL PATENTS.

PATENT FRONT-AND-BACK-FALL BUFFER (FOR BEGINNERS).

AN OXFORD MIXTURE.

THE following letters have been received at 85, Fleet Street, during the past week, on the subject of the Oxford University Bill, now before the House of Lords. In these days, when public opinion is so powerful, all useful hints should be of service to Commissioners, both of the present and the future. This being the case, *Mr. Punch* has no hesitation in publishing the communications of his correspondents for that unknown quantity—what they are worth:—

(LETTER I. Postmark, "London, W.")

DEAREST MR. PUNCH,

You have *always* been the *best* friend of the Ladies—always—and I do so want you to help us now. You are so good and so clever and so amiable that I am sure you will if you can, and you know—you satirical, nice important creature—you know you can do anything if you please. A single line in your *truly* amusing paper will have (as Papa calls it) "the desired effect." You know it will, now don't you?

After reading the first column of the *Times* the other morning, I turned to the other pages (as I *always* do, to see if there is any news of the dear Prince), and, quite by accident, I came upon a long account of a meeting of a Convocation at Oxford, headed "LORD SALISBURY'S BILL." As my brother JOHN is at Oxford, of course I devoured the article with the most *awful* relish. I couldn't quite understand it, but Papa tells me that it is proposed to alter the way of spending the money belonging to the Colleges—the endowments or something—you know what I mean. I hope you won't consider me a *very* silly goose if I suggest something *en passant*. I suppose the old Gentlemen have been *too* extravagant in their tailor's bills—I know at Commemoration some of the gowns were quite *too* gorgeous! Now for my suggestion.

Don't you remember there was a *great* fuss a short time ago about the expenses of Commemoration. I recollect a lot of letters in the papers saying that the young men could not *really* afford (poor fellows) to entertain their sisters and cousins in proper style. One

wretch wanted Commemoration to be abolished! Now *this* would be simply too awfully miserable; it would be really *wicked*! Commemoration is *too* nice, it is indeed.

Why shouldn't some of the funds, *dearest Mr. Punch*, be devoted to paying for the Balls, Pic-nics, Garden Parties, and Flower Shows? If the Heads of Colleges (is *that* the right name for them?) objected, they might be wheedled into saying "Yes," by receiving a lot of cards of invitation to everything—of course on condition that they only asked *nice* young Men and unmarried Ladies at least over forty.

Do, do get this done for us, *dearest Mr. Punch*, and merit the eternal gratitude of yours most sincerely,

A LITTLE GIRL.

P.S.—I must introduce you to JACK. I am *sure* he would be *delighted* to put you up for the week, and his breakfasts are really quite too lovely.

(LETTER II. Postmark, "City Road.")

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I am not a Member of Oxford College, but I have written ten five-act pieces that a jealous clique of theatrical Managers (in London and the provinces) have kept off the boards once trod by that far-famed gentleman sometimes called the famous "Swan of Avon."

SIR, "if there is any justice in the land of the brave and the free; if there is still a sun keeping watch over the busy world by day as the silvery moon does by night, like a hawk searching for his first meal—the early worm of daybreak" (pardon me for quoting from my own works), let some of the bloated funds of the luxurious College of Oxford be expended in assisting

Your obedient Servant,

A GENIUS NOT YET RECOGNISED.

(LETTER III. Postmark, "Aldershot.")

SIR,—After careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that an Oxford education is scarcely the sort of thing to suit a man

PRESIDENT CINCINNATUS.

"The Senate have passed a resolution reducing the President's allowance from 50,000 to 25,000 dollars."

OUR Transatlantic cousins trying
To meet the last cry from the Gallery.
Go in an honest head for buying
At half the present scale of salary.
Almighty Dollar's slaves essay—
The notion strikes us here as comic—
To halve their President's poor pay,
And so prove clean hands economic.

Alas! there will be no more fun—
Hops, Germans, champagne lunches, dinners—
At the White House in Washington
For hungry saints or thirsty sinners.
Your public life alas! breeds dirt,
Your public organs throw it gaily;
And now the Presidential shirt
Will hardly pay for washing daily.

What is five thousand pounds a year?
'Tis just an English Bishop's income.
While, in the President's starved ear,
The dollars melt from hands that clink 'em!
Roumanian Boyar, Russian Prince,
Outspent in rear of Shoddy tarries:
And English Dukes with envy wince
While Shoddy pays them down in Paris.

Emperors and Kings are much too dear;
A President may well come cheaper:
But why give anything a year
To your exalted office-keeper?
Put up the place to auction, friends,
Choose who bids highest—when you've made him,
Wait till his term of office ends,
And, guess, you'll find, somehow, it's paid him.

A Fruitless Visit.

MRS. MALAPROP' has suffered a great disappointment. Hearing of "the fall in the price of silver," she thought it was a favourable opportunity to buy what she had long wanted—a few additional forks and spoons. Her expectations of a great bargain were rudely dashed to the ground when she reached the silversmith's shop.

intending to enter the Army. My present duties are confined to company drill, the internal economy of a regiment (inspecting raw meat and tasting weak tea), and occasionally assisting at the deliberations of the Mess Committee.

Why should not some of the University Funds be devoted to purchasing parade-grounds and the endowment of a Chair of Military Science? I may say the exercises would be of local as well as of general importance. As a soldier it is my opinion that even the Heads of Colleges would be benefited by a course of "setting-up drill," and as for "the coaches" a month of "par-buckling" and a fortnight of "trench digging" would do them all the good in the world—it would make men of them, Sir.

For the sake of the Service you will be glad to hear that what I learned at Oxford I completely forgot at Sandhurst.

Yours faithfully,

B. A. (Oxford), Lieutenant—th Foot.

(LETTER IV. Postmark, "Putney.")

MR. EDITOR,

FAR be it from me to suggest that a good oar must necessarily be a bad scholar (on the contrary, many of our best Blues have been the prides of their respective Colleges); but surely field and water sports might now take rank with cramming.

The London Public, Sir, fully appreciate the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, and the University Cricket Match; but those two great contests have never been properly recognised on the banks of the Cam and the Isis. I see a good opportunity for some reparation in the proposed redistribution of the Oxford funds. Two chairs (one for Cricket, the other for Boating) might be advantageously established; and perhaps a small fund might be reserved for the entertainment of ex-Lord Mayors by victorious Eights, or conquering Elevens.

Let this be done, and I say that Athletic Oxford will be more than satisfied.

Yours most truly,

AN OLD BLUE.

(LETTER V. Postmark, "Little Peddlington.")

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—You will see by my signature that I am the celebrated Tragedian. Sir, in that character I have a right to be heard.

Sir, what do our young men know about elocution? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Don't talk to me, Sir, about a Public Orator. Pshaw, Sir!—his office is a sinecure, a farce, a sham! Sir, I hear that Oxford proposes to spend her money after a new fashion. By all means let her do so.

I am given to understand, Sir, that the University boasts a Theatre of its own (I have my own doubts upon the subject, Sir; for I cannot find it mentioned in the *Era*: but no matter). Then let that Theatre (if it exists) be worthily filled.

Sir—mark me well—let the University make it worth my while, and I will allow our youth to see me nightly in a round of my most famous Shakspearian parts.

As you know, Sir, I am the *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo*, *Apothecary* (as played by me at the Theatre Royal Sadler's Wells for more than three consecutive nights), *Othello* and *Falstaff* of the epoch. Need I say more?

Sir, your obedient Servant,

GARRICK KEMBLE JONES,

Late of the Theatre Royal Sadler's Wells.

P.S. Should my offer be refused, I shall be at liberty at Easter for Tragedy, Eccentric Comedy, and Utility. I understand the time—eight.

(LETTER VI. Postmark, "London, E.")

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

DOUBTLESS there will be many excellent suggestions made for the redistribution of the Funds of Oxford University. Accordingly, I am a little shy of advancing the claims of the class to which I myself belong, and yet if something could be done for us, it would indeed be a blessing. Indirectly, many an Oxford man working either in the slums of London or in the heathen lands of the country might be benefited. But the will must be precursor of the way.

Sick calls, Lenten duties, and my ordinary parochial work prevent me from writing more.

Your faithful Servant,

A POOR CURATE.

QUESTIONS FOR ANY NUMBER OF BEES.

1. Spell LUBBERATICS.
2. Pronounce LUBBERATICS.
3. Who is LUBBERATICS?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



GOOD joke (Lords, Monday, March 20th) of LORD STANLEY of ALDERLEY's—Will Government issue a Fugitive-Coolie Circular—the Fugitive Slave Circular having proved such a success? LORD DERBY, with perfect seriousness, disclaimed any such intention.

(Commons).—In Committee on Royal Titles Bill, MR. DISRAELI tried to take the sting out of the Bill by explaining that the QUEEN would, under no circumstances, assume

the style of Empress in England. VICTORIA in fact, is to be Empress, "Limited"—to India—and her children, further West, are still to be Royal—not Royal and Imperial—Highnesses. LORD HARTINGTON was sorry this re-assuring pledge had not been given before Second Reading of the Bill. Still he foresaw awkward complications. Think of the difficulty of keeping the Snobocracy—Social and Municipal—to the old title. There would be something so irresistibly tempting to JENKINS in a new and lower form of Kotow!

SERGEANT SIMON wanted to include a reference to the Colonies in the Royal Style. Our Warwick—Empress-maker as he is—really didn't just now see how that was to be managed, but did not despair that some day a happy device might be hit upon!

Now it has come to tinkering the Royal Title, *Punch* can't for the life of him see the difficulty of turning out a serviceable and comprehensive article. What is the objection to "VICTORIA by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, India, and the British Colonies and Dependencies, Queen?" Or—better still, because briefer,—why not, "VICTORIA of the British Dominions Queen?" Mr. P. will be happy to meet the RIGHT HON. B. D., the RIGHT HON. W. E. G., the RIGHT HON. SIR S. N. BART, and the RIGHT HON. LORD HARTINGTON, and will back himself to help those four lame dogs over the Royal Style in the course of an hour's confab, with the aid of a sedative cigar.

After some boggling, and with many wry faces from the Opposition, and no great appearance of relish on the part of the Majority, the Bill was got through Committee without a division.

Then the House, having shaken off its nomenclative nightmare, went joyously into Committee of Supply, and knocked off a good batch of "excess votes" in Army and Navy Estimates.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD SALISBURY has ventured—RYLANDS notwithstanding—to make the post of Indian Councillor tenable during good behaviour. Their Lordships are to have the comments of the Hebdomadal Council and Convocation on the Oxford Bill, before going into Committee. That is only fair.

(Commons).—Thank you, MR. RITCHIE, for a very useful *exposé* of the constitution, efficiency, expense, and pay of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, in support of demand for a Select Committee. Would that all Committees asked and granted had as good a ground laid for them or the chance of being as useful.

SHAW the Life Guardsman used to be a popular hero in the days when the *Battle of Waterloo* came off annually at Astley's. Our SHAW—the Life and Property Guardsman—has a more solid claim on London's recognition, for he does a large work with small means, and spends himself and his men freely for very inadequate reward. If all our big Babylon's municipal services were as well administered, manned and worked as her Fire Brigade, we should have less need for reform of our Local Government.

DR. CAMERON—with Scotch shrewdness and Highland pluck—brought forward the grievances of the *Talisman's* crew; the men, imprisoned without trial, for more than a year, in a filthy dungeon at Callao, then released without compensation, after being forced to serve the Peruvian Government for a cruise aboard their own ship; the officers still untried prisoners after fifteen months' suffering, and one of them murdered *en attendant* by one of the native ruffians shut up in the same foul hole.

MR. BOURKE told at great length the story of the *Talisman*—seized



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Publican. "YOUR DOG'S VERY FAT, SIR. PRAY WHAT DO YOU FEED HIM ON?"

Traveller. "WELL, HE HAS NO REGULAR MEALS; BUT WHENEVER I TAKE A GLASS OF ALE, I GIVE HIM A BISCUIT, YOU KNOW!"

fairly enough by the Peruvian Government as having been chartered and loaded here by agents of conspirators against the Government, and used for the purposes of a rebellion in the country—but shirked Dr. CAMERON's point, which was that our Government had been slack in acting on behalf of the crew. We are glad to hear from MR. BOURKE that LORD DERBY has, at last, sent out a peremptory demand for the immediate trial or release of the officers. Better late than never. Unfortunately, the demand comes too late for the mate, SIBLEY. The ruffian's knife has already picked the dungeon-lock for him, poor fellow!

LORD DERBY should be made to feel that there are occasions on which it is the duty of a Foreign Secretary's blood to boil. Peru may be as weak among powers, as she is lawless in her prisons, and rascally in her finance. But that is no reason why she should be allowed to imprison and ill use English sailors with impunity. Weakness has its privileges; but this is pushing them too far. Let us hope that Dr. CAMERON's creditably cool and clear exposition of the case will from this time secure his clients against the cooling influences of Foreign Office snow-broth. Even MR. GLADSTONE admitted that LORD DERBY might have shown more spirit, without infringing his over-cherished rule of discretion.

(Wednesday.)—An Irish afternoon as usual. DR. WARD busy proving that the Irish Fisheries had been knocked on the head by the treacherous jealousy of the Saxon, and starved, when the Scotch Fisheries were fed fat on grants and bounties. He only asks for an Irish Board of Commissioners, like the Scotch—a branding system, like the Scotch—and a modest annual grant of £20,000, to be spent in the repairs of piers and harbours, and loans to fishermen, &c. &c.

Dr. WARD, backed by MR. BUTT, LORD HAMILTON, and MR. BRUN, and a strong muster of Irish Members, made out a good case, in the teeth of BAXTER and the Economists; and SIR M. H. BEACH was driven to the candid admission that so long as the Scotch system was maintained, if it could be shown that the Irish Fisheries suffered for want of it, it ought to be extended to them. He promised inquiry. As to the grant, there were various loans out of the Reproductive Loan Fund under the Act of 1874. Let us see how the repayments under that came in, and then it would be time to talk about an extension of the system. Sly SIR MICHAEL! On the whole, he must oppose the Bill. So it was negatived by 215 to 181. But Dr. WARD can't say he has taken nothing by his motion.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD SALISBURY promised the Cambridge University Bill after Easter. Why are the Dark Blues to have precedence?

(Commons).—"Que diable allait-il faire dans cette Galère?" A startler for Egyptian Bulls. When DISRAELI promised CAVE's Report he had not read it. Having read it he thought KHEDIVÉ mightn't like it. KHEDIVÉ being asked, said he didn't like it, and the voice of the CAVE is not to be heard in the City. So the Report is burked, and the Bears are loose with a vengeance! DISRAELI may boast to have repeated the feat of his forefathers. He has spoiled the Egyptians!

MILTON's hymn comes to mind—with a difference:—

The Oracle is dumb!

From forth the Cave no hum

Skaketh the market, up or downward heaving.

The KHEDIVÉ doth opine

That light might raise a shine.

So Cabinet seals CAVE—Egyptian darkness leaving!

Another contribution—perhaps the largest of the year, and they have been both large and many—to BENJAMIN's mess.

But he crowned even this to-night, by his amazing speech on the Royal Titles Bill—in which he ran playfully down a whole gamut of "authorities," from SPENCER's *Fairy Queen* and CAMDEN's *Britannia* to *Whitaker's Almanac*, and the letter of a nursery correspondent—a dear good girl of twelve—who finds the QUEEN called Empress in her school-geography, a work with the high authority of an eighty-ninth edition.

But the Sphinx's most mysterious riddle was left for the last. Have not the bazaars and the ryots heard of an "Emperor"—an irresistible conqueror—who is slowly, but surely, absorbing Asia, from the North downwards? Henceforth India shall have her "Empress" to throw in the "Emperor's" teeth!

Marvellous medicine of a word! Mighty mystery of the Asian mind! Soundless depths of the Disraelitish incomprehensible!

Here be reasons, O BULL! plentiful as black-berries, and big as it is easy to make wind-bags. So Third Reading of the Bill was carried by 209 to 134, under protest of the Opposition, well and weightily uttered by the accredited mouths of GLADSTONE and LOWE; and with the freshness and force of a new voice, besides—that of COWEN, a dark diamond from coaly Tyne. So passes the Bill to the Lords. Q. b. f. f. que siet, prays *Punch*, but doubtingly, for he loves not to see high things lightly handled—and is for holding to the old ways nowhere so reverently as in the region round the Throne.

On Merchant Shipping Bill. There is a chance of getting the pressure of POOR JACK's collar lightened in one place. MR. GORST enforced from recalcitrant ADDERLEY promise of a Clause to confine imprisonment for breach of sailor's contract to cases involving danger to life or ship.

Friday.—Nothing so remarkable as SERJEANT SHERLOCK's gallant proposal to uncage the Ladies! Many Members—HOPE and MANNERS included—maintained that the Ladies preferred their present den "behind the grille, behind the grille!"—to parody the Laureate.

Stone walls do not a prison make;

Nor brazen bars a cage;

Ladies, the House who visit, take

These for a privilege!

NOTE ON NAVAL ESTIMATES.

ONE GUN that will sink an Iron-clad is as good as a broadside. A gunboat, whilst hitting hard enough to sink a *Minotaur*, is hard for the *Minotaur* to hit. The smaller the vessel and fewer her crew, the smaller and cheaper the calamity of her going to the bottom. A Little Ship with a Great Gun might do wonders. We want a lot of those Little Ships, my Lords.

AN APROPOS TITLE.

MONARCH OF MONARCHS,

COULD you not suggest to the mighty Mystery-Man that he should style his Royal Mistress Suzerain (*Suez-reine*) of Hindostan? The title would commemorate at once his two grand coups at Canal-buying and Sovereign-coining.

Yours, abjectly,

AGAG.



PROPRIETY IN A FIX.

MRS. QUIVERFUL HAS THREE DAUGHTERS JUST ENGAGED, AND THE PLEASING DUTY DEVOLVES UPON HER OF CHAPERONING THEM WHEN THEY TAKE THEIR WALKS ABROAD WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE LOVERS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE YOUNG COUPLES WILL GO THEIR OWN DIVERGENT WAYS!

OUT AT LAST; OR, DIZZY'S ODD TRICK.

THE FOX in the fable had tricks ten times ten
To get back to his den in the day of disaster;
But what was that Fox to High-Policy BEN,
Of phrase and *finesse* the redoubtable master?
Dealt out one by one tricks make excellent fun—
For the dealer at least. But the last was mysterious,
A very "dark horse" of a dodge. If hard run
BEN would have to try that; the result might be serious.
High Policy! Mum! So the chase seemed to flag,
When—out pops that identical trick from the bag!

"Why Empress?" quoth JOHN. With Sphinx finger to nose,
The Great Wizard replies, "There are various reasons.
You don't want them all in a lump, I suppose,
But I'll dribble them out—at convenient seasons.
Dear India desires it. She treated your boy
So remarkably well that she merits your gratitude.
Shown thus she will hail it with genuine joy.
See how eager her eyes, how expectant her attitude!
You don't quite perceive it? That's very absurd.
But no matter, I do; so you'll please take my word.

"Objections? Pooh! pooh! All this silly to-do
Is mere party device and unreasoning panic;
There are plenty of answers, good precedents too,
Let me draw your attention to regions Germanic.
It means very little—it means a great deal.
My plan's purely local—no change, mere addition.
'Twill strengthen your rule. If the Colonies feel
Just a little bit sore, why some new definition
May fix their relation and plaster their sore.
'Tis but tinkering the title a little bit more!

"New-fangled!" O dear, not at all! An old term.
I have heaps of Authorities—CAMDEN and SPENSER,

And PINNOCK, and WHITAKER. So I affirm
That *Victoria Imperatrix Fidei Defensor*
Is no innovation. And should you suppose
My research on the point has been careless or cursory,
I make my appeal, the whole matter to close,
To the highest of courts, which, of course, is the Nursery.
I won't mention names, but you've only to look
In my infant EGERIA's Geography Book!

"Not satisfied yet? Well, then, listen. Prepare
For a startler—the heart of this new Asian mystery—
'Tis a hint for the ear of the Great Russian Bear!
(Prince—Suez—new title!—three steps in one history)
He has munched up the Tartars! A rival? O no!
But we'll borrow his title to make matters equal.
Sometimes a big word is as good as a blow:
Will he funk it, or grin? We shall see in the sequel.
He fights, and intrigues, and creeps nearer apace;
I, by way of reply,—*fling a name in his face!*"

Writ de Rheumatico, &c.

DEAR PUNCH,

THERE is a young Lady for whom I have a great—though, since the late winter set in again, it has been a neuralgic—affection. One day last week she suddenly stopped sneezing, and asked me to write some lines in her album. To blow my nose, and produce the following was the work of a moment:—

Come where the aspens quiver,
There we'll indulge in a shiver:

Bring your catarrh
To my sciatica,

And we'll sing of lumbago and love!

I really didn't know I had it in me.

Yours, North-Easterly,

Snow Hill, March 29.

M. ARCHWIND.



“THE QUEEN WITH TWO HEADS.”

MR. BULL. “NO, NO, BENJAMIN, IT WILL NEVER DO! YOU CAN'T IMPROVE ON THE OLD ‘QUEEN'S HEAD!’”

DRAWING-ROOM DRESSES.



YOU DEAR
CREATURE,

I KNOW you receive letters from Ladies sometimes—very often, perhaps,—but, anyhow, you published a week or two ago one from an awfully jolly girl, I should think (though I really forget what it was about). But what I want to say is *à propos* of these Drawing-Rooms HER MAJESTY (I suppose I ought to say Her Imperial Majesty?) has announced—that is, of course it is the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, not

the QUEEN, who announces them—for May next.

I am sure no girl in the United Kingdom, India, or the Colonies, can be *more loyal* than I am, but why on earth we should be victimised and forced to go in evening dresses to a morning performance goodness gracious only knows. I have been to more than one Drawing-Room, and I know the delights of running out, even in May mornings, into one's carriage in low body and a train; sitting to be stared at by any casual passer-by in St. James's Street—and, whether it be LORD OGLEBY or the crossing-sweeper who looks into the carriage window, I know my shoulders in broad daylight must look frightfully yellow, however much *poudre de riz* I put on before starting, and even supposing them *couleur de rose* or "cherub-tinted," one feels so undressed in the day-time that it really seems quite too awfully shocking, especially as a girl does not take a fan to a Drawing-Room. Why are these *fêtes* not held at night? Or, if they must be by day, why cannot Ladies be received in a special morning dress, which, WORTH knows, may be quite as expensive and much more becoming, with those loves of *Bébé* bonnets which are just coming in from Paris. Trains, of course, would be discarded, though no doubt the skirts would be quite as long. But what anxiety, what nerves, what hysterics would be avoided if such a consummation could be arrived at!

Surely feathers, trains, and all the rest of it should be as obsolete as cavalier boots and powder, or, at any rate, as tail uniforms and epaulettes. Some Mammas (don't print this), whose daughters possess exceptionally good shoulders, might object, you know, but oh! what a blessing it would be to most of us, who now catch frightful colds, and in some cases consumption, merely to give the Gentlemen-at-Arms an opportunity of studying æsthetical anatomy while we are shivering in the Ante-Room.

I am quite serious, so do be so for once, and help

Your devoted admirer,

Belgravia.

BERTHA.

I enclose my card, and we have five o'clock tea every Tuesday throughout the season.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Come! Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell!*"

CHAPTER II.—*What the Author says.*

WHILE our erring, wayward, wild, innocent BELLA, despising the shackles of conventionality, is disguising herself in the REVEREND TOMMY HASSOCK's clerical costume, and making that soft, dumpling-headed clergyman turn quite pink with exasperation at being locked into the jam-cupboard during the process of masquerading which is going on in our front apartment,—JENNY takes a good long look at the innocent cause of all this excitement, who is standing in front of the one hotel at Wollum. He is engaged in swallowing a basin of soup, while, with his eyes, he is devouring the bill of fare which the waiter is holding up for his inspection. Not a very romantic

situation for a hero, truly; yet BELLA,—pausing to settle her white tie, and adjust the REVEREND TOMMY's pale green spectacles to her great unusual-looking eyes, which shine brightly under their white lids,—catching the movement of his deep, poppy-hued lips,—half hidden under a Niagara of tawny hair,—as they pronounced the words, "*Real Turtle*," felt, that, within her soul, there was suddenly revealed to her a bottomless depth—a wild, mad, reckless fervour of passion, to which all her past girlish pleasure in ices, jam-tarts, rolls, and cauliflowers, were but as a drop of summer dew to the tempestuous upheavings of old ocean's stormy bosom. She had seen his lips move; she had caught the masterful words, "*Real Turtle!*"

And what sort of man was he, who, this day, had been so freely inspired with the secret word, the talisman, the key to this priceless treasure of new-born uncalculating passion? This is he:—A big, powerful figure, deep-chested, clean-limbed, thin-flanked. Arms long and sinewy, with muscle rising in knotted cords upon them. His head,—towering stately over the heads of other men, being, as anatomists technically express it, "screwed on the right way,"—was so firmly set on his long, massive, columnar neck, as—his rich tawny, deep-brown hair, being cut short, and brushed straight up, artichoke fashion—to find a perfect resemblance in the sun-lit pine-apple that crowns the summit of Old London's fiery Monument.

He has harsh, swart features,—swarter than most swart features,—and a great, soft, black-brown moustache, silkier than the silkiest floss, drooping over his ample, gleaming, mouth. Penthouse brows, and dwelling under them, in their shadow, luminous dark eyes that loved to feast royally on Nature's bounteous gifts to women, with long, unshackled looks. A magnificent ugly man. Such was CAPTAIN IVAR DUSOVER BELJAMBE.

So much for his outside. For his inside, it requires a more intimate acquaintance with the *menu* he is considering than we as yet possess, ere we can weigh and measure this momentous question, and pronounce according to any fixed constitutional standard. He was not more conceited, more dissipated, more self-indulgent, or secret-liver fonder of nuts, preserved fruits, and sweet things at dessert after the ladies have gone, than most men are. His voice was soft, and low as the tone of a muffled fog-horn sounding o'er the summer sea through the mists of evening-tide. Dreadfully soft could that voice be when it chose, suiting itself to the quality of the willing listener.

An ostler is waiting with a dog-cart for CAPTAIN BELJAMBE. Seeing this, he finishes his soup, and stretching out lazily one of his long, big, strong, shapely legs, he gave free play to his muscles, and with an abrupt intimation of his iron, inflexible, foot, dismisses the waiter, who, borne upward, and onward, by the giant impulse, floats away to where the sun is already sloping westwards, and disappearing in the first sprinkling on the water of the holy moonshine, is, so, gradually lost to view.

During the above, BELLA has finished her toilette, has turned to her sister, and asked,

"There, JENNY, am I a waiter? Am I a waiter or a clergyman? Am I to say 'My Christian friends,' or 'C'mingsir, yessir, d'reckly-sir'—which is it to be?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaims JENNY. But before she has time for more, BELLA has shut the door briskly, and has rushed down-stairs into the street.

CAPTAIN IVAR DUSOVER BELJAMBE has already taken his seat in his dog-cart, is giving the last smoothing caress to his lion-coloured moustache, before taking the reins in the firm-enclosing, unrelenting strong, iron, grasp of the long, clean, well-shaped muscular fingers of his sinuous right hand. His left, ungloved, still retains the soup-plate, which, in momentary forgetfulness of the waiter's enforced departure, he is holding out, expecting it be taken by the attendant. And so it is. White, plump, round, soft, ready little fingers seize it, as a tremulous voice, from a pleading face, upward turned towards his hairy countenance and herculean shoulders, says

"Sherry, Sir? Yessir, d'reckly-sir."

Happy DUSOVER! Lucky Moslem in the dog-cart, to have his sherbet brought to him by such a *hourri*!

It was a pretty sight: the big, gentlemanlike-looking man in light clothes, bending down towards the beautiful girl masquerading in the REVEREND MR. HASSOCK's clerical attire—

"Half light, half shade,

A silent waiter, or a gleeful maid?"

Her white tie, tumbled and creased in her endeavours to make both ends meet, seemed but a poor muddy yellow strip, as it lovingly encircled her soft, white, warm throat. Her high, black, waistcoat sat well on her bold, well-defined fairy bust, and the sun kissed her hair and her hands, as though he were some rod-loving schoolmaster who could never be sated with tanning her. Her cheeks, rosier than rosy red, are glowing hotlier and hotter with the unwonted excitement, and her eyes sparkle and glitter like beautiful great sapphires.

The grey mare is growing restive.

"Come up!" says the deep tone of DUSOVER BELJAMBE's bell-like voice; so deep, so bell-like, that, at its sound, the good people



FORBEARANCE.

Member of Hunt (to Farmer). "I WOULDN'T RIDE OVER THOSE SEEDS IF I WERE YOU. THEY BELONG TO A DISAGREEABLE SORT OF FELLOW, WHO MIGHT MAKE A FUSS ABOUT IT."

Farmer. "WELL, SIR, AS HIM'S ME, HE WON'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT IT TO-DAY."

of Wollum took up their prayer-books, and were for trudging off to church; while some few of the smaller tradesmen came out to put up their shutters, under the impression that the knell of the Lord of the Manor, or at least of the old Squire, was being rung.

"Come up, will you?" he says once more to the restive mare.

BELLA VILLARS hears, looks up at him hardily, growing crimson, but with a dare-devil light in her eyes, and repeats,

"Come up, will you?" I will.

"I don't care about mixed society," returns CAPTAIN BELJAMBE, rudely; "and you seem to be neither one thing nor the other."

"If I am not allowed to do what I like, I scream," answered the girl, gravely. "I am coming for a drive with you, and intend to upset your cart. Do you give me *carte blanche*?"

"This is my *carte de visite*," replied CAPTAIN DUSOVER BELJAMBE, carelessly, "and I am going to make a round of calls."

"So am I!" cries BELLA. "TOMMY, make room for your uncle!" she adds, as, at one bold jump, she springs up lightly into the vehicle, and seats herself by his side, not more than three inches distant from his great shoulder.

"Now then! Wake up! Off we go!" she exclaims, as, in a sudden ecstasy of breathless enjoyment, she reaches over the splash-board and flogs the mare with poor MR. HASCOCK's crumpled hat.

CAPTAIN DUSOVER looks at her full womanly figure, at the round white throat, like a column of Devonshire cream, and then, with one short stirring cry, and a sharp click of the whip, he gives his mare the reins, and away they are carried at the rate of thirty miles an hour, while her sister JENNY from the balcony is shouting out, "Come back! Come back!" and the REVEREND MR. HASCOCK, pink with vexation, and dressed in BELLA's cast-off gown, which the emergency has compelled him to adopt, is waving his blue umbrella from an upper window.

"She is a dear good girl," he is saying to himself, "and really fond of parish work."

He waves his umbrella once more, and for the last time—BELLA is out of hearing, out of seeing, now: she is galloping down the shady green lanes by the sea, looking up into the searching flame of

DUSOVER BELJAMBE's gaze, sipping draughts of poison, thinking to herself "All this is very wrong, highly improper, but what of that? It is utterly unimagined bliss!"

So they sped on, swiftly, these two, down the still road.

(To be continued.)

Foot-Note (Private Correspondence):—

What the Editor says.—"I say, isn't this a trifle too strong? Where's the moral?"—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"Too strong! Not a bit! Graphic, descriptive. I'm giving you the pith and marrow of all my other works. Not for wishy-washy milkshops. Moral's coming."—R. D.

A BRIGHT SUGGESTION.

ATTENTION, Metropolitan Board of Works, to a request which you should comply with. "J. E. S.," writing to a contemporary, sets forth the difficulty he and thousands of others, occasional visitors in London, experience in finding their way about, especially at night, owing to the multitude of streets with no names visible at all, and even in the principal thoroughfares none to be seen for half a mile. You need not be told how to remedy this state of things in respect of daylight; but as to darkness perhaps are not so ingenious as not to require being enlightened by "J. E. S." as follows:—

"What I wish to propose, or rather suggest, is this: that the names of the streets be put on the lamp-glasses, as you now see at many of the Railway Stations. The cost would be trifling, and the boon immense."

A clever idea, isn't it? and one which, if realised, would be a great improvement, and an immense boon indeed to many, especially country cousins, now that education has taught even bumpkins to read. Be so good as to execute it without delay.

HIBERNIAN TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Home Rule and Imperial assistance.



A NEW TEST.

Aunt (in alarm). "SURELY YOU'VE EATEN ENOUGH, HAVEN'T YOU, TOMMY?"
Tommy (in doubt). "F-F-F-FEEL ME!"

MORAL SUASION FOR SOTS.

(An Appeal to the United Kingdom Alliance.)

WHY cry for vexatious laws to curtail the freedom of the Briton, destroy the Liquor-merchant's livelihood, rob the poor man of his beer, and in consistency the rich man of his burgundy, when you could make people sober without any restrictive Act of Parliament? The way thereto has long been an open secret for any one with eyes in his (mind's) head. Now every fool who runs may read it in a paper just issued by the Howard Association on the "Means of Diminishing Intemperance."

For this purpose, instead of trying to go the whole hog like teetotal fanatics, the Howard Association proposes to proceed on old "HESION'S maxim that 'the half is more than the whole;' to do as much as will suffice, and not to fail by over-doing. Having suggested certain modifications of the present licensing system, they observe, for the instruction of Good Templars and Permissive Prohibitory Allies:—

"But when all has been done that intelligent public opinion is ever likely to sanction in the way of legal restrictions and licensing conditions, the principal work will *still* be to influence the personal convictions and habits of the people themselves as voluntary agents. And this can only be effected, as hitherto, by MORAL AND RELIGIOUS OPERATIONS concurrently (it is important to remark) with an increase of such necessary facilities of sobriety, as HEALTHY DWELLINGS, PROVIDENT HABITS, INNOCENT RECREATIONS, WORKMEN'S CLUBS, EDUCATIONAL ELEVATION, and a cheap and ever-ready supply of HARMLESS BEVERAGES."

Why, is not all this the revelation of a secret which everybody must now see to be as plain as the nose on his face—how plain soever? Who are the sober classes pray, SIR WILFRID LAWSON? Just exactly those who enjoy the abovenamed advantages, all, except Workmen's Clubs, because you Swells have Clubs of your own—the Carlton, Reform, Conservative, and such. You are the sober

SOMETHING NEW.

OH, who will show us something new!
Too common Rinks are growing,
And Spelling Bees are, *entre nous*,
Too solemn and slow-going.
Against monotony rebellers,
We're sick of Spillers and of spellers.

What is a Rink?—A riddy whirl
That makes a poor girl dizzy:
No time to question, as you twirl,
Who, what, or how much is he?
And if one has an awkward tumble,
It's hard to smile, instead of grumble.

LUBBOCK proves Bees a stupid race,
Good but to buzz and guttle,
Our Spelling Bees thrust in one's face
Sharp strings of queries subtle:
Interrogators poor girls tasking
With questions—all but the one worth asking.

Dear Mr. Punch, do pray invent
Some new game—you're so clever:
Of course one *must* be dull in Lent—
But Lent won't last for ever.
Then Lent means fast—so fast please make it—
Costume, *décolleté*—not too naked.

PUNCH replyeth.

Old pleasures tire, young fancies fire,
But Punch has outlived passion:
Ladies invent, and men admire—
'Tis yours to set the fashion,
Wherefore seek novelty? Behold
Flirting, still new, however old!

For dress, the thin disguise let fall;
With tight skirts form-revealing,
You've reached the art of showing all
Dress makes show of concealing.
To help you dress why Punch be pressing,
The *Modistes'* art is now un-dressing.

A FEAR FROM THE INDIAN TREASURY.

MAY not the new coinage of our Indian
Crown still further bring down the price of the
Rupee?

classes, you, the superior classes—not always classes as sober as they were superior. You, the comfortable and luxurious classes, blessed especially with healthy homes, and with a cheap and ever-ready supply of harmless beverages—champagne, claret, and numerous other wholesome wines; beverages dog-cheap to you who can well afford them, and not only harmless but beneficial to you who know better than to abuse them, and have no temptation. When the superior classes drank port and sherry and brandy-and-water, a sot, drunk and incapable, used to be proverbially said to be "as drunk as a lord." Do you ever see a nobleman in the gutter now? With good hot coffee, as sold in the streets of Birmingham at a halfpenny per cup (and a profit of from 12 to 15 per cent.), good ginger-beer no dearer than bad ale, try if you cannot wean the drunken classes from intoxicating liquors, as their betters—so called—were weaned on light wines before them. Legislate for the drainage and ventilation of those dwellings, from whose filth and squalor they fly to the public-house. Give them—the Howard Association particularly urges—religious training: that is to say, Christianity, not Mahometanism. The Turks are patterns of temperance, but of what other virtue? Suppose, whilst you, the United Kingdom Alliance, go on agitating for coercive liquor laws, the preventives of Intemperance recommended by the Howard Association are effectually tried. Suppose by-and-by you find drunkenness, your *raison d'être*, abolished, your platform cut from under your legs, and your occupation gone. How glad, no doubt, you will all of you be; how rejoiced at beholding national sobriety effected without the enforcement of unwilling abstinence!

A CHANGE OF NAME FOR WESTON THE WALKER.—For "PAYSON" read "PAGE-ON."

FAST FLOWERS.—"Mad-cap" Violets.



GASTRONOMY.

Young Hopeful. "PA, WHY DOESN'T THE QUEEN GIVE DINING-ROOMS 'STEAD OF DRAWIN'-ROOMS. I KNOW" (*with his mouth full*)
 "I WOULD!!!" (*Is helped last to pudding!*)

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

(*From the Note-Book of a Tourist.*)

He is a wise man who knows his own luggage, when he travels with a wife and her twenty-seven packages.

For want of a whistle the cab was lost, and for want of a cab the train was lost.

s. s. d. are your real letters of credit.

France prides itself on being the most civilised of nations; yet you may travel from one end of the country to the other, and never see a saltspoon.

Looking-glasses certainly are entitled to be classed among the many foreign things that will not bear reflection.

Except that the briefer the tomfoolery the better, there is not much to choose between a Lord Mayor's Show and a Carnival.

A collie dog is doubtless useful in its way, but how very much more useful would be a *colis* dog to look after one's luggage.

An Englishman will never cease to grumble on the Continent until he finds soap in his bed-room, and is not charged a franc for a farthing's-worth of bed-candle.

En revanche, how a foreigner, when travelling in England, must be driven to despair by our cookery and coffee!

May it be accepted as a proof of the military spirit of the French, that, at their *tables d'hôte* especially, in every dish of fowl there is a prevalence of drumsticks?

The man who stares about a church, while the poor people are at prayer, is a cad who would cut the name of SMITH upon the Parthenon.

La Manche, with all thy faults, I love thee *still*.

The only circulars worth reception by a tourist are circular notes.

The Tallest Style.

WITH talk *pro* and *con*. Queen and Empress we're dinned.

One crown either title's sufficient to cover in:

But Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, Ind,

Supply just the four crowns that make up a *Sovereign*.

THE WILLIAM ON THE BILL.

WILLIAM again, and to the point, as usual—"Titles BILL" we may surely call him after reading this from *King John*, Act. iv. sc. 2:—

King. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
 And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pembroke. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
 Was once superfluous: you were crowned before,
 And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off;
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land
 With any longed-for change, or better state.

Salisbury. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
 To guard a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pembroke. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
 This act is as an ancient tale new told,
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome.

Salisbury. In this the antique and well-noted face
 Of plain old form is much disfigured;
 And like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about:
 Startles and frights consideration;
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected
 For putting on so new a fashioned robe."

Neatly Turned.

MR. PUNCH congratulates MR. EDMUND HAY CURRIE, Chairman of the House Committee of the London Hospital, on the knighthood (couldn't they have made it a night-nurse-hood?) with which HER MAJESTY has condescended to invest him—more especially as the determination to favour CURRIE is not the result of any undue attempt on his part to curry favour.

LEGEND FOR THE LORDS.—*Nolumus nomen Regine mutari.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ALAD-MIXING is suggested by the composition of the Oxford Commission (*Lords, Monday, March 27th*). There is LORD SELBORNE for the lettuce, MR. MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY for the oil, SIR HENRY MAINE for the salt, DR. MONTAGUE BERNARD for the pepper, MR. JUSTICE GROVE for the turpentine, DEAN BURTON for the vinegar, and LORD REDESDALE for the mustard. The Commission is to be for four, not seven years. A good deal may be done in four years. But will this Commission do much? BURTON and REDESDALE forbid!

The DUKE OF RICHMOND promises the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND a Royal Commission to inquire into noxious vapours—the breath of Vested Right in its most unsavoury forms—of candle, soap, and manure manufacturing, bone-boiling, alkali-making, copper-smelting,

and so forth—but does not think the Commission should recommend what legislative measures are required to deal with these rank offences, which smell to heaven at least as strongly as *Claudius's* fratricide. Parliament as well as the public would have reason to thank the Royal Commission that could suggest any legal remedy for such nuisances that would work. Otherwise, we hardly see the good of the inquiry. The nuisances are admitted, and we have plenty of legal remedies that won't work, already.

LORD CAIRNS doesn't see his way for the present to a Marriage Bill to harmonise the law of connubial coupling for England, Scotland, and Ireland. More shame for JOHN, SANDY, and PAT, who are content to leave it a puzzle for legal heads to solve when one and one make one, and when they make two, by the law of the three countries.

(*Commons*).—SAMUELSON trying to undo the work of BENJAMIN. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER did his best, but to little purpose, to temper the wind to the shorn bulls, by explaining away the non-publication of CAVE's Report. It won't do. Everything is presumed against our unfortunate client, the KHEDIVÉ. BENJAMIN has smitten the EGYPTIAN's hip and thigh; and POOR ISMAIL brought to his marrow-bones by a fall of ten per cent. in less than ten days, may well pray, "Save me from my friends!"

The Leader of the Government promises the Leader of the Opposition an opening for a set-to, on the vote for the cost of MR. CAVE's mission. *Somebody* ought to catch it, hot and heavy.

In Committee on Merchant Shipping Bill, MR. PLIMSOLL temperately, and therefore powerfully, pleaded for his Amendment enforcing a survey of all unclassed ships, in preference to the Government plan of punishing the Owner who sends an unseaworthy ship to sea. The Country's feeling goes with PLIMSOLL; and *Punch* is not by any means inclined to bow down to the authority, as pleaded by MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, of nearly every President of the Board of Trade and all the permanent officials in favour of penalties and against the protective operation of survey.

After a long discussion—in which MR. FORSTER's adherence to MR. PLIMSOLL is worth noting—the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER threw his weight into the scale against PLIMSOLL, declaring that the Government, after much balancing of the two plans, had deliberately preferred punishment to enforced survey, as a preventive of unseaworthiness. The fear is that the State-Surveying Board would finally swallow up all the private surveying bodies like LLOYD's, and that this would create a false security, and exonerate shipowners from responsibility. So pleads MR. NORWOOD. We don't feel quite disposed to take the word of the wolves on the efficacy of competing systems of sheep-watching. But the end was—after a debate, in which MR. PLIMSOLL put his case very effectively, and the Board of Trade (till the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER came to the President's aid) very weakly—the defeat of the Amendment by 247 to 110. So be it. Let us see how penalty works. We may yet come to prevention.

Tuesday (Lords).—The DUKE OF BUCLEUCH indignantly disclaims the intention of seconding LORD SHAFTESBURY when he asks the Peers respectfully to pray HER MAJESTY not to flaunt Imperial Purple in her BUTT's face. We are only sorry the Duke is not going to do about the most sensible thing a Conservative Peer could do in this unlucky business. As Government did not concert with Opposition before bringing in the Bill, their best course would be so to concert before passing it. But they won't—the more's the pity.

(*Commons*).—MR. DISRAELI fenced and dodged about a question of MR. ANDERSON's as to the precedents for the QUEEN's going abroad during the sitting of Parliament. MR. DISRAELI is not happy in this kind of performance, which is always a dangerous one. Even so old and skilled a performer as PALMERSTON damaged himself seriously at it. The House is glad to laugh at a smart answer to an awkward question, but, in the long run, resents being poked fun at.

Government had the narrowest escape from a very damaging defeat on MR. MELDON's Motion for assimilating the English and Irish Borough Franchise—in other words, for giving household suffrage in Irish boroughs.

To be sure, household suffrage in England corresponds to mud-cabinhold suffrage in Ireland. We should have thought this a weightier distinction than it appears to JOHN BRIGHT, who came out quite in his old form, so that the Home-Rulers found themselves in a minority—would it be more Irish to say a large, or a small one?—of 166 to 179, and nearly shouted themselves into hysterics. *Punch*, from his invisible seat in the gallery, turned his eyes tenderly away from the Major, out of respect for his feelings.

The Irish Reform Bill stops the way! Reform Bill coming down!

Wednesday.—An Irish afternoon, in the coolest sense of the word. MR. BUTT, with inimitable assurance, brought forward what he called a Land Tenure—but which MR. HERBERT of Muckcross more correctly described as a Land Transfer—Bill for Ireland. The Honourable and Learned Member for Limerick proposes to deprive Landlords of the power of Eviction, except for non-payment of rents, to be settled by the award of a Court of Arbitration. This, with a variety of other limitations and conditions, would result in what MR. HERBERT not unfairly described as a transfer of the land of Ireland to the Tenant-Farmers, reducing the Landlords to uncertain annuitants on rent-charges, the amount of which would be very much at their Tenants' mercy.

The House wasted the afternoon on this wonderful specimen of Home-Rule Legislation, and finally paid it the ill-deserved compliment of an adjournment till Monday. LORD HARTINGTON was somehow crowded out, or he ought to have stood by SIR M. H. BEACH in putting down his foot on this audacious attempt at confiscation. Irish Landlords may be bad enough—some of them—but does what we know of Irish Tenants warrant any hope for Ireland from putting them in their Landlords' shoes? There is "property" in the serious, and "property" in the theatrical sense. We may help MR. BUTT's Irish mob to treat the one as if it were the other. But the House of Commons should not be the place to let the distinction be disregarded, even for a Wednesday afternoon.

Thursday (Lords).—The Royal Titles Bill read a Second Time, without a division—except of opinion. But that division found as full and potent voice as if their Lordships had been voting "Aye" and "No." The DUKE OF SOMERSET spoke his protest; and when the straightforwardness of LORD GREY—christen it "crotchety-ness" if you please, you can't deny the intelligence and independence that are worked into its warp and woof—the plain-spoken sense of LORD LAWRENCE, the experience of LORD WAVENEY, the whimsical keenness of LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, the polished humour of LORD GRANVILLE, were pitted against the perfumatory pleading of the DUKE OF RICHMOND and the trenchant audacity of the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, can we wonder if filigree "Empress" kicked the beam against weighty "Queen"?

What we do wonder at is, that the President of the Council and the Indian Secretary should dare maintain that the dislike to the title is a figment of faction, and the public meetings and petitions against it a "got-up" thing! Your motto, my Lords, your motto—(see your *Punch* of last week)—"*Nolumus nomen Regina mutari*." Speak it out—the voice of England is ready to echo you.

(*Commons*).—MR. CROSS announced TYLER's fiat, closing Ham-mersmith Bridge on the Boat-Race day.

More Merchant Shipping.

Friday (Lords).—A gallant attempt by LORD GRANVILLE to turn LORD SALISBURY's flank. Instead of doing away with the "Idle Fellowships"—falsely so called—LORD GRANVILLE proposed to open the Clerical ones! Audacious! But strange to say 40 to 57 went along with this audacious innovator.

The Unattached Students may thank the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY for empowering the Commissioners to employ surplus funds in founding scholarships tenable by these well-deserving waifs—these diligent dogs who eat of the crumbs from the rich men's tables.

(*Commons*).—CHAMBERS and NEWDEGATE, like Knight-Templars



AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.

Mistress (Low Church) to Follower discovered in the Kitchen on a Sunday. "NOW IT IS GETTING LATE, SIR, AND YOU MUST LEAVE THE HOUSE AT ONCE, UNLESS YOU'D BOTH LIKE TO COME UP-STAIRS WITH ME, AND I'LL READ YOU A SERMON!!"

two on one hobby, running a-tilt at Monks and Nuns. The House declined to follow them.

KHEDIVE consents to publication of CAVE's report! After the Bears have worked their wicked will on his stock for more than a week! Poor impecunious, impetuous, impracticable KHEDIVE! Again we hear his prayer, "Save me from my friends!"

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ENGINEERING.

"I think it is not too much to say that if the school of ARCHIMEDES had triumphed over the school of PLATO, the frightful catastrophe which overthrew the Roman Empire, and condemned mankind to a thousand years of barbarism and misery, would have been averted. . . . And when I remember how many men have spent their lives in small grammatical researches, in reading or writing bad poetry or execrable histories and biographies—all this rubbish to be read by the few, and thrown aside by the many—it is a gratifying reflection that we are this day met to celebrate the triumphs of a profession which has not only benefited its members by the riches they have derived from its pursuit, but has been the means of securing the world against the most awful calamity that could befall it—after a far advance into civilisation—a relapse into barbarism."—MR. LOWE to the Engineers.

HIDE, PLATO, thy diminished head, and pass
Into Philosophy's inferior class,
Since but for thee, vile sophist, but for thee,
There had not been the sad catastrophe,
When the barbaric tide was onward hurled,
And Rome no longer ruled a happy world.
Yes, metaphysic prater, but for thee,
Rome would be mistress still, o'er land and sea,
Gallia and Britain, humbly crouching down,
Would send their tribute to the Imperial town;
And subject provinces would lick the dust
Before our Emperor, peerless and august.

Thus MR. LOWE, who always greatly dares:
And next, he kicks the literate world down-stairs,
Sneers at the small grammarians, although he
Has lately stooped to grace a Spelling Bee;

Lays heavily his strenuous lingual lash
On poets' rubbish and historians' trash,
And fails to see that, if poetic thought
And great historic records go for nought,
If life is sunk to mere material sense,
No State existing would be worth defence.

'Tis very well to praise the Engineers—
A useful army—but they have their peers:
It is the solitary thinker's brain
That gives us lightning-wire and railway-train.
Apollo bids the radiant arrows fly:
Let Vulcan forge the sun-god's panoply.
As to the Roman Rule, it may be sad
That it was crushed by the barbarian cad,
And all through PLATO—sad to think that we
Are Englishmen, and tolerably free,
Instead of working hard at Roman roads,
And bringing to the CÆSAR birthday odes.
But in that higher state, we want to know
What special corner would belong to LOWE.
Would he not vanish, Orator of whim?
And would there be a *Punch* to laugh at him?

Piping Times.

THIS must be a pleasant and easy-going employer, who advertises in the *West Sussex Gazette*:—

WANTED; a CARTER. Will be allowed to do anything he likes except smoke in the drawing-room. Liberal wages given.—Apply, &c.

Carters seem to inspire facetiousness in advertisers. This is from a Bolton paper:—

WANTED, immediately, an idle, drunken CARTER. The Advertiser has had so many Sober Carters that he wants a change, but a moderately sober one would not be objected to.—Inquire, &c.



"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO."

Tommy (to Mamma, encouragingly). "NOW THEN, MA', HARDEN YOUR HEART, SIT WELL DOWN, AND NEVER SAY DIE!"

SANITARY SANGRADOISM.

REALLY, the Doctors are determined to frighten us out of our wits. Every day we are warned to take care of our nerves, not to touch alcohol, not to walk too far, not to play a game of cricket, or row on the river with AMANDA—

Where on the ait all emerald is the osier,
Where the white swan-fleets indolently sway,
When, in the sunset, Beauty, growing rosier,
Murmurs, "How happy we have been to-day!"—

not to sit up late o' nights, whether to hear the chimes at midnight or unsphere the spirit of PLATO; not to do anything which our strong forefathers did freely, yet lived to a good old age with clear brains to the last, in spite of gout and insanitary surroundings.

Such Sages as CLEOBULUS and PITTACUS were all very well with their "Measure is best" and "Nothing in excess": but nowadays we are vexed with an immoderate moderation, an intemperate intemperance. Here is DR. RICHARDSON, who tells us that alcohol produces "Nothing but disease and death—mental disease, mental death; physical disease, physical death." Silence the profane rhymers, who sing—

Hear, oh hear!
DIONYSUS and DEMETER—
Give, oh give
Wine and corn, that the Poet may live:
All Olympus I disdain,
Blest with aid of that glorious twain.

And don't for a moment suppose that one drink is worse than another. "To say this man only drinks ale, that man only drinks wine, while a third drinks spirits, is merely to say, when the apology is unclothed, that all drink the same danger." Mr. Punch has never unclothed an apology; but he holds that there is less danger in a pint of sound ale or wine than in a much smaller dose of brandy or whiskey.

The same medical luminary objects to exercise, except of a languid sort. He thinks the tortoise wiser than the eagle. Perhaps he is,

if length of life is the only desideratum. "Centuries of life in the aggregate," says a *Times* Critic, as humorously as if he were writing for this lighter page, "may have been sacrificed by the single invention of the staircase." If so, what has the railway to answer for, shattering every fibre of brain and body through miles of travel? Let us all be lotos-eaters. Let us swing in hammocks, and read *feuilletons*, and smoke latakia. A pleasant idea, doubtless; but the world will move, and its inhabitants must move with it. Besides, what says SIR WALTER?—

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

The heroes eat no lotos. *Ulysses* and Mr. Punch alike decline torpidity. The universe wants the mind of man to keep it going. Fancy the result if everybody were to give up hard work and midnight fun, to stay at home and nurse his nerves, and go to bed early after a moderate supper of water-gruel! Faith, it would be high time for the Ladies to take the reins—and they would do it too, and make the "mildeyed melancholy lotos-eaters" break into a sharp trot.

There are doctors of nerves, whom it pleases
To write about modern diseases:
Who believes in their books
Will feel "off the hooks"
If he suddenly shivers or sneezes.

Appalling the tiniest swerve is
To any who knows not what nerve is—
But the string of the bow
Whence brain-arrows flow,
Oft must tremble to do the State service.

O reader, who wisdom discernest,
Take life at its gayest or sternest:
The doctors may prate,
They are welcome to wait.
Eat and drink, work and play, in good earnest.

TEMPERANCE TAVERNS.



UT of the columns of a contemporary *Mr. Punch* transcribes with high delight an interesting paragraph respecting—

"PUBLIC-HOUSES FOR WORKING MEN.—We have been requested to draw attention to an effort to establish another 'Public-house' without the 'drunk' in the East End of London. The success already attending the movement has induced the Rev. G. P. KEOGH, Vicar of St. Paul's, Stratford, to start another in that populous neighbourhood. The district contains some ten thousand inhabitants, chiefly working men. MR. KEOGH has raised one hundred pounds but wants the balance of one thousand pounds to enable him to complete the good work."

"Without the drink," at a public-house of the kind above-mentioned, means, not the negation of any drink at all, but

only the absence of those particular beverages which, in excess, occasion inarticulate utterance, bad language, metaphysical argument, devious gait, prostration and incapability, or disorderly conduct, violent assaults inflicted on pot-companions, passers-by, or policemen, and the commission of furious outrages, such as savage beating or kicking upon wives. Of course, public-houses for working men supply them with the means of purely quenching their thirst, and are furnished with bars if not taps; but the bars, and the taps if there be any, are temperance taps and bars. From the foregoing statement it appears that the "movement" of co-operation in establishing such public-houses is a success. It is therefore one in which the benevolent may invest money with the reasonable hope of high returns, not to say dividends, in the shape of the improvement and welfare of their kind. Certain Teetotal Societies are in the receipt of subscriptions for which, perhaps, though there are many tracts and much talk to show, there is little temperance. The quantity of this at present inadequate result would be greatly increased if they would rather expend enough of their income on the institution of these public-houses to promote sobriety; and in particular contribute a sufficiency to make up the balance required by the Rev. Mr. KEOGH for the completion of the truly good work to which he has devoted himself in Oriental London. Success to that Reverend philanthropist's endeavours to provide carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers-and-glaziers, and other workmen, with houses of call which are not pot-houses; public-houses without barrel or bung.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Cometh Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell*."

CHAPTER III.—*What Jenny says.*

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim. This is my favourite ejaculation, and being recognised only as "Bella's Elder Sister," it is as good as any other, nobody seeming to pay any attention to my observations, which are invariably distinguished by excellent common sense.

We—that is the REVEREND MR. THOMAS HASCOCK and myself—are tramping across the fields within view of the Wollum high road, and the grey, monotonous, motionless sea-shore. I am carrying BELLA's dress, which she has left behind her in our room, and poor, hapless, hopeful TOMMY is holding his green umbrella over my head with one hand, while with the other he is disconsolately playing "*The Glorious Flag of Old England!*" on the concertina. In this world one must love something—even though it be a donkey—"averse to speed"—and yet I neither love, nor am beloved. I have set up no idol, to be adored with frenzy and knife-gashings. No; I do not get beyond homely intercourse with a "friend" and a friend is a sexless thing, I shall never have a lover; I had better become at once a member of the "Society of Friends," where, perhaps, I shall meet with nothing more grand, manly, or fondly devoted, as far as I am concerned, than is, at this present moment, the REVEREND THOMAS, who is secretly worshipping his Ideal, while his little pink

eyes are peering through his blue spectacles, and a small pocket telescope of unusual power, into the mist beneath the dull yellow moonlight. Then he hands me the telescope, and by its aid I see what makes me exclaim, for the second time, "Good Heavens!"

BELLA is seated in the trap close to DUSOVER BELJAMBE's great, broad shoulder. Her small head is bent down towards the grey mare's tail, which is heavily laden with great twists of crisp, silky, furzy hair tied with a blue bow; and, as the restless wavering moonbeams fall under BELLA's soft hat, and light up the deep emerald eyes of that small downy face, he could not fail to notice how downy this beautiful creature looked,—

"So downy she,
As none like her could snare the winged songster,
With bait saline upon its hindmost feather:
So downy she—that, not in all creation,
Could aught, except a hammer, be proclaimed
Her peer in downiness."

TOMMY's telescope brings them so near to us that we are able to catch their words.

"I hated my father," says BELLA presently, dangling her white, plump hand over the wheel, and playing with the mud, as it spirts up in little silver jets over the folds of her long dark robe—whereat MR. HASCOCK groans audibly—for it is his clerical coat that my wayward sister is still wearing.

"And your mother?" asks DUSOVER, bending his head so as to stare right under her hat into her grand opal eyes.

BELLA drew up her long white throat; and tossed her head in the air. CAPTAIN BELJAMBE eyed this feat with curiosity, but with no apparent admiration. It occurred to him that a girl, who could do so much, might throw herself away. In all his past experience of women, this one was something new, relishing, appetising to his jaded palate.

Then BELLA folded her round, plump, dimpled hands in her lap, and put them carefully away in her pocket, while delicious ripples of laughter played about her rosebud lips and warm southern cheeks, on which still remained the blush-dye of the fiery sun-god's kiss.*

"My mother," answers BELLA, "was a good, dowdy old soul, always in tears and revoking at whist." And BELLA disdainfully thrusts out her red under-lip, and looks up into DUSOVER's hirsute countenance with contemptuous pink face, as she recites,—

"Who was it slapped me when I fell,
Who whipt, and bade me not to tell,
Who kicked the place to make it swell?
My Mother!"

"Shall I sing to you?" she asks, suddenly.

CAPTAIN DUSOVER, who is leaning his arms on the splash-board, and craning his sinewy brown neck out beyond the grey mare's blinkers, to ascertain the clearness of the coast towards the direction in which they are rapidly going, replies, carelessly,

"If you can sing, *chantez!*"

"*Chantez!*" she repeats, drily: then adds, pettishly, "*Shan't-y.*"

"Do you mean that for a pun?"

"If you like."

"I don't care."

"No more do I."

"Sing!"

"Shall I? In this dress?"

She points down at the long clerical skirt which is wafted against his knees. TOMMY HASCOCK, seeing this from afar off, sinks on his knees, while tears well up into his little pink eyes, and suffuse his blue spectacles.

"I think I might mould her!" he sighs, clasping his moist, limp hands.

"Mould your grandmother!" is my rather vixenish reply. It is enough for him, and he says no more.

Why on earth cannot this *manling* propose to me? I am his senior by twenty-five years, and should know what was good for him. I should like to see him try to "mould" me. I would "mould" him first, with a heavy tombstone over him in his own churchyard, before he should try such nonsense with me. But he has not yet offered. Perhaps he may. I take to my telescope again, and see what I can see by the assistance of an extra strong glass.

BELLA is leaning her round, white elbow on her lap for a moment, until her pensive look fades out of her face, and a dare-dévil smile flashes over it.

"Are you a Rollicking Ram?" she asks, abruptly.

"Not now," he answers. "Why?"

"You cannot take my song personally, that is all. Listen!"

* *What the Editor says.*—"Does this mean that she was sunburnt? We only ask for information."—ED. to MISS R. D.

What the Authoress says.—"Why, of course. Any milkop could have written 'sunburnt cheek.' Where's your fine poetic enthusiasm?"—MISS R. D. to ED.

This is BELLA's song, as it rings gaily out over the silent shore. Most of you, my friends, know it well enough.*

"Come along, come along, come along!
For I am a Member of the Rollicking Rams!
Come and be a Member of the Rollicking Rams,
Out all night till broad daylight,
And never go home till morning!"

"Do you like it?" she asks.

"Immensely," he replies, and there are tears in his shaken voice.

"You are crying. Are you never merry when you hear sweet music?" she asks, harshly; for to her, as to most of us, in a man's hairy, blubbered face, there is always less of the sentimental, than of the justly irritating.

The REVEREND TOMMY, still at my side, runs his feeble, dumpy fingers through his dry straw-coloured hair, and begins to whimper helplessly.

"Can I do nothing for you?" I ask, staring at him uncomfortably.

He brightens a little.

"I should like to have my hair nicely combed," he says, simply.

From my pocket, where I generally keep a number of useful articles, I produce a small three-legged stool, and comply with his request. When I desist, exhausted, TOMMY sits down in a stooped, shapeless attitude, of utter despondency.

Again I take up the telescope, and exclaim "Good Heavens!"

This is what I see, and hear.

The horse stops suddenly—brought up in the way he should not go, shortly and sharply, by a heavily barred gate, apparently belonging to a toll-house on the cliff.

The old deaf toll-keeper is the only one awake within the cottage. He is playing the fiddle dreamily, and his sole audience is his tortoiseshell cat, purring an accompaniment before the fire. All else are asleep.

Silence for a few moments. No sound but the "swish" of the whip on the mare's light grey, moon-lit hide, and the cool plash of the beady puddles kicked up by the animal's strong hind legs against the dark splashboard of the dog-cart.

"Can you take a leap with me to-night, BELLA," DUSOVER asks, looking down into those dewy green wells—his darling's eyes.

"Shall we look before we leap?" replies BELLA, with a startled, shrinking look. "Or," she says, stopping a rising sob, and trying to realise the great plunge she was about to make, "Shall we clear the gate without a ticket? Who's afraid? Are you?"

CAPTAIN DUSOVER whistles softly, and looks rather too proudly conscious of the sixteen centuries of Norman blood in his strong fibrous veins.

Suddenly, before BELLA can utter another word, a white cow, that has been lying by the roadside, rises slowly, majestically, ghostly as a spectre of remorse from a grave of past memories! The grey mare starts, pricks up her ears, then forces them back, so that they incline towards her mane, as the ripe ears of corn are bowed down beneath the fierceness of the hurricane—then, drooping her long beautiful head, with her wild lustrous eyes riveted on the dread apparition, she sniffs the earth with pink dilated nostrils, and, heaving her gracefully curved shoulders, begins to sob hysterically, as the autumn wind wafts one look of her long, grey, silky tail against DUSOVER's swart, earnest face. In another moment, her fore feet are rooted immovably to the soil, her hinder steel-clad hoofs glitter in the calm, clear moonlight,—a tremendous bound—a cry—a scream—a groan—a deep-toned "moo" from the ghastly cow—a whirlwind of dust, a volcano-like eruption of mud, stones, and slush,—and CAPTAIN DUSOVER and BELLA are flying in the air,—the dog-cart, shivered into ten million splinters, lies a mere wreck on the white coast; while the cow, mad—delirious—amidst the havoc she has caused, bursts the one tether that yet holds her to earth, and yielding to an uncontrollable, curbless frenzy of passion, with one great giant bound springs from the edge of the cliff, and disappears over the moon!

Within the cottage the deaf toll-keeper is still fiddling away to his cat—full, sleek-coated, and sleepy-eyed—seated by the hob, while his good wife and family are soundly eking out their well-earned repose. A dish—it is the soup-plate which CAPTAIN DUSOVER had placed under the seat of the dog-cart before starting from Wollum—is rolling down the road with a bright, metal spoon, firmly wedged into its shiny, round sides. A small, lazy, lolling, blear-eyed pug-dog, the sole witness—save ourselves—of the abrupt catastrophe, awakes from slumber, in the cottage garden, to bay the moon, with

* *What the Editor says.*—"Never even heard of it. We do not now understand its meaning. Are the words an attempt (we speak under correction, as they might be Mr. TENNYSON's or Mr. BROWNING's—only we don't remember to have come across them in our readings, which, we admit, may have been as limited as a modern Company's liability) at turning some deeply expressive compound word in some German poem into English? We should be really glad of instruction."

What the Authoress says.—"Is 'Bosch' German? Je suis une paysanne—I'm a young girl from the country, but—mais—comprenez-vous? C'est bien. Je vous aime."—Miss R. D. to the Ed.

canine cynicism ridiculing the vain efforts of human bipeds—his masters, forsooth!—to oppose their puny barriers to the onward pitiless march of what nomad philosophers call "Our Destiny."

As DUSOVER rises in the air, the rarefied atmosphere of the upward road to Heaven clears his brain. The plump, supple form is no longer by his side; the white, warm, round arms have disappeared.

"Where is she?" he cries hoarsely, while big, heavy tears temper the blaze of his agonised eyes.

A deep groan from below the cliff falls on his ear, and stabs him to the very heart. Is she lost to him—for ever?

(To be continued.)

What the Editor says.—"The suggestion may be feeble, and if so you will forgive it; but haven't we read somewhere the events of this chapter in an old Nursery book of Rhymes, commencing 'Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle' (which are realised in your old toll-keeper amusing himself indoors). 'The Cow jumped over the moon' (which you make her do), 'The little Dog laughed' (you mention the pug-dog baying the moon—it is a curious coincidence) 'to see such fun'—well, everyone has their own idea of fun—and, to conclude, 'The dish ran away with the spoon' (which actually happens to a soup-plate in your novel). We of course see that it might have been a pure accident, and accidents will happen in the best-regulated novels. Don't forget the moral."—Ed.

What the Authoress says.—"What are you talking about? Nursery rhyme! Nonsense. I never was in the Nursery, and don't suppose I ever read it. Why don't you felicitate me on the 'go-bang' of the whole thing? Unexceptionable Moral coming."—R. D.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.



HAT the House I think of taking is a model and a marvel of domestic modern architecture, and has been built and fitted up under his own personal and experienced inspection, and with a complete regardlessness of cost.

That, to his certain knowledge, none but the very best materials have been used, and the best workmanship employed in the construction of the dwelling, and that wellnigh every penny expended on the premises has been spent with an eye to durability, convenience and comfort, and not for tricky showiness or deceptive display.

That, although my Lease may bind me to pay for all repairs, none can possibly be needed for fourteen years at least; so a moderate calculation of the money saved in this way really should in fairness be added to the rent.

That in all the neighbourhood the soil is nowhere so salubrious as is the exact spot whereon the house is built.

That all the gas and water-pipes have thoroughly been tested, and the drainage has received the most especial care.

That the fittings, to be taken at a valuation, are likely to be mine at less than their prime cost.

That the fires have all been lighted in all manner of wind and weather, and it has been fully ascertained that not one single chimney smokes.

That, although there is a "slight odour" of paint (his language and his sense of smell are not so strong as mine) about the passages, it cannot penetrate the sitting-rooms, and will pass off in a week.

That the Vestry is one of the most honest and enlightened in the Kingdom, and the district is renowned for the lowness of the rates.

That the bells are all well hung with the best of cranks and wire, and there is not the slightest danger of their getting out of gear.

That, owing to some secret meteoric influence, high winds are comparatively unknown in the neighbourhood; and the house is therefore, so to say, insured against the elsewhere common and expensive accidents of a falling chimney-pot or a loosened slate.

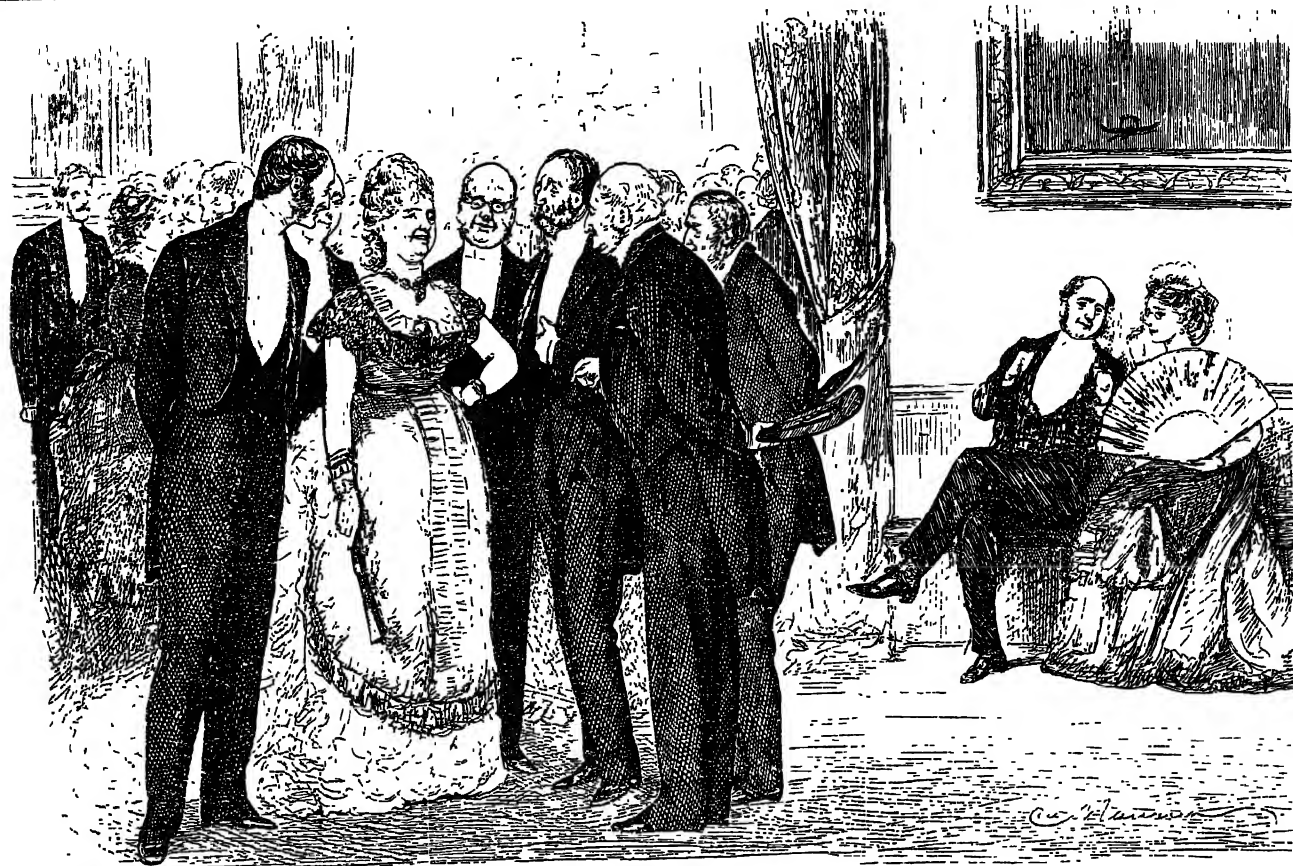
That all the window-fasteners, and locks, and knobs, and handles are of the most durable description; and the stoves and kitchen-range the very best that can be bought.

That the neighbourhood is free from all the usual street noises, and that organ-grinders never venture to intrude.

That all the doors and window-frames are made of seasoned wood, and there is no fear of their warping or admitting any draughts.

That the rent asked is far less than the house is really worth.

And, as a final clench, that only his anxiety to have me for a tenant (owing to his knowledge of my character or family) prevents his now accepting higher offers for a lease.



NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Interlocutor. "WHO'S THAT SHOWY WOMAN WHO TALKS AND LAUGHS SO LOUD, AND DIGS PEOPLE IN THE RIBS?"

Interlocutrix. "OH, THAT'S THE DUCHESS OF BATSWATER. SHE WAS A LADY GWENDOLEN BEAUMANOIR, YOU KNOW!"

Interlocutor (with warmth). "AH! TO BE SURE! THAT ACCOUNTS FOR HER HIGH-BRED EASE, HER ARISTOCRATIC SIMPLICITY OF MANNER, HER NATURAL AND STRAIGHTFORWARD—"

Interlocutrix (putting up her eye-glass). "BY THE BYE, PARDON ME! I HAVE UNINTENTIONALLY MISINFORMED YOU; IT'S MRS. JUDKINS. SHE'S THE WIDOW OF AN ALDERMAN, AND HER FATHER WAS A CHEESEMONGER IN THE NEW CUT!"

Interlocutor. "DEAR ME!—AH!—HUM!—ER—HUM!—HA! THAT QUITE ALTERS THE CASE! SHE IS VERY VULGAR, I MUST SAY—
[N.B.—It was the Duchess, after all.]

MR. PUNCH'S "OWN MAN" AT THE BOAT-RACE.

AM I premature? Will anyone say that it is dishonest to describe that grandest of contests, that noblest of sights, that magnificent exhibition of British pluck, the University Boat-Race, days before it (as they have it on the river) "comes off"? I pity the man who thinks so. Yes, indeed I am sorry for the creature whose heart is so dead to every noble impulse that he cannot appreciate an account of the "Blue Riband of the River" simply because time is anticipated, and dates are hurled into space. I have nothing to do with him—he is not of my class; we (so to speak, and as they say at Putney) do not "row in the same boat." It is to the true sportsman, the honest young Englishman with rosy cheeks and curly hair, the representative of all that is good and grand in the national character—it is to him that I address myself. He will understand me, he will appreciate my wonderful word-painting, he will recognise the profound knowledge I possess of matters aquatic, his heart will beat with mine—in a word, he will pull bow to my stroke. The University Boat-Race has often been described before; it is described again. Once more, should it appear to some of the more thick-headed of the public that the description (under the special circumstances of the case) is a little premature, let it be remembered that *Mr. Punch* is no ordinary man, that his wealth is boundless, and that wealth can purchase everything. *Mr. Punch* commissioned his "Own Man" to write an account of the Boat-Race, and an account of the Boat-Race has been written. Transactions of a similar character to ours between editors and contributors have taken place before. Men have described battles on the Continent without

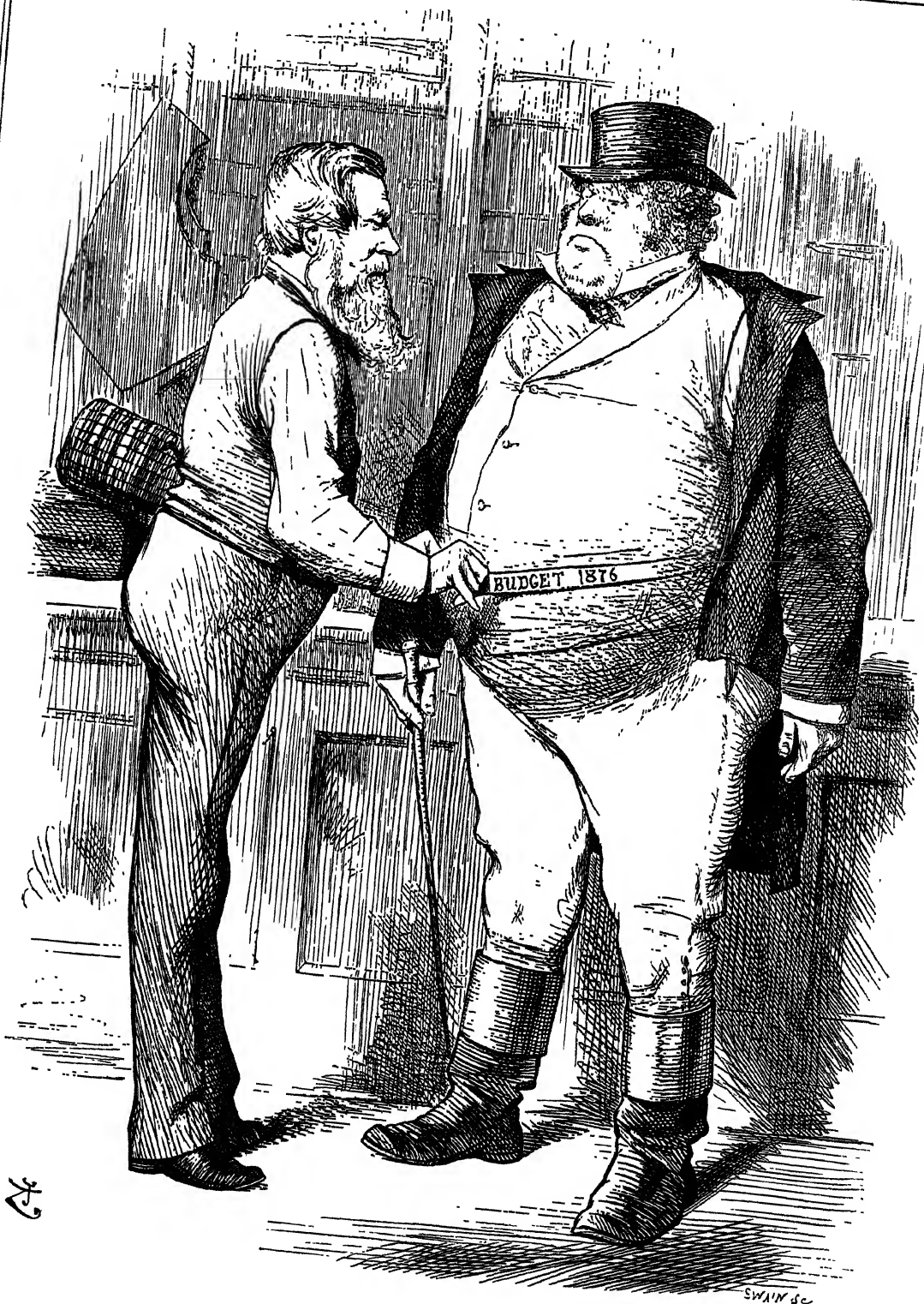
leaving London; they have hunted the tiger in far Bengal, and yet during the chase have still contrived to sleep nightly in their apartments at Lower Tooting. Let it be remembered by the thoughtless that one Boat-Race is the counterpart of the others, and then "good luck to us all." Ring the bell, take off your hats in front, and clear the course!"

THE ROAD.

"What sort of day is it?" was the popular question in the early morning of April 8th. Dukes reclining on couches set with jewels and curtained with cloth of silver and gold, put the question to their countless domestics; and costermongers, taking their fevered heads out of the coal-skuttles in which they had deposited them the night before, made the same inquiry of their "old women." And what was the weather? Well, to some people it would have appeared a bright, sunny spring day. Others might have declared that it rained heavily, and was bitterly cold. Nay, some might have said it snowed. After all, the weather is a mere matter of opinion; and such was the weather on the 8th of April, 1876.

From an early hour the roads leading to the scene of the contest were thronged with pedestrians and vehicles. Who does not know the scene? Who does not remember the hansoms, four-wheelers, stanhopes, broughams, and family coaches? Why, it is a twice-told tale, as stale as the news of the decease of Her Majesty QUEEN ANNE. Shall I tell this tale thrice? Shall I, who have seen the most glorious sights in the world—the mighty Niagara, the frowning Rock of Gibraltar, the twinkling lights of the Rue de Rivoli—shall I descend to such homely stuff as this? Never! I will content myself with one or two sketches.

First, a roomy carriage filled with a bevy of pretty girls all dressed exactly alike. Their beauty was the same—hazel eyes lan-



A TIGHT FIT.

TAILOR. "I THINK, SIR, WE SHALL *JUST* MANAGE TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET!"
MR. BULL. "WELL, IF YOU CAN'T, NORTHCOTE, THE FAULT MUST BE IN *YOUR MEASURES*—NOT MY WAIST!"

guid and yet sparkling; clear olive complexions, suggestive of the most luscious Devonshire cream; rosy cheeks, and dark reddish-black hair. How happy they looked as they gaily passed the champagne! And why did they look so happy? Because the man they loved, the man any one of them would have willingly taken for a husband, was with them. A gay young bishop was the lucky fellow. "It was too bad of you, my Lord, to ask Mamma to get out while we ascended that last hill, and then to leave her behind! I am sure we shall never find her again!"—I heard one of the fair creatures say to the young ecclesiastic. The Bishop's cheery laugh was heard for yards round, and once more he began to amuse them. Well, and why should not a Bishop put on a false nose if Beauty smiles? I envied *them* their beauty, and *him* his luck, and passed on.

An open window. I nodded right and left, for this was a *tableau* of celebrities. There was an eminent Comedian, talking to a not less eminent Statesman; and the Editor of a Newspaper was explaining to a great General the theory of war; a celebrated Dissenting Minister (who had come to see his University win) was smiling at the sallies of wit of a famous writer of *opéra-bouffe* books. And what a background of loveliness! I had to shade my eyes with my hand as I noticed that the female portion of the Chorus at the Opera had apparently come to see the *Race en masse*. Later in the day, I found that the celebrities of the day had, so to speak, thawed, and were gaily dancing quadrilles with their fair companions. Ah! beauty and genius! It is good to be wise, but better still to be young and lovely!

And the crowd. Officers in the Guards, in State uniform, rubbing shoulders with Barristers, who had run out of Chancery Lane just to see the Race; Conjurors; Brass-bands; Punch Shows; Circus Processions (greatly impeding, by the way, circulation on the towing-path); and hearses. Here was a Bridegroom who had, on the way home from church, taken his blushing Bride to see "the finish," there a Company of Mourners, who had stayed awhile to hail the victory of the Winning Blue. Oh! it was a grand sight! Once seen, never forgotten—and, never forgotten, always described!

THE RIVER.

It is not every wiseacre who can say whether the River is smooth or rough. Sometimes there may be waves that look to the short-sighted like ripples. Then why describe the state of the River on the ever-memorable 8th of April? To the learned it would be an insult, to the unlearned it would be an injury! So the state of the River shall *not* be described.

Plenty of boats, barges, steam-launches, and outriggers! Here was an elderly man in a tub, pulling as if for dear life, and yet smiling with a glee scarcely befitting his grey hairs. Who was he? By the respectful manner in which the River-Police saluted him, evidently some one of consequence. Was he the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, or CARDINAL MANNING, or MR. GLADSTONE? Who can say, on a day like this? and so he passes on. The steamers soon give him their wash, and the tub disappears.

And now it is time for the Race. The bunting either flies gaily in the crisp sunshine, or hangs heavily in the wet. There is a shout—and a mighty one. "They are off!" It has been said before, and it will be said again.

THE RACE.

The boats left Putney together. One of the Blues was on the Middlesex side, the other hugged Surrey. And so they started, pulling a stroke which had eight oars to give it the necessary impetus.

The Water-Works were neared and passed; the Gravel Pits followed the same fate. Off Chiswick it was anybody's race! "Go it, Oxford!" "Cambridge wins!" were the rival cries as the two boats steadily pursued their way. Every sinew cracked, every muscle was stretched to the utmost.

And oh! what a shout there was at Hammersmith as the rival crews came in sight! And how the people cheered at Barnes and Mortlake! Hark to the gun! 'Tis over. The expectant enthusiasm of the year is concentrated into the madness of a thrilling *quart d'heure*! Oh, it was a noble race nobly won. Both victors and vanquished deserved well of their respective "Varsities," (as the Universities are called by members of the less important Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge), and no one was surprised at

THE RESULT.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race of 1876 was won on Saturday, April 8th, by the Light Dark Blue. The time (as taken by BENSON'S chronometer) was about twenty minutes—a minute or so more or less either way.

And thus it will be seen that (as usual) the best men were the victors! Long may it be so; and long may we be there to see it, and to tell the tale!

SENTIMENT TO ACCOMPANY THE TOAST OF "THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL FAMILY."—"Though absent, ever dear!"

THE IRISH £4-HOUSEHOLDER TO JOHN BRIGHT.



"The value of the house is not of so much importance as you fancy. Every man who is admitted under household franchise is the head of a family; he has his wife and his children, with all those calls to industry and fair conduct in life which those have who live in better houses, and you may therefore throw out of view the bricks and roof by which he and his family are sheltered."—MR. BRIGHT on the *Irish Borough Franchise Bill*.

MORE power t'ye, JOHN BRIGHT, 'tis yourself that is right

Whin you say, wid the hight of urbanity,
'Tis not morthar and bricks, and a man's bits o' sticks,
Fix his pull in the scale av humanity.

Boys in the Green Isle may be out-an'-out loy'l,
And show clargy and ould blood a steady phiz,
Though they don't kneel for mass in the light o' plate-glass,
And reside in a humble mud-edifice.

Cowld Protestant folk on poor PAT crack their joke—
But don't think that thim Saxons so glib are right;
A'boutd pisan in frize is a man in your eyes,

Though he's not fed nor lodged like a Sybarite.
If each other we bate while for Home-Rule we wait,
Still we're cute boys, both pisan and artisans,
And just see won't we fight for your broad-brim, JOHN BRIGHT—
'Tis the kind sowl that turns PATS to partisans.

Palace Green never heard thruer manlier word*

Than yours, though you're Saxon and stranger;
There's a heart in poor PAT, and 'tis you gits at that,
When you prache that fair-play is no danger.
And if PAT's voice could rache up as high as you BACHE,
'Twould tell Saxons to alther their attitude;
On'y give us fair-play, and you'll find, some foin day,
There's Celts can *bate* Saxons for gratitude.

* "It remains true—although all the officials in the world think it worth their while to call it in question—that justice done by the Government and Parliament to any portion of the population, be it the most remote, or be it the most abject, is never lost; it is compensated to the *home* which gives it, be that power Monarch or Parliament, by greater affection and more firm allegiance to the law, and by the growth of all those qualities and virtues by which a great and durable nation is distinguished."—MR. BRIGHT'S *Speech on Irish Borough Franchise*.

† *Punch* never doubted it—but query the sort of "bating."

THE LITTLE (TOO) BUSY BEE.

THE REV. MR. D'ORSEY writes to the papers defending his spelling, or mis-spelling, of "peas." MR. D'ORSEY still contends for "pease." It would, perhaps, be as well if, on the occasion of the next etymological encounter at St. James's Hall, he would urge something with effect in favour of "Peace."

Punch to B. D.

If Seventy-Six be dispensatrix
Of the title *Imperatrix*,
Is not the title like to stick, Sir,
Of "BENJAMIN, *Imperatrixster*"?



CONFUSION OF COURTS.

(See "Punch," ante, p. 109.)

Cook (scornfully). "WHICH IT WERE THE COUNTY 'COURT' AS THE LADY WERE PERSENTED AT! 'CAUSE SHE REFUSED TO PAY HER COOK'S SALARY ALONG O' HER CLAIMIN' HER PERKISITS!!!"

GAMP VERSUS PECKSNIFF.

Sairey on the Rampage again.

"This political Pecksniff, who preaches of conscience and honesty . . . shall he come down and harangue the Tory party on its want of conscientiousness, whose only service to that virtue has been the warning example he has offered of the opposite vice? . . . His premature and sinister resumption of the post which he had formally resigned, and his perverse and poisonous invectives where it was certain that opposition could only aggravate the mischief, if mischief there was, in the measure introduced by Government, will be found, we think, to have indefinitely retarded the recovery of his former hold on the respect and confidence of the people."—*Standard*, on MR. GLADSTONE.

GR-R-E! Drat him! He's at it agen; and I hoped he were settled at last,

That wexing and worritting WILLIAM, as plagued me so much in the past.

Which my BEN giv him one in the wind, and he seemed out of time fairly knocked—

Here he comes up a-smiling once more—drat his cheek!—wich I really feel shocked.

He venture to talk about wirtue, prerogative, conscience, and such? He twit us with blind Party Sperrit? O lor! that's a little too much!

Though BENJAMIN roasted him rarely, I must have a go at him too, As what BENJY's pint mayn't be good for my cotton umbrella may do.

For a bounceable party like WILLIAM a thump is as good as a thrust,

And it's more in my line; which my gingham I'd ply till the ribs of it bust,

If so be it might beat rub-a-dub on his ribs, as it often has done; Though, drat him! he don't seem to care, which, you know, rayther takes off the fun.

Party Sperrit, says BURKE, has its use. I says ditto to dear MR. BURKE;

But it ain't that 'ere sperrit one sees on the Liberal Benches at work. That's Fackshus Obstruction—a wiper as Tories was ne'er known to nuss:

There's nothink I so much despises, or daily drops down upon wuss.

But for this 'ere Political Pecksniff, whose buzzum's a bed of sech snakes,

To fie-fie each nice little move as my own blessed BENJAMIN makes, Is just the most bragian bunkum. A nasty, mean, venomous pest!

If there's one thing as I says my prayers for—it is that that man may be—blest!

Which I *did* think he'd guv up the reins, and did hope we had done with him quite,

This Jehu, whose desperit driving so long filled poor SAIREY with fright.

And what does he want sneaking round with the whip in his hand as of old,

Which its werry first well-beknown crack makes my blood to run creepy and cold.

He a hermit indeed! Well a *Hermit* once won the "blue riband," so please

Hold tight, my boy BEN, and look sharp 'ow you drive, or the ribands he'll seize.—

(As this 'ere's an aside, to the world I proclaim he ain't got half a chance,

For all his great gift of the gab and his fine hanky-panky finance!)

He has spiled his last chance—(so I swears, and I wish, how I wish, it was true!)

A insulting his Hempress! Just like him—and, BENJIE, how little like *you*!

As I fearlessly arsts what concern is HER MAJESTY's Title of his'n?

A bragian and bounceable traitor, as ought to be popped into prison!



OH! HORROR!

Tommy (suddenly—on his way home from Church). "WHAT DID YOU TAKE OUT OF THE BAG, MAMMA! I ONLY GOT SIXPENCE! LOOK HERE!"

SMALLPOX AND SEE-SAW.

THE Guardians who the Workhouse's way,
In Dover's famous town,
Pulled, for repairs, the other day,
Their Mortuary down.

About a yard adjacent flung
Its mouldy relics lay,
Wherein the dull-eyed Workhouse young
Pursued their dreary play.

Rejoicing in the wreck around,
As e'en young Paupers would,
Some ancient trestle-frames they found
Of black and battered wood,

Which means for the unwonted pranks
Of these poor brats supplied,
As gallows, whereon balanced planks
For see-saw swayed astride.

But soon to grievous ending came
Those little Paupers' fun.
Smallpox broke out and stopped their game—
Attacking every one.

Those black frames which, devoid of fears,
For see-saw they had ta'en,
Were trestles that had borne the biers
Of Paupers smallpox-slain!

Four years ago—grim workhouse guest—
Had that complaint been rife:
And now the dormant germs of pest
Awoke to active life!

But not too drear a tale to tell,
With agony high-piled,
Those Workhouse Children all did well,
Having their Smallpox mild.

They had been vaccinated all:—
Hear that, ye blatant band,
'Gainst JENNER's blessed boon who bawl
Your folly through the land.

Remember, for your Pauper brood,
Ye Guardians of their fates,—
That coffin-trestles pest-imbed
Are playthings that raise rates.

No; let him go back to his crockery, classiks, wood-chopping, and such,
Pitch into the POPE, if he pleases: they can't maul each other too much.

Which SAIREY puts up one more prayer, most frequent and fervent,
and that's
May they fight till no more on 'em's left than was left of the
Kilkenny Cats!

Make your Game!

A RECENT telegram from Paris, announcing the marriage, at the Church of St. Roch, before a great crowd, of the PRINCE RADZYVILL to MILE. BLANC, daughter of the potent ex-King of the tables at Homburg, and reigning Sovereign of those at Monaco, mentions that "the bride's dot, or marriage portion, is said to be 5,000,000 francs." Such a dot may well brighten a bride's eyes in those of her husband. But what a triumph of modern financial enlightenment over the darkness of old aristocratic prejudice is such a marriage! May we not henceforth say to exclusiveness, *Le jeu est fait*—"the game is up"? And when a proud Prussian *junker* can thus move with the times, should we not exclaim, *Rien qui ne va*, rather than *rien ne va plus*?

Sors Miltoniana.

"To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad—
'Empress, the way is ready and not long."

If thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.
'Lead then,' said EVE.

Paradise Lost, Book ix., l. 625.

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.

New Carnivora House, Regent's Park, April 1, 1876.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ON the authority of MR. DISRAELI, we are informed that the "Royal Titles Bill" is to have a strictly local operation. I wish, therefore, to know whether the tigers residing in our Indian possessions will be affected by its operation.

Will it be correct in future to speak of a *Royal Bengal Tiger*? Here, in the Zoo, I suppose this designation will still hold. But in India itself must not "Royal" be exalted to "Imperial"?

If so, I hope the tigers will feel a proper sense of their dignity, and improve accordingly in their manners, tastes, and tempers, particularly now that they, like the other native rulers, have had the advantage of becoming more nearly acquainted with that model of urbanity and good-temper, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

MR. DISRAELI, though unsuccessful with LOWE forms of human nature, may, perhaps, like Orpheus with his lute, be able with his Act to tame that of the savage brute—

"Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres."

I remain, dear Mr. Punch, yours,
A WOULD-BE IMPERIALIST.

Colourable Reasons.

As Red rouses Bull, DIZZY's ready to swear
That Imperial Purple will terrify Bear.
But query, as Bear we've seen run from red wool,*
If Imperial Purple mayn't aggravate BULL.

* At Alma, Inkermann, &c.

ELIGIBLE TENEMENTS.



OME few days ago there occurred on a railway an uncommon kind of accident—uncommon in that the Directors were not to blame for it. The carcasses of a pair of houses that were being built in the Earl's-Court Road, adjoining the Earl's-Court Station, suddenly tumbled down upon the line with a crash in a heap of ruins which blocked it for three hours. This catastrophe occurred about midday, just as the carpenters inside the newly-raised edifice, finishing off the flooring, were about to leave work for refreshment—the beverage “brother chips” and other workmen term their “twelveses.” Several of these poor fellows were badly hurt, and one is reported to have died. The fall of the houses immediately followed the passing of a London and North-Western train, of which the last carriage had a narrow escape. It is supposed that the vibration caused by the transit of the train shook them down. These structures, while standing, were evidently specimens of an order of domestic architecture, examples of model suburban dwelling-houses for the middle classes. It is comparatively fortunate that they fell to pieces when they did, instead of remaining to be completed, and soon after that to topple upon their tenants, overwhelming perhaps a diligent clerk of an establishment in the City, together with the wife of his bosom, a child or a lot of children, a baby in arms, and a maid-of-all-work. In re-erecting those typical eligible tenements, perhaps some care will be taken that their construction shall not be so shamefully scamped as to render a tragical occurrence of that description too highly probable.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Downing Street, April 1, 1876.

I CRAVE the publicity of your columns to dissipate some of the fears which are abroad in connection with the Royal Titles Bill. The Royal Arms will not be altered in this country. But in India, yielding to a wish which has long been felt and at last openly expressed in the Bazaars and Zenanas, Her Majesty's Government have advised that the Lion and Unicorn should be replaced by the Tiger and Elephant, as creatures more imposing to the Oriental imagination.

Not a bar of our glorious National Anthem will be touched. In the words some changes, to be strictly localised and confined to India, must of necessity be made. The few leisure moments I can command I am employing in recasting the Anthem in English, Hindustani, and Tamil; and I hope in the course of to-day to send you a rough draft, that I may have the benefit of your sagacious and good-natured criticism, before submitting my new version to Parliament.

Her Majesty's Government would view with horror and amazement any attempt to interfere—certainly in Great Britain and Ireland—with those familiar and time-honoured letters V. R., which have sent a thrill through so many loyal hearts, and can never be read without emotion on our mail-carts and pillar-boxes, and on the lead pencils which are daily and hourly wielded by the Civil Servants of the Crown. I trust that these explanations will calm the public mind and restore tranquillity to the national pulse.

I am, my dear Mr. Punch,
Yours very faithfully,

B. D.—I.

DEAR PUNCH,

I CAN guess your thoughts at the present hour when the excitement is growing every moment deeper and more intense. They are not fixed on the Budget, or the Royal Title, or the University of Oxford Bill, but on the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race; and you are yearning to know which University will be victorious on the 8th. I can tell you, for I have seen every race for the last twenty years. I have watched every movement of the two crews since they were at the two Universities. I am on the river-bank all day long, and sleep alternately at Putney and Mortlake. Don't be guided by LORD SALISBURY, or either of the Vice-Chancellors, or even the most knowing of the Heads of Houses, but pin your faith on me, and then you will wear the winning colours next Saturday. Take time by the row-lock, and meet me at once opposite the Soap-Works. I wear a white hat, with a blue ribbon.

Putney, Saturday.

Yours, CORNEY REACH.

MR. PUNCH,

COME and witness my great and unprecedented feat of walking 10,000 miles in 10,000 hours. In the outer Circle, Regent's Park, roped in and kept clear by the Mounted Police, illuminated after dusk, military bands playing all day and night long, fireworks at the expiration of every mile, vocal and instrumental concert at the end of each week. Referees from every nation in the world, umpires in all languages, judges from all the Courts of Law in Europe and America. Admission, One shilling; season-tickets, a Pound.

Hare and Tortoise, N.W., 1 April.

FELIX FOOTIT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It will give us much pleasure if you can act as Interrogator at a grand Spelling Bee which we propose to hold in the Royal Albert Hall in Easter week. There is no one in whom the Committee would feel such absolute confidence. We have engaged six military bands, and the choruses of the two Opera Houses, and we hope to induce the Moore and Burgess Minstrels to give us their invaluable assistance. Our Bee will take a wide range, and settle on many branches of knowledge. Spelling, and Definitions, and Proper Names, will, of course, be included, but, besides, we propose that you should test Candidates in Modern Languages, Chronology, Cookery, Domestic and Political Economy, Physical Geography, Moral Philosophy, and the Higher Mathematics.

Our prizes will be worth the struggle. They will include a furnished house, a carefully selected and handsomely bound library, a complete *trousseau*, and a fine organ—built expressly for the occasion by those eminent makers, MESSRS. BELLON & BLOW.

Signed, on behalf of the Committee,

KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BROMPTON, Chairman.

Committee Room, April 1, 1876.

PUNCH, old man, why did you not come on Monday? I particularly wanted you to see, before I sent it in a special van to the Academy, what I fearlessly assert to be the greatest picture of the year. What do you say to a canvas 32 feet by 18? Well filled, too—not an inch of space “to let.” You know the subject. One of the grandest events in the annals of modern civilisation—one of those critical turning-points in the history of peoples and dynasties: “His Highness the KHEDIVÉ OF EGYPT in the act of affixing his signature and seal to the transfer of his shares in the Suez Canal to the British Government.” Painted for the new Town-hall at Cairo.

How often have we discussed the treatment! I have made one or two slight changes since our last conversation on the subject. Now the KHEDIVÉ is surrounded by his Ministers, Grand Muftis, Dragomans, Bashi-Bazouks, Pachas, Effendis, Camels, and Foreign Advisers: he is in the act of dipping his pen in a splendid gold standish, and looking, a little anxiously, at the Sphinx. The Pyramids, irradiated by the setting sun, form the background; the Nile, guarded by the Sphinx and Memnon, is in the middle distance; and the Canal itself fills up the foreground. All the figures are life-size; and the buildings, palm-trees, dates, dahabeahs, &c., are done to scale. I hope to see you at the Private View, and show you my picture myself. So I will not dwell upon details, except just to mention that, exercising a pictorial licence, I have introduced one of the zinc cases in which the Share Certificates were transported to this country. I think you will say that the painting of this interesting accessory is life-like.

Ever yours,

SEBASTIAN ANDREW DAWBNEY.

[There is one singular circumstance about this Correspondence which we cannot quite fathom. All the letters have the same date, and were received on the same day—Saturday the First.—ED.]

JUST WHAT'S WANTED.—SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY, in the Parliamentary report of Friday's *Times*, alludes to Shipowners as “Responsible undertakers.” If we could only make them responsible!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



IN the Royal
Titles Bill
(Lords, Mon-
day, April 3),
LORD SHAFTES-

BURY moved his Resolution praying the Queen to take a Title more in accordance with history and JOHN BULL's feelings than that of Empress—which may fairly be said to have been received by the Nation with the reverse of *Empressement*. In vain LORD SHAFTESBURY—who for party has not given up what was meant for mankind—reurged all that has been urged already against this ill-starred move in a wrong direction. In vain LORDS SELBORNE, SANDHURST, ROSEBURY, HOUGHTON, pressed the reasons against

"That word of fear,
Unpleasing in an English ear,"

that most commend themselves to the legal, lay, military, and literary minds. Ministers have hardened their hearts, and stand upon their majority, such as it is. In the Lords, 137 to 91 is not a very commending division, with 200 Peers standing aloof too. LORD CAIRNS and LORD CARNARVON tried to argue that the dislike to "Empress" is factious and factitious. They know it is neither. The CHANCELLOR thinks the title can be *localised*. He reckons without his JENKINS.

In the meantime let official Conservatism take note that it is unofficial Conservatism which utters protests, "not loud, but deep," against this bartering of a new Crown for an old one, which the soundest sense of England feels is likely to bring no more blessing to QUEEN VICTORIA than yielding to the analogous temptation of "new lamps for old ones" did to QUEEN BADROOL-BADOOR. Will no QUEEN's friend show HER MAJESTY Mr. Punch's Cartoon? To ALFONSO THE WISE's famous triad of old things that are the best things—"Old Wine, Old Books, Old Friends"—let Punch, ALFONSO's successor in wisdom, add "Old Titles." On our Crowned Head rested the oldest, most honoured, and most honourable Title in Europe. Ill-advisers have marred it by an "addition," which should be called a subtraction. No wonder Republicanism at home sneers, and Republicanism abroad chuckles, over this lowering of the Royal Style.

All this is on the supposition that the QUEEN wishes for, and means to assume, the Empress. But query, does she? What Royal act or word from the beginning of her reign till now, has showed her unable, or unwilling, to read the signs of the times—to recognise and respect the genuine will of her people? Punch has already told her, in his own way, that "the Queen with Two Heads" is not one of the signs of the time; whereas the old "Queen's Head" is a sign for times past, present, and to come; and he can't, for the life of him, believe that QUEEN VICTORIA is not just as well aware of the fact as her most faithful Public and Privy Councillor Punch.

(Commons).—Make way for the Budget! MR. BULL's Bills for the year, "foot up," the imposing total of rather more than £78,000,000! To meet this extremely handsome outlay, the House

Steward hopes to be able to lay his hands on £77,250,000, leaving him nearly £800,000 short. So there is nothing for it but putting his hand into master's pocket for another penny in the pound on the poor old Gentleman's—we beg his pardon—the wealthy old Gentleman's income, and this will give House Steward NOTRECOFF some £364,000 more than he wants to make both ends meet! Such is the Budget in brief.

My dear BULL, you must pay for your blessings; and a Conservative Government is not one that can be had for nothing. True, when MR. GLADSTONE, once, in a moment of rash anticipation, promised to get rid of Income-tax altogether, DISRAELI met him by the assertion, that abolition of Income-tax was peculiarly Conservative policy. But SIR STAFFORD explains that only meant if and when the Government could do without it. So far from being able to do without it just now, they want an extra penny. But they will do their best to make the rise easy to the middle-class elector, by raising the limit of exemption from £100 to £150, the amount of deduction from £80 to £120; all incomes up to £400 to have the advantage of the deduction.

In this way the rise will be felt only by those who are too comfortable to complain, or too well-off for their complaints to find sympathy from the masses. All with less than £400 a-year will be better off under the new tariff than under the old one. If this is questionable political economy, it is like enough to be popular policy, and will secure the Government against the opposition of those who turn the scale at Elections.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD INCHQUIN moved the Second Reading of his Bill to limit the further creation of a very useless and unhappy order of beings—Irish Peers, who, where real Lords come, may be best described as neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring—the Irish Bulls of the Peerage. But while prohibiting any further creation of these objectionable abortions of aristocracy, he proposed to add four to their representatives in the House of Lords, to make up for as many Irish Spiritual Peers improved off the face of the Green Isle. Punch doesn't quite see the logic of this. LORD INCHQUIN would also open Irish boroughs to Irish Peers, who may now represent English but not Irish constituencies. Anything to give these poor creatures an enlarged field of usefulness. If an Irish Peer can find an eccentric English borough to elect him, why should we not have that chance, and the borough that pleasure? It seems odd to make any position in the Peerage, however humble, an absolute disqualification for contributing anything, however little, to the Collective Wisdom.

(Commons).—A good deal of bother in arranging for a night for PROFESSOR FAWCETT's Farewell to the Royal Titles Bill. After much pro and con, it seems the House is not to have this treat till after Easter.

The Whiskey War!—

"Irish spirits and Scotch,
In the hot mêlée
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may!"

A spirited debate—as was to be expected. The O'SULLIVAN opened, denouncing, in the name of the public health, the pernicious practice, now sanctioned by law, of adulterating Irish Whiskey in Bond with inferior Scotch spirit, under the specious name of "blending," and calling on the Government to become bonded warehousemen on the largest scale, by keeping all spirits and whiskey in bond till it was twelve years' old—had sown its wild oats in the shape of fusel oil, and mellowed to a drink equally wholesome and delicious.

Then ANDERSON arose and raised the slogan of the Scottish Still—that "Still" whence Silent Spirit flows!—the Silent Spirit which does not seem to be the ruling spirit of the House of Commons. He declared "blending" was not adulteration but improvement; that Irish whiskey unmixed was an unmixed evil, "full of headaches to the brim," only to be drunk with impunity by natives—as snake-charmers are said to swallow cobra-poison—but to the world at large only to be made tolerable by a liberal infusion of "Scotch," that pure and healthful blood of JOHN BARLEYCORN, which neither is an enemy in men's mouths, nor a stealer away of their brains, but circulates in the shape of health, and utters itself in words of wisdom!

Then SIR W. LAWSON arose and chaffed impartially both champions, of Scotch and Irish—

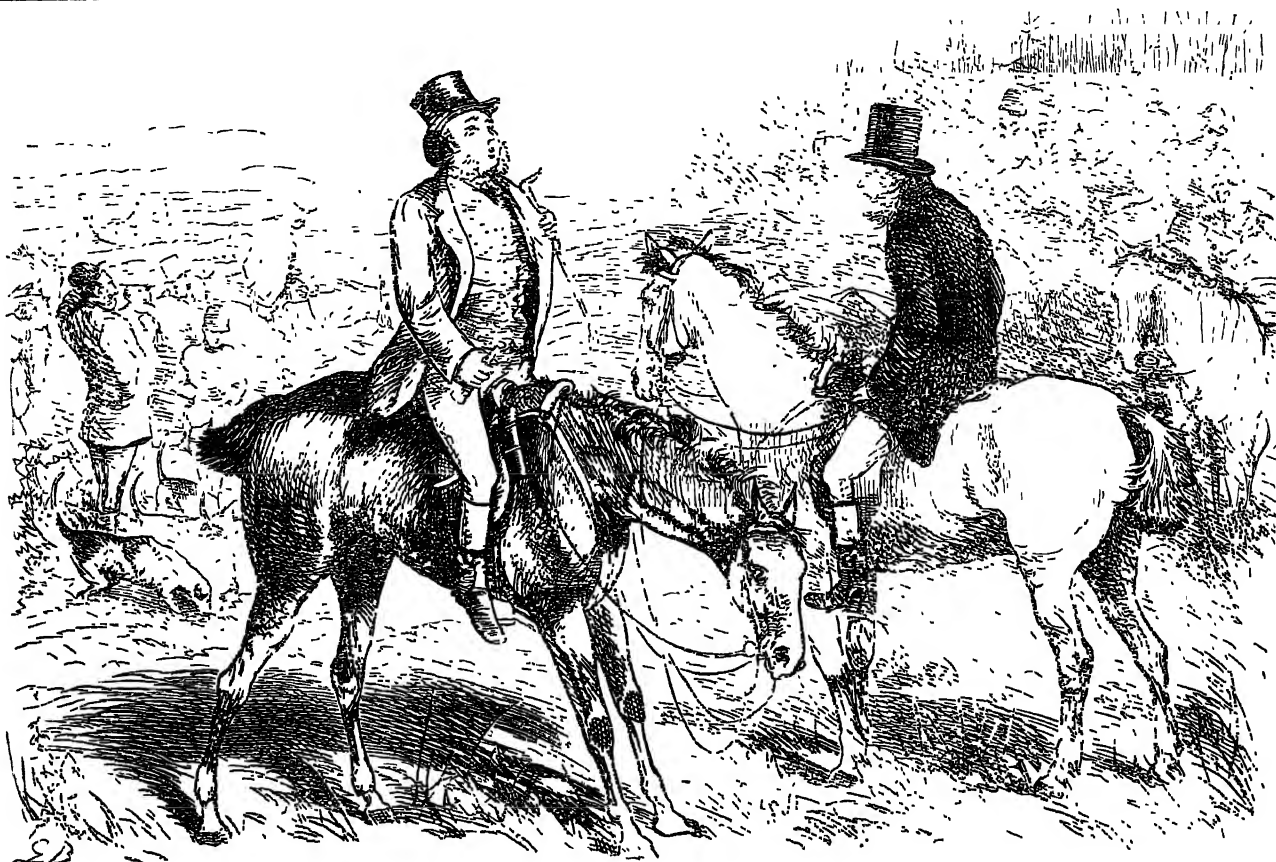
"Tros Tyriusque illi nullo discrimine agendus."

The better the whiskey the worse—in SIR WILFRID's eyes—because the more tempting. "More blame was laid on fusel oil than it ought to bear." To SIR WILFRID the "fusel oil" is as the salmon that bears the burden of Greenwich computations—an innocent and much-wronged creature.

MR. SULLIVAN said something like ditto to SIR WILFRID.

SIR W. CUNNINGHAM contributed one wise and weighty saying to the debate:—

"If bad Scotch spirits were prevented from going to Ireland, there would be plenty of bad Irish spirits to take their place."



FAT AND LEAN KINE.

Fat Man. "FIVE-AND-TWENTY MINUTES WITHOUT A CHECK! YOU MUST HAVE FOUND YOUR WATERPROOF VERY WARM, MR. WIGGLES?"

Mr. Wiggles. "MY DEAR SIR, THERE IS NOTHING OF ME TO BE WARM!"

* In the long run the Government, recognising that it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, declined to interfere, by 145 to 69; and the imprisoned spirits remain as they are—in bond—but open to blending! Desultory and ineffectual talk about the Slave Trade and the Peace Preservation Act in Ireland. Even MR. BUTT seemed ashamed to press for relaxation of the Act, in face of such an agrarian outrage as the attack by an armed and ambushed band on MR. BRIDGES near Mitchelstown.

Wednesday.—A premature, and, we need hardly add ineffectual attempt of MR. DIXON, to make Board Schools, and compulsory attendance at them, universal throughout England—as the Scotch have made both throughout Scotland. When the English are as ripe for such a move as the Scotch, MR. DIXON will not have to urge his views in vain upon a large and variously recruited Majority.

Thursday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR will not give the House of Commons an opening for new discussion of the Royal Titles Bill. He thinks "Localisation" may be secured by proclamation, without amendment of the Bill.

(*Commons.*)—In answer to LORD HARTINGTON, SIR STAFFORD does not consider it the duty of Her Majesty's Ministers to initiate a financial policy for the KHEEDIVE. They have done quite enough in bringing down his Stocks some twenty per cent. in as many days.

MR. HUBBARD on his favourite old hobby—Income-tax—with the usual result—*nil*.

Some progress with Merchant Shipping Bill.

Friday (Lords).—Royal Titles Bill again. LORD SELBORNE doubts whether,—

"Localisation by Proclamation
In Law may not be bad,"

and JOHN BULL may finish the adaptation,—

"A Queen with Two Heads bothers me,
And 'Empress' drives me mad."

CAIRNS tried to pooh-pooh SELBORNE. But when *such* Doctors differ, *Punch* will still hope, with LORD DENMAN, that the QUEEN

will still go by the old style, seeing that her subjects can't get over the new one.

(*Commons.*)—Some wretch, not having the fear of the Sergeant-at-Arms before his eyes, has been signing the highly respectable name of NEWDEGATE to some indecorous petitions, insinuating nasty things of convents, and their rules, practices, and inmates.

MR. CALLAN moved the offensive petitions off the table. As their proper destination clearly was the dust-hole, MR. NEWDEGATE was ill-advised in resisting the motion for a moment, though the petition was one against his pet bugbear.

MR. SPEAKER submits to the House a curious question, "Shall a petition from Boulogne (signed by French, as well as English inhabitants, of that hybrid sea-port), that their Consul may not sink to Vice, be received by the House?"

MR. DISRAELI is for receiving it; MR. GLADSTONE, on the whole, for declining to receive. It is not desirable (he thinks) to encourage petitions against what might be a proper use of the Treasury cheese-parers. Besides, to lend an ear to such a prayer, might stimulate Consuls to get up an agitation against their degradation to Vices, or set Vices trying to raise themselves to Consuls. Much as this might seem to tend to morality, a good deal was said, and evidently more remains to be said, on both sides. The point is to be referred to a Committee, as it ought to be.

MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN aired a matter which much interests the Upper Ten—the grievances of Assistant Public School Masters. BROWNING's case was lengthily discussed.

MR. CROSS interposed his *mitis sapientia* as usual, and doubted if such public washing of their dirty linen benefited either Schools or Masters, parents or pupils. *Punch* shares the doubt. The House did well—he thinks—to decline granting a Select Committee. Oh, for an hour of old KEATE! Fancy the House of Commons offering to interfere with *him*!

The removal of Woolwich Arsenal and the punching of MR. PALMER's head were then discussed with much emphasis, though to uncommonly small audiences, and the varied evening's entertainment wound up with the favourite farce of "Votes in Supply"!



UNENCUMBERED.

Policeman. "WHERE D' YER LIVE?" *Lost Child.* "BOO-OO! 'DON'T KNOW!'"

Policeman. "WHO'S YER FATHER AND MOTHER?"

Lost Child. "AIN'T GOT NONE."

Policeman (perplexed). "ARE YER MARRIED?" *Lost Child.* "NO."

Policeman (relieved). "AH, SHURE, THIN YE'RE ALL RIGHT! AWAY YOU GO!"
[*Crowd disperses.*]

A NEW BACONIAN ESSAY.

MUCH excitement has been caused by the announcement of an article in a Contemporary, with the startling title, *The Latest Theories about Bacon*. Since the advertisement appeared, the trade in a very favourite and useful article of food has been almost at a standstill, buyers and sellers being equally unwilling to engage in any extensive transactions until they knew whether revelations were likely to be made affecting the character of a commodity of large consumption, and representing a great pecuniary value. Bacon has hitherto, on the whole, stood high in public estimation, although some descriptions have been more fancied than others; but if "Theories" are to be started and publicly discussed, perhaps to its detriment and disparagement, an injury may be inflicted on a most estimable item of domestic consumption, welcome both at the breakfast and dinner-table, and equally relished in the castle of the peer and the cottage of the peasant, from which it may never again be able to rally.

If Sausages had been made the subject of comment and speculation, but scant surprise would have been felt, and the market would probably have shown little or no sympathy with the attack; but to do anything which may shake the credit of Bacon is a very serious proceeding, and one the consequences of which may be felt for years to come, alike by the wealthy Wiltshire farmer and the humblest cottager in the remotest county of Ireland. Since the publication of the *Essay on Irish Bulls*, we can recall no occurrence which has produced a similar sensation. The writers of articles in Reviews and Magazines should be careful what titles they prefix to their lucubrations. In the present instance, a rasher one could hardly have been devised.

THE NEW "IMPERIAL MEASURE."—The Royal Titles Bill.

STORES FOR THIRSTY THOUSANDS.

Two drays, three horses to each dray,
Besides one horse-and-cart, around,
Some sixteen goodly barrels lay,
"X" chalked on each, about the ground.
Nigh which a cellar's open door,
Had just admitted many more;

The cellar of a House of Call
At Barnes, upon the River side,
Whereat the Public, great and small,
With cheering liquors are supplied.
And all those barrels lying near,
Were full of Wandsworth's noted beer.

Another House upon the brink'
Of Thames, a little farther on,
Was choked with hampers holding drink,
Designed to be consumed anon.
The drink, a wayfarer found out,
Was bottled-ale and bottled-stout;

And not one quarter of the stock
Procured, expressly to allay
Enormous thirst of human flock,
The eve but one before the day
Of the great Boat-race 'twixt the Blues—
The Oxford and the Cambridge crews.

And those two taverns were but twain
Of many hundred hostels more,
Which, to supply the looked-for drain,
Provided as abundant store
Of every kind of beer and ale,
And wine and spirits, too, for sale!

Beneath teetotal tyrant rule
What preparation should we see,
The million's heated throats to cool?
Cases of coffee, chests of tea?
And lemonade disposed in pipes,
And tuns of ginger-beer for swipes?

NEMESIS OF HISTORY.

THE Children of Israel, under a PHARAOH, were oppressed with Egyptian Bondage. Now it seems they are in a position to ask the KHEDIVE twenty-two per cent. on Egyptian Bonds. "Thus the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges."

POETRY AND PRONUNCIATION.

UNDER the title of "Purple versus Grey" the *Post* publishes a piece of poetry, advocating the cause of "Purple," and signed "Winchilsea." This flight of genius extends to nine verses. Here is the first of them:—

"Good People of England, attend to my lay,
Which treats of the Purple compared with the Grey,
And plainly declares that all facts are a farce
When view'd through the light of a strong party glass."

Thus commences a real, genuine, and original "Song by a Person of Quality." Its originality appears especially remarkable in the notion of consonance exhibited in making "glass" rhyme with "farce." The next time our noble Bard tries his pen at versification he will perhaps remember that "glass" is commonly considered to rhyme with "ass."

Astronomy Royal.

A Correspondent of *Galvani*, having enumerated the illustrious personages, the GRAND DUKE and DUCHESS OF BADEN, the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PRINCE LOUIS and PRINCESS ALICE OF HESSE, and the EMPEROR WILLIAM, expected to be shortly present with the QUEEN at her Continental abode, informs us that—

"There is also a rumour that the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA, on her return from England about the same time, may join this galaxy, if but for a day."

He seems to forget that a galaxy, however brilliant, can be visible only at night. Also that the Milky Way is supposed to consist of innumerable myriads of stars, not merely of some half-dozen. Perhaps, when he called six or seven Royal luminaries a galaxy, what he meant to say was a constellation.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She,"
 "Good! Bay Sweet Tart!" "Not Silly, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER IV.—*What the Author says.*

H! she has fallen below the sheer cliff, where the merry gulls sing their sweet peans to the wind-blown, unpunctual, irregular, disappointing, unapologetic sea, and lies, her beautiful head buried kit-cat length downwards, in the muddy sand, her gleaming balmorals appealing for aid with a mighty imploring clicking of the high heels aloft, while with her lavender kid gloves she is

clutching at unhappy molluscs and killing innumerable shrimps and sand-eels in her struggle for life.

DUSOVER at one glance saw the balmorals—they were, alas! the only morals that interested him—and, exclaiming to himself, "By Jove! sand-eels—I mean sand heels," he took the plunge, and was at her side in an instant, raising her gently, and placing her on a bank of sweet, fragrant-scented, long-dry seaweed.

Her gown clings to her limbs like a mask of soft putty, and defines her form.

"Not hurt, only a little shocked," she exclaimed, gaspingly, as she pushes back her flabby hair, and shivers. Then she sings out cheerily—

"And right to the bottom,
 All kivered up o' mud,
 Went the pretty Little Ratcatcher's Daughter."

Do you remember the chorus?"

"Yes."

"Let us sing it together."

"Let's."

And they began—his deep, sonorous, tin-like, minor-canon tone, harmonising, touchingly, with the clear, resonant, treble-bob-major pitch—a pitch that no one could touch without suffering the consequences—of her rich mezzo, as they sang the immortal words of that sublime chorus, composed by one of England's greatest, if least known, bards—

"A doodle dee, a doodle dum,
 A dum di doodle day!"

And again—

"Doodle dee, doodle dum,
 Dum di doodle day!"

The next moment they were rolling over and over on the dry sand and the seaweed-covered rocks.*

A yellow light plays on his hairy face from the heights above. It comes from the candles held by the old toll-keeper and his family, who are at the several windows of their cottage, surveying the strange scene, aghast at the manners and customs of these visitors to Wollum.

"Get out, you snobs!" shouted DUSOVER, and the casements closed

* *What the Editor says (in correspondence with the Authoress).*—"Rolling over and over." We have some doubt as to the propriety of admitting this line. Our Editing Committee (our Doctor, our Solicitor, and Ourselves with a casting vote) are now sitting on it. We send this note by special messenger, and are anxiously awaiting answer before going to Press. Does the line mean 'rolling over and over together' or 'separately'? You see it makes all the difference. *R.S.V.P. très pressé.*"—ED.

What the Authoress says (in reply to the above).—"It's just as well to leave something to the imagination. Each reader will take them to roll separately or together, as best suits his or her fancy. *Honi soit qui mal y pense, et—vous payez votre argent et vous prenez votre choix.*"—R. D.

on the honest peasants, who returned respectfully to their well-earned slumbers, thinking that what they had seen was but the spectral illusion of a late and heavy supper, troubling their repose in the middle of the remorseful night.

Then he clasped her in his vice-like arms, and kissed her repeatedly.*

"BELLA," he said, hoarsely, as her head nestled close to his big, broad chest.

She looked up into his lurid, hungry eyes with hers, so dew-soft yet spirited, while her blood-red lips, half parted, murmured, "DUSOVER, I will marry you!"

CHAPTER V.—*What Jenny says.*

WE are on the spot, the REV. THOMAS HASSOCK, and myself.

The former, seated on his gradually collapsing concertina, which, sighing out its latest breath, sinks wheezily to earth beneath the light pressure of poor dejected TOMMY, who, rendered momentarily heavier by his weight of woe, is mournfully regarding the entranced couple, happily unconscious of his proximity.

The shrimps are skipping about blithely, the prawns are drowsily humming among the rocks, a lobster is toying with a crab, a cockle is giving them his broad, warm smile; the tremulous whelks are bathing silently in the opaline gulleets, pearly lights shine from the half-open, bad, wicked oysters, and the great, big, strong mussels are straining themselves, in playful gymnastic exercises, on the low sea-bar. All is silent, all is drowsy, and the new moon, appearing among the old *blasé* stars, smiles with all the bashful timidity of a pale, bright, maiden, at her first ball.

"What on earth are you doing here on the sea-shore?" I ask, stupidly enough.

"We drove here," answers BELLA, briskly, "to call on the tide, and do the civil thing. But when we came we found the tide was out, and isn't expected to be in again for some hours."

Poor TOMMY hears this, and murmurs softly to himself, "She is a dear, good girl, and really fond of parish work."

For a moment DUSOVER has turned away. I am recovering my scattered senses, and BELLA is looking towards the sea. Her head is thrown forward, and the absence of the crumpled white tie, which has tumbled off, displays a white, carven, blue-veined neck, which TOMMY gazes on with passionate, yet painful, admiration. He steals towards her on tiptoe, and she is unconscious of his presence behind her back. He stoops over her, and his lips are so close to her soft, warm hair, how can he help laying them yet closer? Men never resist any temptation as long as there is no one to tell of them, and as long as their pocket is not affected.† This temptation offers peculiar advantages, as I shall shut my eyes—he might be induced to repeat the performance on me, the elder and plainer sister—and she will not object to what gives him a bitter joy.

Having once kissed her, a shame comes over him, he sighs, and, taking up his blue umbrella, he fixes his green spectacles on his moist pink eyes, spreads out his concertina, and singing softly, with a suspicion of tears in his voice,

"I've gone wrong for the sake of SARAH,"

he trudges off along the high road, and disappears into the darkness of the summer night.

"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!" cries BELLA, as the tail of a black shadow catches her eye. Then suddenly seeing me, she jumps up, exclaiming, "You mustn't let the poor little gentleman go without his best suit of black. What can I do?"

"I have brought your dress in a bag," I say, exhibiting my usual good common sense, and then add, authoritatively, "The sooner you change, the better."

"*A la bonne heure!*" she cries, and accompanies me to the toll-keeper's house, where, in an inner chamber, she re-makes her toilette, and I pack up the REV. TOMMY HASSOCK's clothes in the bag. Her masquerading frolic is over.

* *What the Editor says (to our Readers).*—"As there was considerable difference of opinion as to the advisability of permitting this line to remain, and as the employment of the casting vote, in a party of three, only left matters just where they were before, it was decided (there being no time to spare, as the Press was waiting) to use the powers possessed by the Committee of adding to its number, and so we sent a boy, with a cab, from our office, and fetched a Maiden Aunt (the first we could find—between forty-five and fifty), who at once complied with our request, and was accommodated with a seat at the board. She has read the novel with great pleasure, as far as it has yet gone, and has decided on retaining the line in question about 'kissing repeatedly.' She says she thinks it gives local colour to the novel. Perhaps she is right. Our Doctor and our Solicitor are inclined to agree with her; and, if fine, we are all going to dine at Greenwich on turtle, whitebait, and dry champagne. The Committee has still power to add to its number, and, perhaps it would be as well (in the interest of our lady-readers) if the female element in it were to be proportionably increased. We know several very—but the Press is waiting, and so is the Greenwich Train."—ED.

† *By the Editor.*—The male portion of the Editorial Committee objected strongly to this sentiment. Our Maiden Aunt, however, strenuously opposed any alteration of the text. We think this explanation due to the Public.—ED.

"JENNY," says BELLA to me, when her toilette is completed, "DUSOVER likes me very much. We shall be married."

"BELLA," I return, reddening with indignation at her insane conduct, "I have heard about this man. He is ugly, irreligious, ill-tempered, fierce, stingy, greedy, dissipated, and a drunkard," I say, with rising exasperation.

"He is!" she replies, with a triumphant smile; "but as I like ugliness, irreligion, ill-temper, ferocity, stinginess, greediness, dissipation, and the bottle—with one who combines all these qualities in himself, my married life *must* be one of unalloyed happiness."

It is impossible to answer this argument. Even in logic, BELLA invariably gets the better of me.

"But," I say to my wayward sister, "you will return with me to Wollum."

"I am not going back to Wollum," replies BELLA; "at least, not yet."

"Do, there's a dear good child!" I say, coaxingly.

"I will not!" returns the dear good child.

"You want to stop with that scarlet-haired man!" I say, vixenishly.

"He is not scarlet-haired!" cries BELLA, in a fury. "Go away!" she screams, stamping her foot violently.

"Perhaps," I say, giving in—I am the elder sister, and have always been accustomed to give in to BELLA, whenever she screams and stamps—"perhaps I had better run after Mr. Hassock, with his bag; he will want his suit for Sunday," I add, with my usual material view of things.

So I leave her, and walk in the direction which I think the unhappy, little, broken-hearted clergyman has already taken. But I still have the powerful telescope with me, by whose aid I can see, and hear distinctly, what is going on in the dark blue night-time by the grey sea-shore.

CHAP. VI.—What the Author says.

FOR a moment BELLA paused before returning to DUSOVER BELJAMBE. She listened with strained attention. Thud after thud struck the dry, parched, rocky ground, the sound conveying to her mind the notion of some strong, powerful man employed in lifting weights out of a box, and letting them fall on the dull, muffled earth. Unable to resist the temptation, she descended the sheer cliff with the steadiness of a trained creeper, and, peering in between two immense boulders, saw DUSOVER BELJAMBE heaving big, overburdening sighs out of his great, deep chest.

She felt within herself that she too must share his fearful grief, and so, in her new dress, cheerful, deep-faced, metamorphosed, she stands before him.

He rushed to her, and clasped her in his strong embrace.

"My little, pure, white snowdrop!" he exclaimed, bending down his long, brown neck, and gazing, ravenously, on the small face, cavernous full mouth, pouting, ripe lips, and glorious wealth of sun-coloured, autumn-scented hair, which any three mighty sovereigns, of reddest-carat gold, could scarcely have purchased.

DUSOVER felt himself irresistibly drawn towards her by capillary attraction,—to this fair creature, in her plain, uncoquettish, simple attire. An orange-coloured riband snooded over her pin-like head in the innocentest, freshest manner possible, while the crown of nut-brown-sherry hair, turned up in one great bunch which she could twist into form at the rate of twenty knots an hour,—the nuttiest, brownest, goldenest, sherriest, hairiest hair over her alabasterest temple

"That ever you did see,"

formed a rare frame for her liquidest, southernest, innocentest, rosebudest, shyest, translucentest, pinkest-geraniumest face, whose great glow of unutterable gladness revealed a sunrise of enormous Love to the hungry tenderness of his dear, gorging, famished eyes.

She flung herself on to his breast, and then—*gently shook his hand.**

* *What the Editor says (in a letter to the Authoress).—*"We (the Committee, including the latest addition to our number) have decided upon omitting the remainder of this paragraph. At one time it was proposed (by the Chair) that the entire passage should be left out, but our Maiden Aunt (who enjoyed the Greenwich dinner yesterday immensely) forcibly argued, from the suggestion (in your latest note to Ourselves, my dear Madam) about 'leaving something to the imagination,' that, while your admirable description is (as the lady in question demonstrated) strictly true to nature, it is just a trifle too garish in colour, and this defect we (the Committee) have therefore remedied, by the substitution of the neutral-tinted line 'and then gently shook his hand,' which, after all, is quite in keeping with the situation, and (with our contract as to the *morale* of this novel), *does* artistically leave a considerable amount to the imagination. Should you not be entirely with us in this matter, we are afraid your communication will arrive too late, as the chapter is now going to press."—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"You know the proverb about pearls. Your Aunt (who seems to be a thoroughly sensible person) writes to me *privately* to say, that, if she could have had her way, the whole passage should have stood

"I *will* be MRS. CAPTAIN DUSOVER BELJAMBE," she murmured.

"Will you?" he returned, inquiringly.

Then a deep shade passed over his kind eyes, and his brown face turned white, as a tender, troubled, look arose in his deep-set, cavernous eyes.

"Come nearer, BELLA," he said, "and I will tell you the secret of my life."

(To be continued.)

WHITE MATES IN ONE MOVE.



PARIS has been giving herself up lately to the enjoyment of sensational weddings. The crowning interest has been reached by the marriage of M^{lle} BLANC, who was lately pushed across by her father, the celebrated proprietor of the Monaco gaming-tables, to the PRINCE RADZYVILL, one of his most constant patrons, for better or worse—in fact to turn out a prize or a blank, as fortune may determine. A few interesting details of the ceremony have not as yet been divulged to the public. *Punch* trusts he is not indiscreet in publishing some additional information. If old BLANC be "*Impair*" (*un père*), as he has been called by a punter now sunk to a punster of the most reckless description—let us hope that bride and bridegroom are destined to be a happy pair, though she is not yet twenty and he is between *trente et quarante*. The contrast of the bride's auburn tresses with her lord's raven hair made more than one spectator compare them to the *rouge et noir* of the paternal board of green cloth.

The lady certainly does not bring her bridegroom a *zero* as a dowry. Though we may not admire the connection, prejudice is no cause for not wishing that their married life may go *comme sur des roulettes*.

It is reported that when the bride arrived, pale with emotion, at the altar, her affectionate father could not resist a last paternal cry of "*Rouge perd et couleur*." This not unnaturally called up a flush on the cheek of the manly bridegroom, but he had the presence of mind to cap the paternal allusion of BLANC Senior to his daughter's paleness with a smile and the half-audible retort—with reference at once to his own blush and the lady's dot—"Couleur gagne!"

Historical Title for Government.

THE present Ministry should be historically remembered—though when once out it will not be easy to re—"Member" it—as "The Additional Administration." Their policy has not led them to a Division, but to a continual Addition. Thus, *inter alia*, it has added an hour to the daily period of Drinking: it has added the Suez Canal to the list of English rivers: it has added the *Vanguard* to the total of British wrecks: the Slave Circular to the number of blunders: one penny to the Income-tax: and Empress to Queen. That the Prime Mover of all this should take the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S house at Addington, is a suggestion which might be acted on by a consistent politician who has also a respect for puns in place.

as I originally wrote it. Was HOGARTH a moral teacher or not? Was RUBENS a great colourist? Put HOGARTH and RUBENS together on to a report of the Admiralty Divorce and Probate Court? *Me comprenez-vous, mon ami?* Do I hold up DUSOVER BELJAMBE as a faultless hero to be imitated? or BELLA as a paragon of frigid respectability, or oyster-like flabby virtue? Do I tell you or anyone to copy him or her? Do you expect a long threnody? No!"—R. D.

What the Editor says.—"Dear Madam, don't be angry. We do not expect a 'threnody'—but a three-volume. You see we are in a good temper. You are begging the question. Read our letter again."—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"Dear Sir, I'm not angry. I do not see the humour of your 'threnody' joke. If I 'begged the question,' you begged the answer, and now you've got it. Haven't time for reading letters—I write."—R. D.



LEAP YEAR.

"I SAY, MOTHER, THAT GIRL HAD THE CHEEK TO ASK ME TO DANCE! FORTUNATELY, I COULD TELL HER MY CARD WAS FULL!"

ASIAN MYSTERIES.

MR. PUNCH,

WE read your wisdom here in Cathay, where we are naturally interested in Asian Mysteries. Let me tell you of one in my own family. My ancestor, ALADDIN, had an old lamp, by rubbing which he could, in a moment, summon to his service the mightiest powers of earth and air to do his bidding, like the Jins at the bidding of SOLOMON (on whom be peace!). But one day, when ALADDIN was out, a venerable Hebrew merchant (he was in truth a magician) appeared, offering new lamps in exchange for old ones; and the court Ladies, and the snobs, sycophants, parasites, and flunkies about ALADDIN'S Princess-wife, BADROOL-BADOOR, persuaded her to exchange her Husband's old lamp for the Jew's new one, which looked so much bigger and brighter. But with the lamp departed all those spirits of power; and the Princess, and her palace, and her hall with twenty-four windows, from which she looked on her domains in all quarters of the world, vanished away. And now tidings come from your Land of the Setting Sun that your QUEEN VICTORIA, who, for a thousand years, has worn a Crown more wonderful than even the Lamp of ALADDIN or the Seal of SOLOMON, for its power of calling men and Jins from the East and the West, the North and the South, to do her service by sea and by land, has now been persuaded to listen to an old Hebrew magician, who has offered her in exchange for that venerable talisman of sovereignty a new one, made of what your goldsmiths who travel into these regions tell us is of the metal called Brummagem, electro-gilded in Paris fashion upon German metal. Will not your QUEEN or her advisers take warning, before it is too late, that the new Crown has none of the marvellous powers of the old one; and that VICTORIA may find, as BADROOL-BADOOR did, that he who brings the new gawd is an Asian magician, whose powers lie chiefly over the red spectres of the nether world. *Salaam aleikum.*

ALADDIN THE YOUNGEST.

TURKEY AND GREECE.—It is whispered on the Stock Exchange that the Turkish Dividends will henceforward be paid on the Greek Calends.

SUB ROSÂ REFLECTION.

(By a Prig.)

AS FAKING BILL and me
Was enjoyin' our pots and our pipes,
He 'eaves a sigh, and he sez, sez he—
A takin' a pull at the swipes—

"I've been thinkin', old pal, o' this 'ere—
A thinkin' until I'm dry—
Of them Bobbies as got in the street called Queer,
For hittin' a gent in the eye.

"And I sez to myself, sez I,
What jolly times we'd see,
If prigs was as 'ard to identify
As P'licemen appears to be!"

Words of Command.

CONCERNING certain suggestions for the Private Soldier's comfort, "SERO SED SERIO," in a letter to the *Times*, declares "comfort" an "unsoldierlike word." Now the divine WILLIAMS, however, makes *Bardolph* avouch "accommodated" to be "a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command." Anyhow "comfort" is a thing as excellent, and a word as soldierlike, as accommodation, which implies it. How can a soldier be "thought to be accommodated" in barracks unless he is comfortable?

A Cabinet Question.

A PARTIAL Tax, now made more partial still,
A brand-new, lackered, Royal Titles Bill,
With mean alloy debasing England's Crown,
Bringing its pure gold to Mosaic down!
Bethink you whither these offences tend.
Are they not the beginning of your end?



“NEW CROWNS FOR OLD ONES!”

(ALADDIN adapted.)

THE WHISKEY WAR.



HEN, a few days since, MR. O'SULLIVAN rose in his place in the House of Commons to ask for a Select Committee to "inquire into the practice of 'blending' foreign spirits in bond with pure Irish Whiskey," Mr. Punch regrets to say that the Third Estate of the Realm was so impregnated with British prejudice that the Committee was refused. He begs to supply the

omission. The following report (which has been furnished by Mr. Punch's own dining-room table) may be relied upon as an accurate account of what would have occurred had the prayer of MR. O'SULLIVAN been granted:—

First Meeting of the Irish Whiskey Committee.

Present—The MULLIGAN (in the Chair); The MAC BROWN of Mac Brown; SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk); The MACGILLICUDDY of the Peat-Reeks.

The CHAIRMAN said it was entirely unnecessary to call any witnesses. Sure couldn't they be their own witnesses? Was there not an elegant display of spirits on the table? They would test those spirits for themselves. He was delighted to see his fellow Committeemen. He begged to drink their very good healths, and would commence the proceedings by proposing the toast of "Erin go Bragh!"

The MAC BROWN of Mac Brown agreed with the Chairman in all but his toast, which he considered offensive. They were duly qualified to test and taste Whiskeys for themselves. To be in order, then, he would propose that they should call up the Silent Spirit of the Highlands at once. It was very good drinking.

The MACGILLICUDDY begged to move an amendment. He would suggest the revocation of Pure Irish Whiskey in lieu of the Silent Spirit of the Highlands. He begged to say that the Pure Irish Whiskey was just the best drink in the whole world.

The CHAIRMAN proposed that both spirits should be tested. The proposal was cordially received. After the empty bottles had been removed,

SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk) was understood to say that something was "fery coot."

The MAC BROWN of Mac Brown, as the Chieftain of a Clan, begged to ask his friend SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk) whether his (SIR DOUGAL'S) remark was intended to apply to the Silent Spirit of the Highlands.

SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk) was understood to say that the Silent Spirit of the Highlands was "fery coot."

The MACGILLICUDDY asked with great warmth whether it was the intention of SIR DOUGAL to reflect upon the Pure Irish Whiskey. He (the MACGILLICUDDY) was afraid of no man. He invited SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk) to tread upon the tail of his coat.

The MAC BROWN of Mac Brown here interposed, and the MACGILLICUDDY consented to withdraw his invitation on the understanding that SIR DOUGAL CREATURE should admit Pure Irish Whiskey to be also "fery coot."

The CHAIRMAN remarked that talking was dry work. He had noticed that, during the last few minutes, several fresh bottles had been uncorked—he would therefore respectfully suggest that the spirit-testing should recommence. The suggestion was adopted with acclamation. After a pause,

The MACGILLICUDDY sang twenty-four verses of an Irish song—assisted by SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk), who held his hand during the ceremony,—and declared his intention of adopting SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk) as a brother. He (the MACGILLICUDDY) was afraid of no one. Did the Chairman doubt his word?

The MAC BROWN of Mac Brown interposed between the Chairman and the MACGILLICUDDY, to give a detailed account of his own pedigree. The latter portion of his speech was nearly inaudible and quite unintelligible.

The Chairman, at the conclusion of the speech of the MAC BROWN of Mac Brown, to which he had listened with marked impatience, said that he held the MACGILLICUDDY in contempt. He was a spalpeen. For himself, he never felt better in his life. He had been grossly insulted by the present company. He invited the present company to dine with him that day week, and bring any one they

pleased. He would be proud to see them and their friends. "The more the merrier." After repeating these words several times, first smilingly and then frowningly, he suddenly disappeared.

The Committee then retired (under the table, to consider their report.

JENKINS v. JENKINS.

An Indignant Disavowal.

DEAR PUNCH,

You've heard of me before,
Our family dates from days of yore.
I'm JENKINS, not the rude M.P.
For that unhappy town, Dundee.
So much I feel constrained to write,
For it would be too awful, quite,
To be confounded with *that* man!
I quite approve DISRAELI's plan.
Empress! I feel some inches bigger;
Though Rads may shout and Cads may snigger,
I shall be most supremely proud,
If I may only be allowed
To be the first one who salutes her
By her new title, which so suits her.
Shedding refulgent sheen upon her,
And upon us a reflex honour.
This opposition's most vexatious.
How *can* M.P.'s be so ungracious?
I marvel at their cool effrontery,
But every JENKINS in the country
(Save him, our loyal flock's black sheep
At whose defection I could weep)
Cries shame upon the tongue that sticks
At that sweet word, "*Imperatrix*."
Query the quantity—but Latin
Is not the language I'm most pat in.
Is the "a" long or short?—I falter—
If it's short, leave—if long, please alter.*
Let BENJAMIN on us depend,
For every JENKINS is his friend.
Trust us to make the word pass muster,
In spite of all this factious fluster.
He says the title's "purely local"—
Ahem! But we have organs vocal,
And pliant backs and callous knees:
And did Heaven give such gifts as these
To rust, unused?—The mild Hindoo
Must not monopolise Kotou!
Besides, 'twere very poor requital
To him who blest us with a title,
Which puts us on a par with Prussia,
Makes France look bilious, frightens Russia,
To treat the word's extreme effulgence
As all too bright for home-indulgence.
No, Mr. Punch. Too much we prize it,
And will do more to naturalise it,
In spite of protests and petitions,
Than any number of editions
Of most prophetic schoolbooks. *Do*,
Drop down on *Ginx's Baby*, who
Must have the brass of fifty MENKENS.

Yours proudly,

THE ORIGINAL JENKINS.

* JENKINS is wrong; but does he think *Punch* is going to stoop to correct his false quantities?

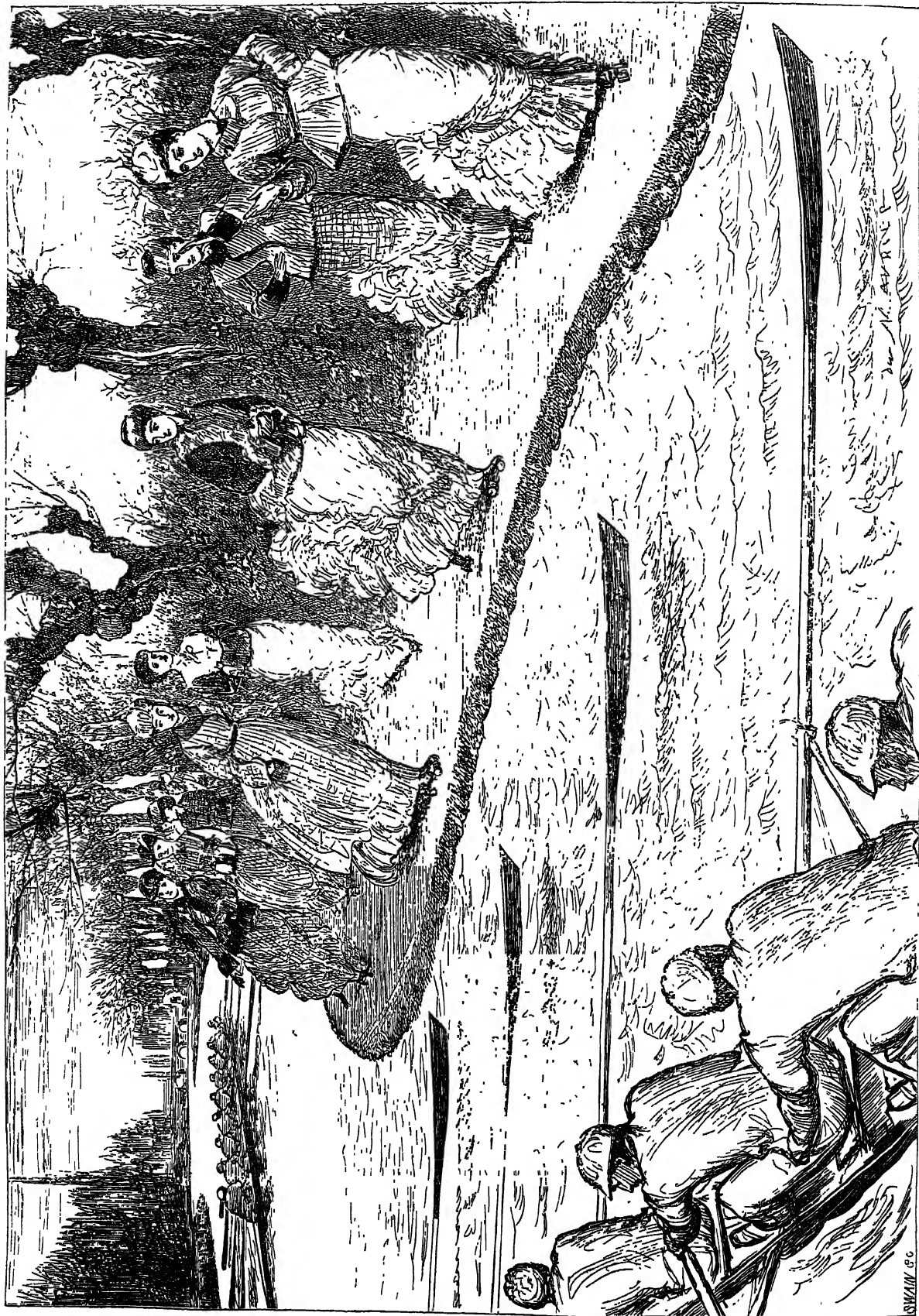
Parochial Progress.

A CONTEMPORARY announces a happy change about to be effected in the—

"CONVERSION OF A CHURCHYARD.—Yesterday morning DR. TRISTRAM, the Chancellor of the Diocese of London, granted the application by the Rev. HENRY JONES, the Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, and the Churchwardens, for a faculty to convert a part of the churchyard into a flower-garden."

In the sanitary way, as well as the æsthetic, a great improvement. For the accomplishment of so tasteful and salubrious a proceeding as the conversion of a churchyard into a flower-garden, it is gratifying to see the faculties of parochial authorities enlarged.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE KHEDIVE'S DOOR-MAT.—*Cave Cavem.*



“WHY SHOULDN'T GIRTON RINK, WHEN CAMBRIDGE ROWS P”



"SCIENCE GOSSIP."

Brown. "TIDY LOT O' RAIN LAST NIGHT! MY GAUGE (SIMPLE CONTRIVANCE—INVENTED IT MYSELF!) REGISTERED A FALL OF FOUR FEET SEVEN INCHES AND THREE-TENTHS!!"

Morning Caller (scientific, too). "WHEW! FOUR FEET! OH! AH! YES! I SEE!!"

[*They retire up, botanising!*]

ISMAIL MICAWBER.

"The week was passed most agreeably in a round of festivities. There was a grand balquet at the Abdeen Palace on Monday, the opera and ballet every night, dinners, visits, receptions. There was no appearance of care or of any kind of negotiations, harassing telegrams, or serious business."—*Telegram from Alexandria.*

FEASTING and festival give life best zest of all;

'Tis never low-water with Nile's brimming wave.

Cheer is abundant—reflection redundant—

What do I care how my creditors rave?

The Prince is a guest of mine: his purse a test of mine:

Bother all business! Confound MR. CAVE!

Khedivès are wiser than e'er an adviser!

Who are these dogs that exhort me to save?

Ere deluge churn up, something will turn up,

Betwixt my two stools—of the fool and the knave.

Drink, honoured Shah-Zâdeh! Hang Korân and Cadi!

While *you* smile on Egypt, who cares for a CAVE?

Telegrams harassing! Business embarrassing!

I know how Khedivè and host should behave.

My bonds may be fragile—my ballet is agile;

'Tis Wisdom makes merry, while Folly looks grave.

Bellow, Bulls, and growl, Bears! Tear and toss up—who cares?

Drown in Royal-salutes the Report of a CAVE!

WOMAN AND THE WORKHOUSE.

A CONTEMPORARY announces that two Ladies have come forward as candidates for seats at the St. Pancras Board of Guardians. The Guardianship of the Poor will doubtless be mitigated for them by the admixture of the softer sex with the harder. Boards of Guardians comprising Ladies may be expected to include Guardian Angels.

JOHN TO JONATHAN.

THEY are in a "fix" in America. Embarrassed by an unexpected balance from the Geneva award, amounting to about nine million dollars. Much discussion is going on about the appropriation of this nice little sum. The Committee who have to deal with it are divided in opinion, both the majority and minority proposing different schemes for its disposition. The majority favour one set of claimants, the minority another, as the lucky recipients of the balance. If *Mr. Punch* is invited to act as arbiter, he is prepared to step in between the two parties and cut the Gordian knot with his usual unerring stroke. His proposition would be very simple and practical. Remit the balance back to this country. The dollars will arrive just in time to relieve the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER from the painful duty of adding another penny to the Income-tax; and we shall all, both Americans and English, meet at the Centennial Exhibition with increased satisfaction and the best cousinly feeling.

Important to Divers.

AN announcement which may seem to concern philosophers and poets is that of a newly-invented instrument, exhibited the other evening at a *conversazione* of the Royal Society under the name of a "bathometer." But that this is a contrivance for indicating, without plummet, the depth of the sea, it might be imagined a device for gauging either profundity of thought, as exemplified in the speculations of some modern sages, or of imagination, as manifested by certain contemporary Bards in divers plunges, displaying their proficiency in Bathos, or the art of sinking.

ROYAL TITLES.

"QUEEN of Great Britain" and "Empress of Ind." Can these phrases accord with the popular mind? An addition of titles we do not desire: To the prefix of "Mr." we add not "Esquire."

A BRITTLE SEAL.



A SACERDOTALIST [Correspondent, hailing from near the London Docks, denies that a "crucifix" was carried in procession at a Ritualistic performance at Southampton, lately commented on by *Mr. Punch*. The description was copied from a local paper. If "crucifix" should have been "cross"—what then?

He also denies that auricular confession is a practice which, as a practice, the Established Church ignores. In witness he quotes one of the Canons of 1603, relative to it as an occasional and optional act,

and forbidding any Minister to reveal and make known "any crime or offence committed to his trust and secrecy (except they be such crimes as by the laws of this realm his own life may be called into question for concealing the same) under pain of irregularity."

Mark the exception—and mark the rule. What is there in either to punish the disclosure of a confession, which is not a "crime" or an "offence" in law, but only a "sin"? Talk of a clever lawyer driving a coach-and-six through an Act of Parliament! What ecclesiastical advocate could not easily drive a railway-van through such a Canon as that relied on by our sacerdotalist friend? And what machinery is there to enforce that old Canon?

If there are in the laws of the Church by Law Established any provisions sufficient to regulate the habitual practice of confession, why did a number of Romanising Anglican divines, the other day, memorialise the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY to make such provisions—and in vain?

Let sacerdotalists ask any original *sacerdos*, of the order they ape, what he thinks of the Canon of 1603, concerning confession, and enjoining secrecy—with exceptions. What kind of a seal is such a "seal of confession"? So fragile, as to be very much less like a seal than another thing with which Ritualists are wont to play at Romanism—a wafer!

THE GIRL WHO BEES.

WE know the girl who "Rinks;" but now another type one sees, In the *bas bleu* of the period—the learned girl who "Bees."

She has WEBSTER at her finger-ends, and WALKER stumps with ease; She cracks all the nuts in NUTTALL, the portentous girl who Bees.

She can spell "metempsychosis," knows how many *l's* and *c's* Should be put in "peccadillo"—does that awful girl who Bees.

"Phthisis" has for her no terrors; in { "sciatica" } she sees
No sort of difficulty—she has had them both at Bees.

Never "harassed" or "embarrassed," she can spell you both of these;
She can "brazé" out MR. LOWE, can this *habituée* of Bees.

Even CORRON, Mayor of London, feels his spelling and our freeze
When he meets in single combat this little Queen or Bees.

Blithely ever is she buzzing. Night by night this girl you see
Gaily humming "I am coming," as she flits from Bee to Bee.

Once she quailed at MR. D'ORSEY; now she puts the "e" in peace.
She's as good as MR. CASSOWAN, that veteran of Bees.

She browbeats interrogators—"Just explain it, if you please."
"Would you kindly re-pronounce it?" says the heroine of Bees.

She's not lost, although she hesitates. Outsiders skip like fleas:
"Festina lente" is the motto of the girl who Bees.

Let others work artistically, Rink, or warble glee,
She still is working spells—the Queen of all the busy Bees.

And the banks are furnished with them. There is really quite a squeeze
When seraphic Curates organise a *suite* of Ladies' Bees.

Florent, your male orthographers are not at all the cheese;
But we like the pretty houri who haunts all the Spelling Bees.

May she win a prize from Hymen. Very shortly may we see
In a hive, with its brood humming, domestic spelling changed for Baby Bee.

CORN IN EGYPT.

(A Dramatic Fancy of the, probably not remote, Future.)

SCENE—A Magnificent Saloon, splendidly furnished. Table spread with a costly banquet. Eastern Potentate discovered in the act of entertaining Illustrious English Traveller. Confidential Butler and other Servants, all in gorgeous attire, in attendance.

Eastern Potentate. Your Royal Highness will see that we are quite civilised. I speak English, and know how to order a dinner. A propos, I trust the menu has given satisfaction?

Illustrious English Traveller. Nothing could have been better, my dear Khedive. Oysters, soup, fish, *entrées*, game, everything excellent. You must have a *cordons bleu* in your kitchen.

Eastern Potentate (smiling). Well, I do not mind admitting that I do pay a good round sum to my chef. It surprised poor CAVE, and the man is worth the money. Even OUTREY said he was quite up to the Parisian mark. I am rather proud of my cellar. What do you think of that Château d'Yquem?

Illustrious English Traveller. Excellent—simply excellent; and your dry champagne would do honour to Marlborough House. Now for coffee and *chasse*, and then the mild cigar (with a sigh of anticipation).

Eastern Potentate (to Confidential Butler). You hear, BEN SOLOMON. Coffee, *chasse*, and cigars!

[Confidential Butler bows, and gives the necessary directions to the other Servants. Exit the other Servants.]

Illustrious English Traveller (regarding Confidential Butler with some curiosity). Does that man come from England, your Highness?

Eastern Potentate (confused). Well, not exactly—at least, if he comes from England—he is of Eastern extraction.

Confidential Butler (with confidential whisper). Fact is, your Rile 'Ighness, I'm from Cursitor Street.

Illustrious English Traveller (surprised). Hum! And now as I should be glad of a confidential chat, with your Highness, will you kindly desire this person to retire?

Confidential Butler (smiling). Can't be done, your 'Ighness. Our Governor's acting for the British Bond 'olders. He didn't like puttin' his 'Ighness the Kideevy in the 'ole, as he 'ad to receive your Rile 'Ighness. But it'd be as much as my plashe is worth, if I left his 'Ighness alone with the plate—it would, indeed, your 'Ighness.

Illustrious English Traveller (to Eastern Potentate). Why, who is this fellow?

Eastern Potentate. I regret to say that he is—(hesitates)—what you call — Eh?

Illustrious English Traveller (encouragingly). Yes?

Confidential Butler. Fact is, his 'Ighness ain't up to legal English, your 'Ighness. But, between you and me and the post, I'm the Man in Possession.

[Sensation.]
(Scene closes in.)

Going too Far.

DID M. JOHN LEMOINNE, in his last Article in the *Débats* on the Royal Titles Bill, really speak of the QUEEN as "the Sovereign of a great country, which desired nothing better than to respect her, almost to embalm her"? If he did, *Mr. Punch* must set him right on one point. This is a great country, and it desires nothing better than to respect its Sovereign; but it certainly has not the slightest wish to embalm her—that being a process which M. LEMOINNE must know requires life to be terminated before it can be performed, and the termination of HER MAJESTY's life is the last thing this country would desire.

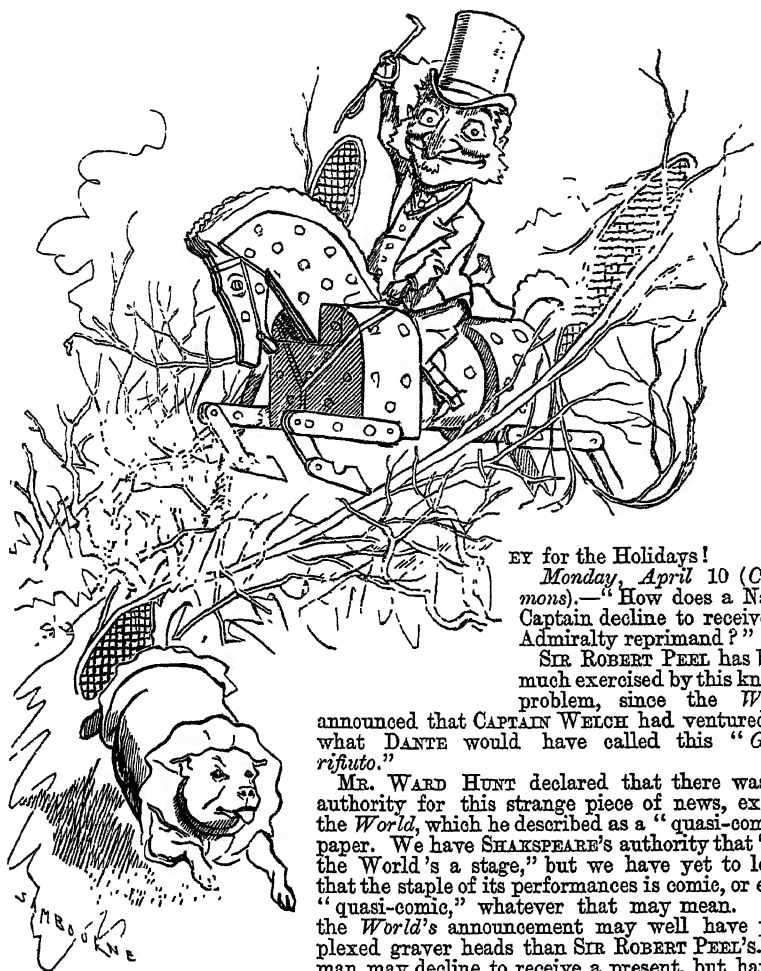
An "Alias" Improved.

TRY Sovereign dub an Empress, BEN, what for?

A countercheck to Russia's Emperor?

Nay, Sirrah, rather, wouldst thou make the QUEEN a Match for the CZAR, entitle her "Czarina."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BY for the Holidays!

Monday, April 10 (Commons).—"How does a Naval Captain decline to receive an Admiralty reprimand?"

SIR ROBERT PEEL has been much exercised by this knotty problem, since the *World*

announced that CAPTAIN WELCH had ventured on what DANTE would have called this "*Gran rifiuto*."

MR. WARD HUNT declared that there was no authority for this strange piece of news, except the *World*, which he described as a "quasi-comic" paper. We have SHAKESPEARE's authority that "all the World's a stage," but we have yet to learn that the staple of its performances is comic, or even "quasi-comic," whatever that may mean. But the *World's* announcement may well have perplexed graver heads than SIR ROBERT PEEL's. A man may decline to receive a present, but hardly a slap in the face or a kick on the opposite ex-

tremity of his person. That sort of thing is not usually preceded by the opportunity of such an option as includes the possibility of refusal. A cuff or kick may be returned, but scarcely refused. For a Naval Captain to decline receiving an Admiralty reprimand, would seem to be very like reprimanding the Admiralty: and that, as MR. WARD HUNT explained, would "in a Captain" be the "flat blasphemy" called insubordination. A Captain, reprimanded, may ask for a court-martial.

"Had CAPTAIN WELCH asked for a court-martial?" asked SIR ROBERT.

"No," said MR. WARD HUNT.

A few minutes after, MR. ANDERSON said he had in his pocket a note written by CAPTAIN WELCH to him, stating that he had asked for a court-martial.

MR. WARD HUNT declared that no such letter had "reached the Admiralty."

Now "Admiralty" is an "amphibologous" term. It means a Building, and it means a Board. It may have "reached" the one, but not yet got as far as the other. At any rate, the contradiction should be explained. It does not look pretty as it stands.

MR. FAWCETT gave notice that on the first day after the Easter recess he will ask MR. DISRAELI whether he will give him a day for discussion of the Address to the Crown, before the issue of the Proclamation under the Royal Titles Bill.

Her Majesty's faithful Commons have a Constitutional right to audience of HER MAJESTY. *Punch* hopes MR. DISRAELI will not refuse such audience, even to the so-called Minority which wishes to put on record its final protest against the Brummagem title of "Empress." But there is still a fortnight, at least, between us and the Proclamation. Between the Proclamation and the assumption of a title which every day is becoming more and more unacceptable to the sound sense and educated opinion of Great Britain there is the still larger interval, filled by HER MAJESTY's excellent judgment, and large experience of the strength of feeling that couples Loyalty and Liberty in the hearts of her subjects.

Then MR. ANDERSON opened his battery of heavy guns against the conduct of Government as regards the collision of the *Alberta* and the *Mistletoe*.

The Andersonian artillery took a wide range—blazing away at everybody concerned in the unfortunate accident—the PRINCE OF LEININGEN, CAPTAIN WELCH, GENERAL PONSONBY (the indiscreet letter-writer to the MARQUIS OF EXETER), the Coroner, Foreman, and most members of the first Jury, BARON BRAMWELL, the ADMIRALTY, and, finally, MR. HEYWOOD, who had had the audacity to declare himself satisfied.

In short, it is clear to MR. ANDERSON that somebody ought to have suffered, besides CAPTAIN WELCH who has been reprimanded, and JOHN BULL who has had to pay the compensations.

It would be impossible for the most hard-mouthed patriot that ever "heckled" a Minister on a case affording a grand opening for cheap clap-trap, to have discharged the duty more disagreeably, or with more apparent relish, than the rasping Member for Glasgow. And it would be impossible for any Minister, directly and offensively attacked, to have received the fire of his bitter and boisterous assailant more meekly, and to have returned it more feebly, than MR. WARD HUNT.

Of course, the Admiralty have bungled. It is their way. But the Queen's yacht will not in future run at fifteen knots an hour through the Solent, or any other waters where small sailing craft lie thick, and ply frequent. Let JOHN BULL put that in his pipe, and smoke it, as his returns from all that has been done, and left undone, said, and left unsaid, in the unfortunate case of the *Alberta* and *Mistletoe*. As for MR. HEYWOOD, who is base enough to be satisfied, and mean-spirited enough to hope that "bye-gones will be bye-gones," we leave him to the scorn of MR. ANDERSON.

MR. S. LLOYD did a good work in calling attention to the grievances of the Marines—those step-children of the services, whose high pride it is always to do their duty, and whose hard fate it is always to fall between the two stools of the Army and Navy, to both of which, and yet neither of which, they seem to belong, if we may judge by the proportion of kicks to halfpence in their allowance.

Everybody who spoke admitted the grievances of this gallant corps; and MR. A. EGERTON, for the Admiralty, declared that the Board was most anxious to put both promotion and retirement in the Marines on a more satisfactory footing, but did not like to apply a merely temporary remedy. Let them only make the remedy as long-lived as the grievance has been, and 'twill serve.

Then the House went into Committee on Naval Estimates, and MR. SHAW LEFFEVRE showed the usual zeal of ex-Officials of the Admiralty in calling attention to desertions in the Navy, the difficulties connected with the training of boys for the Navy, and the urgency of establishing links between the Navy and the Merchant Service.

MR. WARD HUNT was as grateful for MR. SHAW LEFFEVRE's suggestions as obliged Officials always are to obliging ex-Officials, and pointed out all the difficulties in the way of improvement in the usual cheerful official style.

It is remarkable how much cleverer your ex-Official usually is in seeing and stating difficulties than your Official in removing them.

Tuesday (Morning Sitting).—Notices of Motion for after-Easter sittings—post-Paschal eggs, with more or less prospect of hatching.

But SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE decidedly declined to be dragged into the Suez Canal by SIR H. D. WOLFE. Then St. Stephen's School broke up for the Easter holidays, MR. DISRAELI giving notice to his young friends that the business of the School would recommence on Monday, April 24.

We leave boys, Ushers, and Headmaster to their holiday tasks and amusements, with the wish that the coming two-thirds of the Session may be more prolific of good work than the first third has been!

For one who claims such exceptional powers of education as the present Head of the School, *Punch* cannot say that he will carry down to Hughenden the crop of laurels and testimonials which had probably been anticipated by his admirers.

Light Blue for Ever!

THE boat in which Cambridge rowed to Mortlake and victory was built by "SWADDLE AND WINSHIP." To commemorate the success of their craft, the style of the firm should for the future be altered to "SWADDLE AND WINNING SHIP."

BIRDS FOR THE BONNET.



H, MY DEAREST PUNCH,

Do pray hold up to ridicule as severely as ever you can the *stupid* satirical remarks on a pretty fashion, which I copy from a newspaper that copies them out of *Land and Water*—a man's paper I never see, where they appear as an extract from a letter pretended to be written by a Lady in Westmoreland, Jamaica, "in deprecation of the cruel fashion of destroying the humming-bird for the sake of decorating Ladies' hats." Speaking of some flowering trees frequented by those birds which look so pretty in the hair, the writer says:—

"I see the humming-birds darting about the branches like sparks of emerald and

crimson fire; but unfortunately their number is being rapidly reduced by the womankind of England, who will decorate their silly heads with the lovely little bodies which ought never to be seen except on the wing."

Oh, as if any Lady would ever think of calling her own sex woman-kind, and talking about their silly little heads! Of course these are the expressions of some horrid man; but what follows is beyond anything:—

"Unfortunately, too, such is the course of fashion, the Negro women here are adopting the same mode, and I fear there is not much doubt that the humming-bird will soon be exterminated. It is, indeed, a shame to destroy these little beauties in the ruthless manner they are being destroyed at the present time."

The Negro women, indeed! As much as to say of course that our fashion of trimming our hats with humming-birds is one which their adopting it proves to be peculiarly adapted to a barbarous and savage taste, which I call a most shameful sneer and only wonder the wretch did not accuse us of having adopted the fashion from them. And, as to ruthless, I should like to know what can be more so than such nonsense as the above.

If they want to stop the destruction of humming-birds, there are plenty ready killed and stuffed in that fusty old place the British Museum, where they are of no use, but only to look at, and a great many more than enough, and other birds besides, of the most brilliant colours equally becoming and all well adapted for ornaments to a head-dress, and do pray dear Punch exert your great influence with Parliament or whoever it is to order all that are not absolutely wanted to be disposed of for that purpose, and then as a fashion soon changes unless when it is found fault with and abused, and made fun of and caricatured, there would most likely be quite a sufficient supply of humming-birds and others in use for hat and head-dress trimmings to last as long as they are wanted and dispense with the necessity of going on killing any more.

Ever yours affectionately and devotedly attached,

ANGELINA.

P.S.—Better have humming-birds than bees in your bonnet.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Come! Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Shilly, But don't Tell.*"

CHAPTER VII.—*What the Author says.*

DUSOVER BELJAMBE stretched out a strong, gentle arm, and pulled her tenderly towards him. The moon steals up quietly, inaudibly, and, looking down with its own sweet, shy, silent, askant yet benignant gaze on the lovers, dashes some of her night light on his grand, recumbent form and dark, hairy face, forming a sombre ground against her pale, smooth one.

Let no one think that I am holding this pair up for imitation. My opinion is that Dusover is an unmitigated scoundrel, and BELLA, to say the least of it, a Slyboots. I warn my readers against falling in love with either of them, though I confess I do write this sort of character *con amore*, and I admit that it is not a labour of

love for me to be obliged to introduce such a namby-pamby, wishy-washy milksop—excellent moral character though he be—as the REV. THOMAS HASSOCK. If we cannot all be saints, we can all be sinners; if we cannot all be strong, and, what the world calls, virtuous. Am I all my fancy paints others? Am I all that the fancy of others paints me? Do I recommend you all to be DUSOVER BELJAMBE and BELLA ST. JOHN? Not I. If I write their characters so well, and give now-reading young ladies and gentlemen such graphic and alluring descriptions of probable, but questionable, situations, as fire your uninvincible imaginations, do I thereby offer them a temptation to rush off and imitate the heroes and heroines? If I tell you that Dusover, in kissing and hugging little BELLA, and BELLA, in allowing herself to be kissed and hugged, were utterly and entirely in the wrong, that such conduct, though represented as irresistibly nice, was intrinsically naughty, am I not a Great Moral Teacher? And are not such great moral teachers always listened to with the deepest attention? Am I not, in fact, the great moral benefactor of the present generation? Certainly. Then, *Liberavi animam meam*, and, on we go again, worse than ever.*

"Perhaps," said DUSOVER, painfully gnawing his heavy black moustache, and looking up searchingly under her green eyes, "when I have told you what I have to tell you—the secret of my life—you will never speak to me again."

She threw her white arms round his neck, and stroked his hairy face.

"DUSOVER," she said, steady and distinct, "if I were to have my head cut off this moment without knowing anything about it, I would not move for your sake."

He gazed on her with his dark, luminous eyes, that seemed aflame with demoniac tenderness in their cavernous ghostly depths. Then, in his deep, bell-like tone he spoke:

"You have noticed my rough-hewn massive features?"

She had; she could not deny it, had she indeed wished to do so. She had scanned his features as often as she had scanned his poetic spondæan feet, and so she answered, as in a happy, baleful trance, "Yes, my own, old, wicked, darling DUSOVER! I have!"

He caught her to him, and held her as a strong man on the edge of a precipice might grip a lamp-post that kept him from destruction. Craning his long, sinewy neck over her head, he took one deep, exhausting draught from his great, big, imperial-quarto-brandy flask.

Then his voice came, sounding unsteady, and thick.

"You have observed my great thick moustache?"

"Yes," she answered, with wondrous soothingness.

"You have not forgotten when you first saw me standing before the hotel door at William—"

"Forgotten you!" she exclaimed. "Were it as many years, as it is minutes ago, that I first saw you, I should not have forgotten the moment when you were in your neat, gentlemanly dress, your knickerbockers displaying those two full-rounded calves—"

DUSOVER BELJAMBE stopped her almost savagely.

"Hush!" he said, as his penthouse brows drew together savagely, and he bit his lips morosely. "Tell me, has any one dared to breathe a word against me behind my back?"

"Not a soul," answered BELLA, with a pretty, dimpling laugh, and closing her eyes so as to give DUSOVER scope to gloat over those fringed wonders, while she, nervously, intertwined her pale, pink, warm fingers.

DUSOVER gave a great sigh of relief.

"You must know all," he said, pulling at his grand quarto-flask, under his big, drooping moustache.

"I am not inquisitive," answered BELLA, coldly; "but go ahead, dear boy, and tell me everything about yourself."

Their faces are close together, and she can see the wild, honest anxiety looking through those open windows.

"You have noticed my magnificent, big shoulders?"

"Yes."

"You have observed my tawny, brown hair, and lion-coloured beard?"

"Yes," answered BELLA, looking up wistfully into that haughty face, and those wicked, miserable eyes. "Yes."

"Would you like to see me without these appendages?"

BELLA raised her chestnut-shaped head, and slightly shrinking, as if from a great loathing, said brokenly, "Go on. Don't mind me." He nerved himself to the task, for task it was to him.

* By the Editing Committee.—It is with pleasure that we print the above brilliant apology by the distinguished Authoress, inserted at our request. We were quite sure she meant no harm, and we only wanted her to be explicit upon that point. Our Maiden Aunt wishes to record that, in her opinion, the apology was not in any way necessary, and is entirely useless. She is in the minority.—ED.

+ What the Editor says.—"Dear Madam, do young Ladies talk like this? 'Go ahead,' &c. We can't believe it."—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"Mine do. I don't follow a fashion, I lead. Am I writing this Novel, or are you?"—R. D.



"TRYING."

Happy Swain (she has "named the day"). "AND NOW, DEAREST EDITH, THAT IS ALL SETTLED. WITH REGARD TO JEWELLERY, MY LOVE; WOULD YOU LIKE A SET IN PLAIN GOLD, OR—"

Edith (economical and courageous, and who suffers a good deal from toothache). "OH, AUGUSTUS, NOW YOU ASK ME—DO YOU KNOW—I—REALLY—BUT—MR. CLINCH TOLD ME YESTERDAY THAT HE COULD EXTRACT ALL I HAVE, AND PUT IN A BEAUTIFUL NEW SET FOR ONLY FIFTEEN GUINEAS!"

"When I *were*,"—he said—"I mean—when I *wore* uniform——"

"In the service?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes," he replied, hesitatingly, yet with impassioned mournfulness, "when I was—in—in *service*"—she winced, and he continued, clasping her still more convulsively to his great, magnificent, broad chest, and repeating the words distinctly, and deliberately, as though he were stabbing himself, with each word, as with a dagger—"when I was in *service*—I wore no beard——"

"It is not permitted in the Army," she interrupted, with a secret misgiving, at her heart, of some great overpowering evil, yet to come upon her.

"Who said 'the Army'?" he exclaimed, fiercely. Then he resumed, with a despairing tenderness, that sent a thrill through her whole body down into her very sole—"No, the service in which I was enlisted did not permit either beard, or moustache; it was necessary to be close shaven."

Her last hope was vanishing fast.

"But," she murmured, "you have smelt powder?"

"Yes," answered DUSOVER, calmly, with a very dreary laugh, that the heart denied all partnership in, as his full lips curved downwards under his heavy, sunset-dyed moustache. "Yes, I have smelt powder, BELLA."

"Thank Heaven for that!"

"And," he went on, holding her arms, and turning full on to her his own lustrous orbs, in which the fiery light was flashing and dancing, full on to her odd big green eyes, thinly curtained by her bright sweeping lashes, "I have worn it."

"At Court?" she gasped, her veins throbbing.

"Aye, at Court!" said the rich voice, shaking and quivering under some strong agitation.

"Before the Queen?"

"No; behind the Queen—on the footboard of the royal carriage."

He seized her hands, detaining her with a grip of iron, and hurried on in a hoarse, broken voice, "Just now you spoke of knickerbockers—of calves." He paused, as though contending with a whirlwind of passionate agitation, and conflicting emotions. Then, finding himself uninterrupted, he went on, with reckless, despairing candour, "They were my fortune. Would Heaven they

had never been! I was on the footboard behind—and she—a lady of title—no matter who—sat in the carriage following *hus—I mean us.*" She sent me a *billy doo*. I was fool enough to accept the tempting bait, and I *hassumed—I mean assumed—the name of DUSOVER BELJAMBE* at *er request—I mean at her request.*"

"*Her!*" she exclaimed, lighting up an eager and mobile face. "Was she beautiful?"

This is always a woman's first question.

"No."

And this is always the man's answer to it.

BELLA sighed happily, and her heaving breast rose, and fell, in short quick undulations.

"She was rich—*hawful rich—and squinted frightful.* But I was *vair and poor—and—and—I changed my name in order that she might change hers.* I went secretly to a night-school to complete my *heducation*"—he stammered slightly, and his swart race was suffused with that dark, brick-dust flush, that stood to him instead of a blush, as he corrected his slip—"I mean my 'education.' And then, she bought me a rank in the Marine Yeomanry Contingent; and then—I called myself *CAPTAIN DUSOVER BELJAMBE.*"

"And," asks BELLA, breathlessly, her great eyes, green as goose-berries, fastened on his face, "before that—you were—I mean *your name was—*"

He looks grimly down into her upturned glowing face, and answers with a death-like calmness, "I was—JOHN TUMMUS JEAMES—the JEAMES of Bukley Square."

He watched her changing, flushing, paling face.

"Have you told me *all*?" she asked, almost inaudibly.

"Nearly," answered DUSOVER BELJAMBE, smiling as bitterly as though he had taken a deep, unwholesome draught of sun-turned, thunder-struck, hop-ful beverage. "*We were—married!*"

Silence—such a silence! how many years of agony were pent up in those few pulse-beats! We shall never know, we shall never learn the answer; had BELLA been asked at this moment, she would have given it up, despairingly.

"Married!" she echoed, in a dry, unnatural voice, that jarred on his ear as though it had issued from the metallic mouthpiece of an itinerant Punch showman. "Is that all?"

"No," he went on, with a gall-bitter sneer, which, lasting as it did for several minutes, was more painful to sustain than any tears or sneezing—indeed sneezing would have been a glad relief—"I had deceived her. I had obtained her hand under false pretences. She had taken me for my magnificent figure, for my gigantic, *hinormous hand—I mean enormous, and—unequalled, calves.* A huge hair-pin, thrust in forcibly when I wasn't looking, and causing me not the slightest *hemotion—emotion—betrayed my secret.* My art failed me——"

"Your heart or your art?" inquired BELLA, bent on sparing herself no single aspirate.

"Art, not heart," answered DUSOVER, emphatically.

"My heart could have proved true, but my art had played me false. My calves, like the poetry of a magazine, were *mere padding.*"

A spasm of pain crossed his face.

"Aren't you well?" she inquired, anxiously.

He made no reply, but forcibly clenching his hands, threw himself wildly on the ground, rolled over three times in his utter, hopeless, despairing, writhing misery, then turned his face to the cliff, and groaned.

(To be continued.)

Doctrine and Drink.

IN announcing the decease of a late priest, the *Times* observes that—

"His death was the natural termination of a long illness, brought on by too close an attention to theological studies."

Theology is like wine, beer, and spirits, calumniously called intoxicating liquors, because they do not intoxicate unless they are abused or taken in excess; but then they do, and their continued abuse may end in *delirium tremens*. Theology too closely and deeply studied may prove, for the student excessively addicted to it, like brandy-and-water—too much of a good thing.

THE LAST SENSATION.—Too Many Titles. A companion story to *No Name*.



WHAT WE MAY LOOK FORWARD TO,

NOW THAT THE ARISTOCRACY IS TAKING TO TRADE.

Lord Plantagenet (to *Fair Customer*, who has just given an enormous order for Sugar, Soap, and Pickles). "ANY OTHER ARTICLE TO-DAY, MADAM?"

Fair Customer. "ER—WELL—A—I HEAR YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW, THE DUCHESS OF PENTONVILLE, IS GOING TO GIVE A GARDEN PARTY AT FULHAM. ER—WOULD IT BE ASKING TOO MUCH IF I WERE TO BEG OF HER GRACE, THROUGH YOU, THE FAVOUR OF AN INVITATION FOR MYSELF AND MY TWO DAUGHTERS?"

Lord Plantagenet. "IT SHALL BE SEEN TO, MADAM!"

"SILENT SPIRIT."

BOTH PAT and SANDY
At a fight are handy,
Though the Scot
be as stolid as his foeman is frisky;
So no wonder the shindy
Waxes warm and windy,
When the combatants are Celts and the *casus belli* Whiskey?
Says PAT, "By japers,
Here's Old Nick at his capers,
Changin' good sperrits to evil, blandin' Scotch stuff wid potheen!
Wid the blessin' o' St. Patrick,
I'll be stoppin' that thrick.
'Tis not in Oireland's eye you'll find the wearin' of the Green."
Sly SANDY answers "Eh, mon,
Ye ken we find it pay, mon!
Where there's bawbees to be got, where's the foe Scots winna
grapple?
To drink yon Irish toddy
It wad just need a body
Wi' a wame o' whinstane, and airn-linin' to his thrapple."
Says Mr. Punch, "Good spirit
Will assert its merit,
Whether it reek of Scotia's peat or of green Erin's soil;
But 'pure' or 'blended,'
Be no brand befriended
That owes its fire to vitriol, its smack to fusel oil."
'Twixt "Glasgow" and "Dublin"
Punch will not be troublin'
His Rhadamanthine judgment to divide the laurels;

But he's nothing loath,
In a tumbler of both,
To drink health to each honest brand, and speedy truce to
quarrels!
And allow him to say,
In his own friendly way,
There are Members, Scotch and Irish, who, with all their merit,
Would be none the worse—
To put it plain and terse—
For a rather larger "blending" of the "Silent Spirit"!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THE Grand National Hunt seem to have had rare sport at their meeting at Bogside (Ayrshire), last week. It is interesting to learn, from the report in the *Scotsman*, that—"The object of the Hunt is the encouragement of the breeding, rearing, and schooling of first-class hunters." And this is how it's done:—

"THE EGLINTON HANDICAP of 12 sovs. each, with 200 sovs., &c. . . There was no change till the plough near the bottom turn, where *Solon* dropped down dead, and *Zero*, heading *Furley*, came on and won in a canter by twenty lengths.

"THE ADAMHILL CUP, value 70 sovs., &c. . . *Student* made play, followed by *Vagrant*, which at the first hurdle came to grief, and threw CAPTAIN MIDDLETON, who had his shoulder dislocated.

"THE GRAND NATIONAL OPEN FARMERS' PLATE of 75 sovs. . . After clearing the last hurdle, *Percy* staggered and fell dead, and *Gamekeeper* finished a bad third."

From which it would appear that the educational curriculum of the hunters is comprehensive enough to embrace within its limits anything "from pitch and toss to manslaughter."



“THE JOLLY ANGLERS.”

(A HOLIDAY IDYLL.)

BENJAMIN (to St-f-f-d N-th-c-te). “AHA! DEAR BOY! THAT’S THE SORT O’ BAIT TO CATCH THE ‘*HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-POUNDERS!*’ WHAT SPORT WE *SHALL HAVE!!!*”

HOMELESS HUSBANDS.



ET us thank a benevolent philanthropist, who proposes to set on foot an institution for the relief of British Husbands, whom the advent of a baby or the arrival of a mother-in-law has exiled for a season from the comforts of a home.

As many a married man becomes by sad experience painfully aware, home ceases to be home to him when once a baby enters it. Nor in six cases out of seven can he call his house his own when he has placed it, so to speak, at the mercy of his mother-in-law. While the latter potentate is cosily installed there, he runs a daily risk of being snubbed by his own servants, and often half-starved at his meals. For a time he is deposed, and must retire into exile;

and King Baby is proclaimed, with Grandmamma for Regent, and Monthly Nurse as Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, and Minister, *ad interim*, in all the other departments.

At such a time poor husbands, being destitute of all the comforts of a home, are specially in need of shelter and relief. It is proposed therefore to found a Home for their reception, where in cases of emergency they may be admitted, without thereby incurring the stigma which might cling to them, if they ventured upon seeking entertainment at a Club.

For such of them as have no occupation to divert them in the day, the solace of a reading-room will doubtless be provided: and for the general welfare a good plain wholesome dinner will be served at seven o'clock, as a cheerful substitution for a solitary meal. In order to prevent undue conviviality, a pint of sherry, hock, or claret, will be allowed to each guest: nor will this small quantity ever be exceeded, except in the case of invalids provided with a medical certificate, signed by two physicians and a justice of the peace. After this, some quiet sober games, such as spillikins, or draughts, or chess, or possibly long whist, may be permitted for an hour or two; a special prohibition being placed, perhaps, on billiards, as savouring too much of the attractions of a Club. One cigar may be allowed each poor husband while sitting in the play room, and another may be doled out to light him going home; but only on condition of his thoroughly removing all traces of it from his clothes, hair, &c., before he goes to bed.

In accordance with the growing fashion of the day, a rink will be attached by way of outhouse to the Home—being provided as a means of healthy daily exercise for husbands who are used to pastimes such as hunting, which, if they live in London, can only be indulged in at some distance from their residence. Such pleasures they are bound to abandon for a while, in order to pay proper devotion to their family, and especially the little stranger lately welcomed into it. A Rink for Homeless Husbands will doubtless be esteemed of national importance, and a company will probably be started before long to supply what is so clearly a requirement of the age.

RINKOMANIACS.

THE following cases of this very painful malady are reported from Brighton, London, and elsewhere:—

The Persevering Curate.—Skates in blue spectacles and a suit of clerical black. Progresses slowly and meekly. Will carry in his right hand (if permitted so to do) a silk umbrella. Tendency to indulge in mild flirtations with “not pretty but nice” girls of a certain or rather uncertain age.

The Defiant Mamma.—A matron of sixty, who tries vainly to look forty. Progresses slowly, but with much show of stern determination. Tendency to *embonpoint*, and extreme caution.

The Would-be Siren.—A playful but anxious coquette, painfully attempting to stand upon wheels. Unaccustomed as she is to public (or any) skating, she moves with great difficulty. She is very anxious to avail herself of male assistance. Arch, but nervous. Tendency to fall ungracefully.

The Accomplished Cud.—Can manage the outside edge. Knows how to skate “à la teapot.” Is accustomed to progressing at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. Thinks it “fun” to upset children and defenceless females. Tendency to receive chastisement from fathers, brothers, and husbands without asking for redress.

The Daring Boarding-School Miss.—Skates well, but bashfully. Thinks Rinkings “Oh so nice!” and seeks assistance from her cousins and their friends. Tendency to get engaged “well—not wisely.”

The Youthful-Minded Matron.—Skates slowly, but with much finish. Fond of smiling amiably. Likes to go round with her youngest daughter (aged sixteen—dressed ten), in the hope that beholders may believe that her hair is real, her complexion is genuine, and that she has never purchased her teeth from the dentist. Tendency to look absurd.

The Awkward Adonis.—Skates with ease, but without grace. Seems to have very prominent arms and legs. Tendency to conjure up visions of the comic singers at the music-halls in their less successful “creations.”

Mr. Punch.—No, that at least is a calumny; for, spite of the fashion, this clever gentleman is not a Rinkomaniac—yet!

EASTER EGGS A-HATCHING, OR AN-ADDLING.

WHAT are we all doing this Easter? *Mr. Punch* will hazard a few conjectures.

The Prime Minister is settling in his own mind the ceremonial details of the coronation of Her Imperial Majesty, the EMPRESS OF INDIA, at Delhi, on the banks of the Jumna, the next cool season. He is also understood to be preparing another surprise for Parliament, the People, and the Press; but whether he intends still further to enlarge the Peerage, or level the mounds on the borders of the Serpentine, or augment the salaries of the Civil Service, or transport CLEOPATRA's Needle from the Nile to Northumberland Avenue, or negotiate a Loan with MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD for the immediate construction of the Sub-Channel Tunnel, between England and France, is shrouded in that impenetrable future lying beyond the Easter recess from which Time alone can withdraw the mystic veil.

The Keepers at the Zoological Gardens are speculating as to the habits, tempers, and dispositions of the various Beasts and Birds, now on their way from Hindostan to an honourable captivity in the Regent's Park, and wondering what effect the Royal Titles Bill will have on the Tigers.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs are wondering whether they will be baroneted and knighted on the occasion of the Visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to the City after his return from India.

Sundry Mayors and Corporations, with the aid of their Town Clerks, are pondering the terms of the Addresses to be presented to His Royal Highness when he sets foot once more on his native shores.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is wondering whether the Americans would remit him the unexpected balance of the Geneva award. (Doesn't he wish he may get it?)

The Talookdars of Oude are meditating a visit to London, to testify their joy at the fulfilment of their passionate longing to have an Empress to rule over them. When they come, they will be presented at a *levée*, see some fireworks (weather permitting), and attend one or more of the great May charity dinners.

MESSRS. BLACK, BROWN, GRAY, GREEN, PINK, and WHITE are wondering whether their landscapes, seascapes, portraits, historical subjects, and touching little domestic pieces, have been accepted by the Royal Academy.

Thousands of excellent persons are longing for the arrival of the month of May, that they may troop to Exeter Hall and other uncommodious buildings, to hear most interesting statements of the operations during the past year of the Society for the Amelioration of the Lazzaroni of Naples, and listen to stirring appeals in support of the Anti-Gregorian Chants and Vestments League.

Those peculiar people who spend their lives in the pursuit of pleasure and the cultivation of amusement are hoping some new diversion will be devised for them this season.

Some dear children at Sandringham are wondering what presents Papa will bring them from India.

The Weather is the cause of many anxious thoughts and speculations. The betting was in favour of Hyems against Vertumnus. But it has changed within the last few days, almost as suddenly and as decidedly as the betting on the Boat Race.

RITUALISTIC NOVELTY FOR EASTER.

“SERMON with full Orchestral Accompaniment” is the last new thing out at Folkestone. We congratulate the Reverend Caterer for Public Amusement on his happy thought, and trust his lungs will prove as powerful as his brass.



DROPPING IN TO TEA AT A GIPSY PARTY.

CRITICISM AND DEFAMATION.

THE Annual Dinner of the Shopkeepers' Mutual Protection Society, consisting largely of retail dealers resident in South London, took place yesterday at the Hole-in-the-Wall.

The usual facetious and business toasts and sentiments having been drunk by the assembly,

The Chairman (MR. SUNDRIES, Grocer) said he had now a toast to propose which he was sure they would all drink enthusiastic. They were all on them aware 'ow important it was for a tradesman halways for to bear a good name. That required a stringent lawr for to protect 'is goods from bein' blowed upon, and a upright Judge for to enforce the lawr. Sitch a lawr was the lawr as lately laid down by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE; and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in layin' of it down showed his self sitch a Judge. He alluded to the case of HERITAGE agin WOOD in the Queen's Bench Division, where his Lordship told the Jury that a man who considered his lawyer had made a blunder in drawin' up a lease, had no right to tell another man that to the lawyer's discredit. Now, they mightn't think that concerned them much, but it did. What was lawr for solicitors was lawr for shopkeepers, too; sance for goose, sance for gander. Besides, his Lordship—the *Times* said—went on to say that "a man is not free to go about the world complaining of the incapacity of a workman whom he has employed, nor may he volunteer a complaint to a friend who has recommended

him." No more right, in course, 'adn't a customer to go about complainin' of the dishonesty of a tradesman for 'avin' supplied 'im with a inferior article. That would be slander, and liable to 'eavy damages—least-ways unless he could prove his words. Now he (MR. SUNDRIES) would dare anybody to go findin' fault with his tea, coffee, mustard, or anythink else 'e sold. The toast he had to propose was the Lawr of Defamation and Libel, with which he would couple the name of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF HENGSLAND. (*Cheers.*)

MR. SNIPKINS, Tailor, was glad to hear that clients would 'ave to keep cautious tongues in their 'eads, and take care in future 'ow they complained of misfits.

MR. VAMP, Bootmaker, would say them was his sentiments too.

MR. WATERS, Dairyman, said his milk had been a good deal cried down for bein' poor. Grumblers had better mind now—without they took care to 'ave the milk tested.

MR. RUBBLE, Builder, would defy any one to say as how he scamped his work.

So would MR. PUTTY, Painter, Plumber and Glazier, and House Decorator.

MR. VINNEY, Cheesemonger, arter wot he had now 'eerd, would dare his customers, any on 'em, to say as his Stilton warn't the cheese.

MR. FRIBBINS, Linendraper, would let people know, if ever he found 'em out sayin' his calicoes wouldn't wash. He would like, however, to know to what extent criticism was in law libellous. He had superior connections. One of them was a hauthor. He wrote for his bread. The newspapers cut up his books. Wasn't that as bad as runnin' down a lawyer, or a workman, or a shopkeeper? (*"Oh, oh!"*) He would appeal to the Chairman. What was the difference between criticising a pound of tea and criticising a novel? (*Groans and hisses.*)

The Chairman would only say it was quite different.

MR. FRIBBINS.—How about a hartis whose pictures is called daubs? Some hartises is said to be pot-unters. Their picters is called pot-bilers. True enough. Their picters is their bread. Couldn't their unfavourable critics, accordin' to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, be sued for *spilin'* their market? (*Uproar.*)

MR. BUNG, Publican.—But how if so be they be sign-painters? (*Cries of "That's another thing altogether!"*)

MR. BUNG wasn't so sure of that.

The Chairman was sartin His Lordship never meant to talk ridiculous. Besides, no British Jury would never consider hauthors and hartises in the same light with the British Tradesman. So now he would give, "The Law of Libel and Defamation, No Privileged Communication, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE! Upstanding, uncovered, with three times three!"

The toast was drunk amid cries of "The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, 'is jolly good 'ealth," followed by the chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us!" Pipes and tobacco were then introduced, and the Society settled down to enjoy their evening.

Per Contra.

MR. PUNCH is pleased to observe that "Homes for Smack Boys" are to be established at Yarmouth and elsewhere. Smacks for home boys having been so long in force throughout the United Kingdom, it seems only right that something should be done on the other hand.



FAMILY LIKENESS.

"MUMMY, DARLING, MAY I GIVE MY BISCUIT TO THE MONKEY?"

"NO, LOVE. COME ALONG!"

"MAY I GIVE IT TO THE MONKEY'S PAPA, MUMMY?"

DIGGINGS IN SPAIN.

ACCORDING to the Paris Correspondent of the *Economist*, a M. MANNEQUIN, at a meeting of the Parisian Political Economy Society, maintained an assertion, which he had previously made to M. JOSEPH GARNIER, "that gold-mines had just been discovered in Spain of such marvellous richness that they might contribute to restore the normal relative value—15½ to 1—between the two metals;" to wit, gold and silver. M. MANNEQUIN added that a Company was now being formed to work the gold-field whose richness he thus described. The foregoing intelligence seems a great deal too good to cheer even the most sanguine of Spain's creditors. Few of them probably will expect the Spanish gold-mines, of which M. MANNEQUIN has announced the discovery, to turn out any more substantial than the celebrated "Castles" peculiar to Spain. By the bye, does not *Mannequin* in French mean what in England is called a dummy or lay-figure? This is surely a suspicious source for such startling information.

Lines Picked Up at the Brixton Rink.

UPON the Rink the Lady sat,
Beside her lay her dainty hat,
All crumpled;
She looked the picture of distress,
So dusty was her pretty dress,
And rumpled!

"I can't get up," in faltering tone,
Shesaid. I thought that, perhaps, alone
She would not.

I picked her up. She was not hurt—
'Twas but the tightness of her skirt—
She could not!

NEW COINAGE.—The Indian Half-crown.

THE PREMIER'S PORTFOLIO.

"No doubt the PREMIER's folio is well-stocked with topics."—*Morning Paper*.

1. A scheme for altering the colours of the Union Jack, so that the flag, when viewed from a distance, may resemble the gold-yellow, white, and black of Austria, Russia, and Germany.

2. A proposal to return Political Refugees to their respective Governments, on application being made to the hotel-keepers of Leicester Square and its neighbourhood.

3. Notes for a "New and Imperial History of England," in which Great Britain will be represented as a part of India.

4. A Treatise upon "The Value of Wasting Time," intended as a handbook for the use of Statesmen occupying the Treasury Bench.

5. *How I Purchased the Right of Way over the Suez Canal for £4,000,000.* A Romance.

6. A Guide-Book to the Court of Bankruptcy, dedicated to His Highness the KHEDIVÉ.

7. Practical Hints upon Court Tailoring—showing how a Statesman's Coat may be easily converted into a Lackey's Livery.

8. *Bo to a Goose; or the English Bismarck, the Russian Bear, and Imperialism Triumphant.* A Burlesque. By the Author of *Irion in Heaven*, &c., &c.

9. *The Statesman's Vade-mecum.* Being a collection of Nursery Rhymes, extracts from old Almanacks, cuttings from school-books, &c., &c.

10. *The Schoolmaster Abroad.* A Sequel to *How to Educate a Party.* By the same Author.

11. *Crowning the Edifice.* A Poem, in fragments.

12. A Serial Story, entitled *Benjamin's Mess—an Everyday Experience.*

DEATH IN THE DOSE.

A NOTABLE case of what a great living poet calls "pestling a poisoned poison" came to light the other day before a Police Magistrate. The *Times* reports that—

"AT GREENWICH, MARY KIRBY, chemist, of Trafalgar Road, Greenwich, was summoned for an offence under the Adulteration Act. The Officer stated that on the 8th ult. he went to the defendant's shop and asked for two ounces of milk of sulphur. On receiving it he told the defendant that it had been bought to be analysed. The defendant said that she had no reason to believe anything was wrong, and that it was what was usually sold as milk of sulphur. The analyst's certificate showed that the article sold contained forty-five per cent. of sulphate of lime. A fine of five shillings and two shillings costs was imposed."

And so the justice of the case was perhaps met, if the defendant, a female chemist and druggist, had done no worse than neglecting to assure herself that her drugs were pure. But then who were the wholesale dealers by whom she was supplied with ostensible "milk of sulphur" nearly one half of it plaster of Paris? The adulteration of this pulverulent sort of milk is rather more prejudicial to health than that of the fluid so-called, otherwise "sky-blue," diluted only with the juice from "the cow with the iron tail." Milk of sulphur is a medicine; but sulphate of lime, if swallowed, can answer no purpose but that of taking neat and elegant casts of the interiors of the digestive organs. These, however accurate and admirable, form obstructions producing such results as to justify the declaration that, if MRS. KIRBY was sufficiently punished with a penalty of seven shillings, some other dealers in drugs and chemicals ought to be hanged.

GEOLOGY AND THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.

WE understand that, in compliment to the Right Honourable Member for Shoreham, speculators for the fall in Egyptian Securities will be known for the future as "Cave Bears."

PATRIOTIC IF YOU LIKE!—What Mr. Punch wishes the whole of the Royal Family—Many Happy Returns!



CHEEK.

(The Regiment is about to "march out" with Twenty Rounds of "blank cartridge.")

Sub-Lieutenant (of Twenty-four hours' Service). "WHEREABOUTS IS THIS PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY OF YOURS COMING OFF, COLONEL!!?"

"CLUBS! CLUBS!"

THE cry is still, They come! We lately published a list of those projected; the prospectuses of several new ones have since reached us. Here are a few of the latest:—

"Munchausen." Members must have been somewhere where nobody else has been, and seen something nobody else has seen. Merely looking into the crater of Etna will not secure election.

"John Bull." For Gentlemen who can pay their way and horse-whip their enemies. No weaklings need apply. Rumpsteak and oyster-sauce the favourite dinner. The finest port wine in the world.

"John Barleycorn." For the Yeomen of England. Amber ale. Breakfasts always ready at five in the morning.

"Bull and Bear." Curiously sumptuous. Entrance fee a thousand guineas. Annual subscription five hundred guineas. No dinner under ten pounds. The Cook receives five thousand a year, all found, with a brougham and pair and a box at the Opera.

"Magna Charta." Entrance fee one shilling. Annual subscription sixpence. All Members must take oath that DR. KENNELLY is the greatest of living men. Tripe suppers on Wednesdays.

"Fair Weather." Yes; let it be announced with a flourish of trumpets that there is now in course of organisation a Fair Weather Club. The Clerk of the Weather to be President. Any member to have any weather that he likes, on paying the small sum requisite for the Clerk's deputy's subordinate's servant's dog's expenses—a nominal sum—the price of a pint of beer. There seems to be some doubt as to how the various weathers will work, since different people may like different weathers. However, the experiment will be tried. If a few farmers are found punching each other's heads, let us hope that this will not interfere with a rational meteorological arrangement. One man wants rain, another wants wind: let them settle it between them. They can't make English weather very much worse than it is.

"Mutual Admiration." For information as to this Club, see *Athenæum* and *Academy*. Mr. Punch knows nothing about it.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKE.

"*E fumo dare lucem.*"

THE Meerschaum white, or the brown briar-root—
How many phases of life they suit!
Good luck or bad luck, glory or gloom,
All tone to one colour—take one perfume.
If you've just "struck oil," and with pride run mad,
If you haven't a sou, and are bound to the bad—
Good luck may vanish, or bad luck mend:
Put each in your pipe and smoke it, friend!

If you love a Lady, fair to view,
And she turns with a cold contempt from you,
While at your rival a smile she darts—
Walking in pride on a pathway of hearts,
Wrapt in her softness, dainty and nice,
Fire in her eyes, at her bosom ice—
In search of returns precious time why spend?
Put your love in your pipe and smoke it, friend!

If you climb the ladder of politics, where
Whoso ascends breathes difficult air;
And, being highest of men of the time,
Are slightly elate with your seat sublime,
A little apt at yourself to wonder,
And mistake your own bray for real thunder;
Think how rockets rise and how sticks descend—
Put success in your pipe and smoke it, friend.

If Fame be your foot-ball, any day
A stronger player may kick it away.
Round you to-day Lion-hunters smother;
Next week the Lion's skin goes to another.
From Popularity's box-seat hurled,
Lie still and see your successor purled.
A nine-days' wonder nine days will spend:
So put "vogue" in your pipe and smoke it, friend!



WHAT DID MR. PUNCH DO IN THE EASTER RECESS?

VOLUNTEER REVIEW! NOT A BIT OF IT! HE JUST POPPED OVER, AND HAD A FEW DAYS OF DELIGHTFUL *DOLCE FAR NIENTE* AT VENICE.

A SONG UNDER SENTENCE.

AIR—"Sam Hall."

My name is Aldgate Pump,
Aldgate Pump, Aldgate Pump,
My name is Aldgate Pump,
Aldgate Pump!
My name is Aldgate Pump,
Though a once rewered old trumpe,
Now I wipes, in doleful dumpt,
My dear eyes!

In ages long ago,
Long ago, &c.
In ages long ago,
My well-spring, down below,
In a pure and pleasant flow
Used to rise!

And still it sparkles bright,
Sparkles bright, &c.
And still it sparkles bright,
And pleases taste and sight;
But the mixtur' isn't right,
So they cries!

For they say that it contains,
It contains, &c.
They say that it contains
Organical remains,
Which out of graves and drains
Take their rise.

In it salts with earths are blent,
They are blent, &c.
In it salts and earths are blent,
Beyond the due extent
Of solids, five per cent.—
Heap o' lies!

So now the Doctors think,
Now they think, &c.
So now the Doctors think
My well is but a sink
Of slush unfit to drink,
Though you tries.

Daresay they'll pull me down,
Pull me down, &c.
Daresay they'll pull me down,
The pride of London Town,
And on my old renown
Out they cries!

But London's great Lord Mayor,
Great Lord Mayor, &c.
In my downfall if he share,
For his own he may prepare,—
Like assault His Worship's chair
Might surprise.

And Gog may cry "boohoo!"
Cry "boohoo!" &c.
And Gog may cry "boohoo!"
And Magog blubber too:
Such conduct me and you
May well surprise.

And there's poor Temple Bar,
Temple Bar, &c.
There's me and Temple Bar,
Doomed, both of us, we are,
Now Improvement's evil star
Doth arise.

Though I cease to suck the mould,
Suck the mould, &c.
Though I cease to suck the mould,
My place still let me hold,
As a monument of old
In men's eyes!

HOW TO FLOAT THE "VANGUARD."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the Lords of the Admiralty have at last entered into a contract with an eminent French engineer to raise the sunken *Vanguard*, and that the method he proposes adopting is to fill the interior of the vessel with air-bags.

Now, Sir, I am glad to be able to inform their Lordships that the requisite motive power is to be found on the spot, free of all expense. Let the Primate of the Irish Church summon the General Synod (which is to meet in Dublin next week) to assemble in the hull of

the ship, and there will be wind-bags enough among the members to float the vessel immediately.

MR. DILLON's system, too, of raising the ship would also by this means obtain a fair trial; for the Synod (at which great heat is always generated) would not be long sitting before there would be an explosion that would either raise the hull of the vessel, or else blow it into small pieces, and so get it out of the way.

Hoping that your influential advocacy may be given to this simple, economical, and efficacious method, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

ÆOLUS.

HAPPY THOUGHTS OF A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ENGINEER.



A DISTINGUISHED American Engineer has just startled the speculative world with a scheme for decanting the Black Sea into the Caspian. Although at least three hundred miles apart, the distinguished American Engineer assures us that a cutting of less than two hundred miles is all that is wanted to unite the two. Of course the D. A. E. ought to know his business, and, judging by the other transcendental propositions for changing the normal condition of our badly-organised globe which are to be found in the said D. A. E.'s memoranda, there can be no reason to suppose that the scheme will not meet with entire success.

But the D. A. E. has other schemes to follow, hot and hot, like chops at a London eating-house. Here are his Memos. of a few of them:—

Mem. A.—Scheme for converting the Falls of Niagara into a natural bridge. Construction of works for blasting a tunnel beneath the cataract. Consequent counteraction of force and reversal by suction of the Falls themselves. Gradual change of current and solution of problem.

Mem. B.—Establishment and registration of Great Geyser Hot Bath Company (Limited). Conduct of series of iron pipes from principal Geyser Dépôt in Iceland. Submarine service. Every man to have his own Geyser turned on by proprietary tap.

Mem. C.—Scheme to supply the Serpentine with pure water from Lake Ontario, by cutting a connecting canal beneath the Atlantic Ocean. To be considered.

Mem. D.—The Philanthropic Super-Volcanic Omelette Society. It has been discovered that if, on the principle of the common syphon, the ocean could be poured into the well-known volcanoes Vesuvius, Etna, Hecla, Chimborazo, and others, their active fires might be extinguished, and the thousands of ostrich eggs now wasted every year in Africa—having been collected by the hordes of negro races now ravaged by the slave trade—might be cooked over the smouldering embers to the amount probably of 6,100,800 per diem.

The mode of construction of these syphons, and the necessary works for sinking them in the seas contiguous to the volcanic fires, is as yet the secret of the distinguished American Engineer.

Mem. E.—Cyclopean Dyke Scheme, to cut out the Submarine Channel Companies. Massive Dykes of Cyclopean masonry to be constructed on either side the lines of transit from Dover to Calais, one to the north, the other to the south. The Dykes, once constructed, mere child's play to drain the intermediate space. (Mem. to supply therewith salt water and fish to the Westminster and Margate Aquaria.) To turn the current of the North Sea towards the Baltic, and that of the English Channel round the Bay of Biscay, and there you are—an isthmus of Dover. The rest follows at once. Limited liability.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON.

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Silly, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER. VIII.—What the Author says.

"GOOD-BYE, JAMES!" BELLA said, after a long silence. "I'm going."

"Call me DUSOVER," he exclaimed to her, in his great despair.

"DUSOVER!" she murmured, in the moonlight.

He rose, unsteadily, as the grand Camelopard draws itself up to its towering height, Agamemnon-like, among its fellows; he sprang after her, laid his iron hand on her arm, and said, in a low, hissing whisper,—hissing as though he were disgusted with her present performance—

"Are you a-goin'?"

"I am."

"You give me up?"

"Like a conundrum."

He groaned aloud, and smote his hands together violently; if he had hissed before, this she was fain to accept as a sign of his ap-

plause; and so, smiling, she curtsied gracefully in the strong lime-like moonbeams, as DUSOVER, taking a bouquet from his tail coat-pocket, threw it to her with a bitter, cruel smile.

Once more the soft, white, resolute, bewitching face let fall the rich fringe of its drooping eyelids on the pearl-like bloom of her full, round cheek, as she made a deep, classically-bending obeisance.

"Where are we now?" he asked, hoarsely, huge pearl-beads of perspiration standing on his wide, bold forehead.

"Here!" she replied, braving him in the moonlight, helpless, powerless, tearless, doubtless, but dauntless: the soft eyes were looking hard at him: the white face showed nothing, now, save black looks: not a bit pretty now: only very pale, very brave, and very perspiring.

"You have kept me here too long," she said. And so saying, she turned—there, on the spot, where she was standing, she turned, as the whitest, purest, mildest milk will turn, when detained too long in a warm corner, as BELLA had been this night,

"Stop a moment!" he said, quite broken-voiced. And he clasped her once more in his strong, rigid, despairing, straining arms.

"My darling!" he went on in a sweet, wavering voice, to which the soft words, uttered through a speaking-trumpet, on the swelling bosom of the silent listening ocean, could be but as the tender sucking-pig's whisper on a warm autumnal eve, "You brave little child! You soft little person! You cheery, sweet, doughy, little apple-dumpling of my eye! You little, cruel, darling!" And the sound of his passionate, murmuring words, pierced into her very soul, as though she were listening to the beating of the muffled drum of her ear, over the grave of her buried hopes. They two, standing on that silent crystal shore, on a sheet of silver sand,—the sea—the great German Ocean, all silver too,—all German silver—booming, and lowering at their feet—its waves "running in" one another like playful police-children about the crowded strand; the bearded oysters on their little beds dreaming of happy months without any letter "r" in them: the unsleeping winkle singing his pleasant song, and not caring one pin for any mortal being; the pulpy, bilious sponge drinking in deep, cooling, saline draughts; and they two, looking strangely, wildly, dreamily into each other's eyes.

It cannot last for ever! They cannot remain thus, hand-in-hand, motionless, fixed, obstructing the traffic for all time." No: the unloving, constable-like, sentimentless coastguard will pass this way, and bid these two "Move on!" Nay, even the routine-loving, mechanical sea will wash the polish from their patent leather boots in sighing, murmuring protest against the wanton trespass.

Her solemn, tragic eyes, fixed on his plain, burnt face—tanned all over, thickly, like a circus—travel slowly upward from his great, mellow, medlar-coloured beard to his rich, deep-toned, drooping moustache, and, ascending the point of his ugly nose, rest for some seconds, sadly, on that bridge of size. So they remain: a strange sight in the middle of the strand: a tall, ugly man, a fair, bewitching woman; her lovely eyes on his plain face.

"Tell me," he says, with a very whitey-brown look, and a hoarse, nervous laugh, "do you still love me?"

She feels a fiery, searing pain that, but for her bravery, would make her scream in sudden agony, as she has seen—at some vague time she could scarcely recall when—the Clown start, after he had unwittingly placed the red-hot poker in his trousers-pocket, and then had sat on it.

"BELLA!" he cries, impulsively clutching her small, passive hands.

She does not answer. She is listening to a whistling oyster, and a talking fish.

The pale moon is becoming paler with her night watch, tired and tired she grows of this love-making, love-destroying scene, and the first blushing, crimson-red, morning star, slowly shines forth, as though drawing aside the dark blue curtain of night, and holding its small, bright candle to the rising sun-god.

A small buoy, unperceived by them till now, breaks restlessly from its moorings, and seems threatening to float with the stream to Wollum, and tell what he has witnessed of their meeting.

Could she bear exposure? Could he?

He could; strong, hard, japanned, brown-burnt as he was, he could bear any amount of exposure, as men always can. But for the tender shrinking woman, what of her? Would she be bent and broken, like the timid bulrush, before the searching blast of a sirocco of scandal? No; it would be her death. The buoy knew that, and could make terms.

"We must part," she says, coldly.

"I hate parting," he answers, abruptly.

"So do I," she returns. "But the buoy is waiting; and if you will not part, I must."

She draws from a small purse a shining coin, and tosses it disdainfully to the buoy, whose silence has been, she thinks, thereby purchased.

Once more their hands interlocked, and the fair, broad moon is

* What the Public says.—"We are glad to hear it cannot last for ever."

quailing before the cruel, red stripes of streaky light that stripe-paint the sky, as though it were a gloriously illumined side of breakfast bacon.

"One last kiss!" he cried, husky-voiced, yet holding the prize—which he had so nearly won, and so lately lost—in his iron bondage. "BELLA! my darling! my own! my sweet, soft, scrumpshous little dumpling! Do you know how much I love you?"

"No," replied BELLA, crying pitifully, and her big eyes looking up at him through her tears, like quivering, guttering rushlights, in which the flame of love was dying out, shining through a rushing Niagara of overflowing grief.

It was DUSOVER's sole chance—it had come to the point of "now or never"—he chose "now," and throwing off the last rag of constraint, he let the floodgates of his passion loose, to the utter destruction of his painfully-acquired grammar, and wrapping his long, supple, muscular arms round and round her as she stood, wound her into his coils as the deadly, mesmeric-eyed boa-constrictor hugs the fascinated rabbit, tighter, tighter, bending his head down from its stately height—as the tall giraffe to nibble the lowly buttercup—to cull the fresh, moist, dewy bloom on her pouting lips, nearer, nearer—

"He squeezeeth, as, with feverish palms, the boy
Squeezeeth the pipful orange, which, when squeeze
He chucketh down, a shapeless, tattered, rag,
To make the thoughtful slip, the careless fall."

"I loves yer so much," hissed DUSOVER huskily in her ear—the whole JEAMES of Bukley Square breaking out in the burst of unrestrained, furious passion—"I loves yer so hawful much as—there—I could bile yer all to nothink, and dine hoff yer, without a relish, as if yer was tripe-a-nonions!"

I confess I am tired of writing about love-making.* When two people have reached the summit, they cannot go any higher, and, it may be, have both to come down again.

In his strong embrace she was almost powerless, but battling with her strong, turbid love, which would not, for worlds, have injured a hair of that dark, crisp, curly head, she whispered in his ear—

"DUSOVER! JEAMES! here's a policeman coming!"

Then he let her go, and dashing her, almost roughly, against the impassive rocks, strode onwards without one lingering glance or grudging sigh, turning his back to the rising sun, as though scornfully refusing the one offer of celestial hope that dawns each morning upon a guilty, foggy world. So he strode onwards, tall, solitary, glaring-eyed, with a canker-worm at his heart, and the small, blue-eyed flower she had given him in his button-hole. So strode he on, and so was lost to view.

Then poor, erring, wayward, loving BELLA, free at last, clomb the sheer cliff, and threw herself down on the warm, soft, mown grass, damp with the dews of night, as with the tears of angels on sweet hay.

"I don't care how wicked he is," she said to herself, while tumbling restlessly among the poppies, and weeping as though she would cry her heart out. "I have lost him! He has gone!—for ever!"

The Lark rose, singing blithely, and was lost in heaven.

"That was a Lark!" she exclaimed, looking upward. "He has disappeared! Are there Larks still going on above the skies?"

Frantic passion, utterly uncurbed, made the girl recklessly wicked. She rolled about all over the field, among the long grass, so that the farmer might as well have had a hurricane over his property, so entirely was the outline of her soft, plump form marked out in the crushed and crumpled herbage.

"I am not one of those little muslin dolls," she cried, in ungoverned frenzy, "with wax heads and china hands, and all the

* *What the Editor says.*—"Love-making!" If this sort of thing is 'love-making,' then the less the manufactured article is patronised the better. We have written—on behalf of three out of four of the Editing Committee—to request that we may have no more of this in the present novel. We are bound, however, by our duty to our readers, to inform them that our Maiden Aunt—who still represents the female interest at our impartial board—is of opinion that there's no actual harm in it, and that in a powerful situation powerful writing is necessary. We, in a calm and dignified letter to the distinguished Authoress, ask, is it necessary to invent situations which demand such 'powerful' writing? Do you not, my dear lady (we say), dwell just a little too much on what might be (according to your own admirably artistic suggestion in a former letter to us) left entirely to imagination. For instance, with respect we advance this—why couldn't your hero say, 'I have deceived you. My calves are false; and I am a married man. Good-bye.' Then, unable to restrain his emotion, they took a touching farewell of one another, and so parted. There you are—in a nutshell. Now, isn't your graphic and—excuse us—rather spun-out description of their embracing, caressing, hugging, &c., both far too much and far too strong?—Ed. (for Self and Partners).

What the Authoress says.—"Too strong!—nonsense! It isn't milk-and-water, of course, but there's not a headache in a hog'shead of it. When I offered the story, you jumped at it. Well, now you can skip as much as you don't like. There isn't much more; but what there is is the best thing I've ever written; and as to moral!—ah! moral's not the word. Love to your Aunt—the only sensible fellow in your Committee."—R. D.

rest sawdust. I can feel: *I can*. Ugly, pretty, fat, nice, great, right-sized thing!" she said, pinching her own round, firm arm quite fiercely. "There's not much sawdust in you!"

So she went on, this poor, ungoverned soul, and all the while the little watch was ticking in her pocket, at her left side, as though to remind her of the debt due from poor Humanity.

Suddenly she leapt up. She had told DUSOVER that a policeman was coming. Had she been right? Was that dark form approaching indeed a stern, unbending constable? True, she had not till this moment noticed the writing of the finger of fate on the board in the field, yet it was there, clear and above-board, "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

"Hallo, young woman! What the—"

She waited for no more; but, like a hunted deer, she bounded over the hedge, politely stooping her head beneath the interlacing kissing boughs, and sprung into the narrow lane.

(To be continued.)

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.



PROMINENT among the curiosities to be exhibited at the forthcoming World's Show, we have little expectation that there will be found the following:—

Purse manufactured by the Ladies of Philadelphia, wherein the surplus money paid by England in excess of the substantiated Alabama claims will be speedily restored (with interest) to the British Treasury.

Case containing some choice specimens of the work of the Wire-pullers in Congress.

Autograph Letter from the famous MR. BARNUM, offering to organise a starring tour for the KHEDIVÉ, with a view to the recruitment of his State finances.

Scheme for securing

perfect purity of voting in all future Elections of President.

Cookery-Book containing many useful recipes for the cooking of Municipal Accounts by the servants of the public.

Portrait of a Lady living in New York, who has been induced to travel with less than fifteen trunks and bonnet-boxes.

Code of Rules of the Chace for the place-hunters at Washington.

A Saltspoon discovered at a Continental table-d'hôte. Supposed by British experts to be an unique specimen.

Photograph of a Spanish Bond, with the words "Paid in full" legibly inscribed on it.

A real London Sunbeam, carefully preserved in bottle by a Boston tourist.

Razor belonging to an English Gentleman, who has contrived to shave himself, without a single awkward cut, at a foreign looking-glass.

Forecast of the Weather expected in England during the next twelve months. By one who hardly hopes to survive its eccentricities.

Scheme for a Sinking Fund, for enabling the SULTAN to keep his head above water.

Autograph exhibited by the British Admiralty, to show who was the Author of the famous first Slave Circular.

Working model of a Lavatory for publicly washing the dirty linen of the Government at Washington.

Declaration of Independence by strong-minded Mormon Ladies.

Machine for whitewashing the character of all suspected Civil Servants, to be patented by Congress.

Model Hive for Spelling Bees.

Rough draught of an Act of Congress, prohibiting the Piracy of any English Author's works by any Yankee Publisher.

MRS. CAMP ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"WHICH them Egyptian Bondholders in the City does look werry Khediverous, I must say!"



BUTTONISM.

"I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND, SIR, THAT I'M NOT LEAVING BECAUSE I'VE ANY FAULT TO FIND WITH THE PLACE, OR WITH THE OTHER SERVANTS, OR WITH MY MISTRESS OR YOURSELF. FAR FROM THAT—I SHOULD BE MOST HAPPY, AT ANY TIME, SIR, TO GIVE THE PLACE A CHARACTER!"

NOBODY.

(*Dactyls to the Great Indefinite.*)

"Nobody will be surprised to hear that for this lamentable affair, as usual, nobody is to blame."—*The Echo on the Mistleton and Alberta collision.*

HAPPY immaculate nullity! Verily,
Things with thy negative essence go merrily.
Puck paradoxical, imp most ubiquitous;
Blamelessly guilty, and safely iniquitous;
Who would not feel half in love with nihility,
Seeing thy range of unbridled ability?
Lord of Misrule, Muddle, Mischief, Mispolicy,
Crassest mismanagement, flagrantest folly see
Under thy regimen famously flourishing!
Nescience thrives through thy negative nourishing;
Noodledom owneth thy sway autoeratical—
Men when they mention thee miss the grammatical.
Thou be surprised at whatever men say of thee!
Purely preposterous! 'Tis not the way of thee.
O'er the Impossible Mother of Victories,
Bland reconciler of blank contradictories!
Helpless, omnipotent, stolid, unshamable,
Who but a duffer would brand thee as blamable?
Yet so perplexed is thy rule paradoxical,
(Thou whom the saw-monger's much-quoted "Vox" I call*),
Playest the General Scapegoat. Society
Lays to thy charge every form and variety,
Grade and degree of delinquency. Never a
Lodging-house feline could furnish so clever a
Style of Pillgarlic. 'Tis Nobody (needlessly)
Upsets Utopian apple-carts heedlessly,
Fathers all failures, all blunders initiates,
Ever as Folly's factotum officiates,

* *Vox et præterea nihil.*

Sets silly fashions, compels us to follow them,
Makes nasty nostrums, persuades fools to swallow them,
Shapes the conventions which make life a mockery,
Breaks all our treaties, our windows, and crockery,
Hearts and love-promises (seldom is one stable);
Nobody's near—in the shape of a constable—
When there's a row, and, in after-accounts of it,
Nobody's sure to be named as the fount of it.
Positive-Negative Proteus inscrutable!
Seeing how much to thy power is imputable,
How shouldst thou wonder at what muffs may lay to thee?
Bear all their burdens, 'tis merely child's play to thee!
Big-wigs may bungle, thou bearest the punishment,
Thou art not moved by reproof or admonishment;
Each serene Sump, foolish, luckless, or slow body,
Shifts blame to thee—but that's "nothing to Nobody!"

Candid.

(*Father and Little Boy looking on at KENEALY's Easter-Monday Demonstration.*)

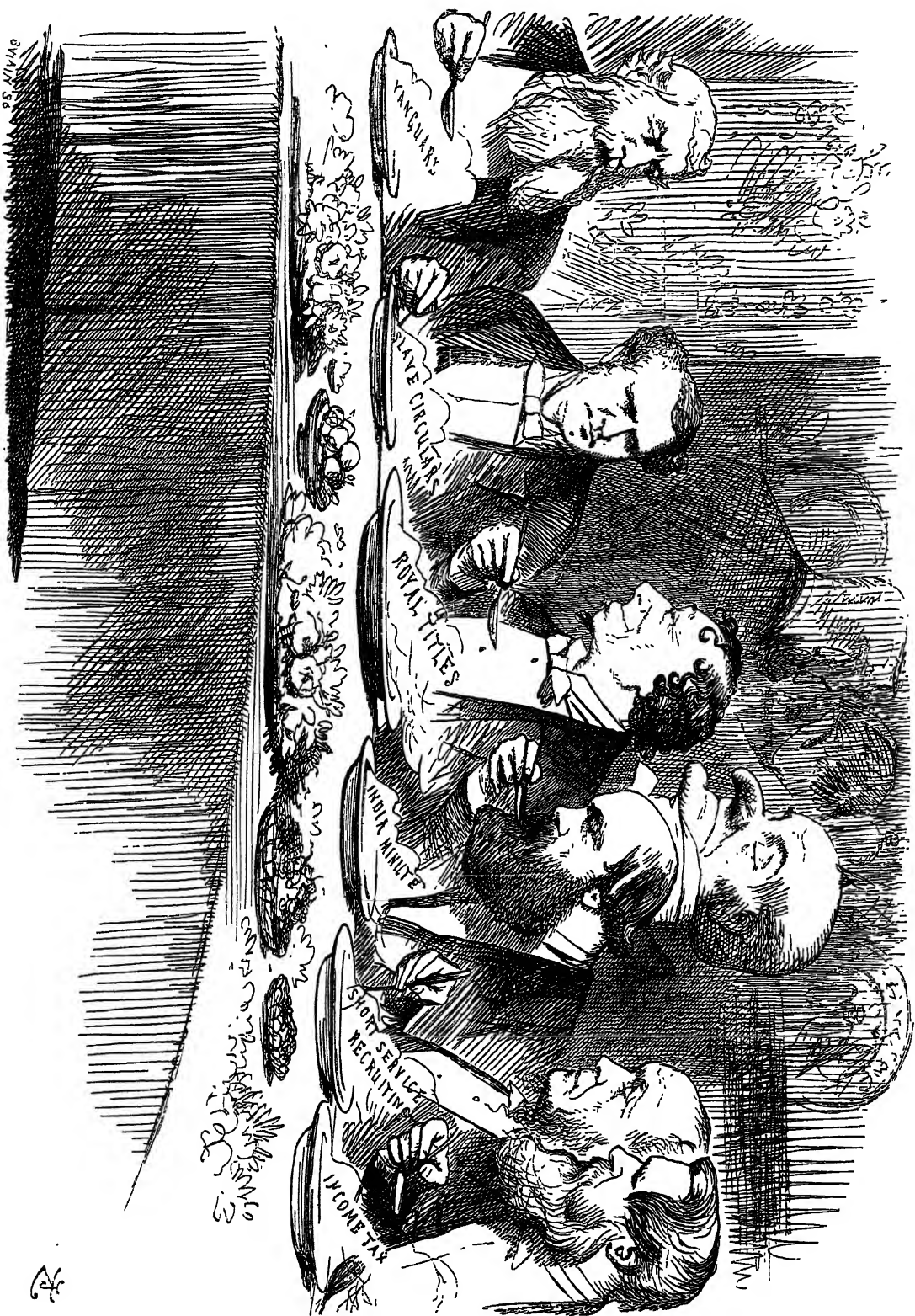
Little Boy (reading Inscription on one of the Banners). Papa, dear, what do they mean by "those braying asses of St. Stephen's?"
Papa. The Members of Parliament, my dear.

Little Boy. But I thought, Papa, DR. KENEALY was a Member of Parliament—

Papa. So he is, my dear. And there's the joke!

Orpheus and his Loot.

THAT festive *maestro*, JACQUES OFFENBACH, has been tempted to take a trip to America, where he is to conduct concerts at the rate of one thousand dollars a night. On such terms it is more than probable that the author of the *Grande Duchesse* may return season after season, till he is known as MONSIEUR OFTEN-THERE-AND-BACK.



THE MINISTRIAL MESS.

(THE FIRST COURSE—BEFORE EASTER.)

BRUNSWICK. "IDEALLY, IT'S NOT NEARLY SO BAD AS THEY SAY! I RATHER LIKE IT!"

THE NEW BATTLE OF LIMERICK.



CORK bates the world for butter,
Unless Waterford out-cut her,
And Dublin, Belfast, Galway has their backers less or more;
But for fish-hooks, gloves, and laces,
And the colleens' pretty faces,
'Tis Limerick bangs all places, that flower of Shannon Shore.

'Twas there that SMITH O'BRIEN,
Of the old Milesian Line,
Was mobbed at a tay-party, when the windy-blinds they tore;
And now Limerick to her story
Adds a ruction still more gory,
Resistin' Home-Rule's glory, upon Shannon Shore!

Ye Heroes of the Nation,
Keep your patriot indignation
For thraytors that would sell the pass, as they have done before.
But bad cess to the shillelagh
Of that Fenian, JOHN DALY,
Friends and Home-Rule assailin' upon Shannon Shore!

Oh, iligant the views is
Out of "The George" and "Cruise's,"
Convanient to the Crescent, and the Club first-floor.
And the stone nigh Thomond Bridge is,
Where the Saxon sacrilegious
Signed the treaty he broke outrageous, to the shame of Shannon Shore.

The Home-Rulers they invited
ISAAC BUTT, Q.C., delighted,
As sure he a right 'ud have to be, upon that score—
Spite of Fenians bent on baulkin',
That illustrious Q.C.'s talkin',
And the Thrades wid banners walkin' along Shannon Shore.

Wid BUTT there came O'SHAUGHNESSY,
Almost as great a man as he,
To prove Home-Rule the panacy for poor Ould Ireland's sore.
And O'SULLIVAN faced the throng wid him,
That for Limerick sits along wid him,
Who'd have thought things could go wrong wid him upon Shannon Shore!

And the Bishop, wid his Clargy,
Whin he looked and talked so large he
Thought little of the charge he would see e'er all was o'er;
And the Priests they walked in honour
Of Home-Rule, a blessin' on her,
And the Thrades wid bands and banners delighted Shannon Shore.

To the Crescent they marched gaily,
But 'twas there they found JOHN DALY,
Wid his back agin the railins, and some fifty Fenians more,
Each an alpeen in his fist,
To which he gev' a twist,
Then let fly and never missed the head he meant to score!

'Twas the Fenians that begun
On Home-Rulers ten to one,
Knocked the wind out of their drums, and their thrumpets battered
sore;

Sure 'twas luck that MISTHER SLATTERY
Closed his shutters ere the batttery,
Or his plate-glass front had suffered, that day, on Shannon Shore.

Both sides "Ould Ireland!" cryin',
Their nate black-thorns was plyin',
Blood was spilt, and boys was kilt, and drums, coats, banners
sthrewed the flure;
Says O'SULLIVAN to O'SHAUGHNESSY,
"Where's BUTT? To talk the man is he;
To put out a flame or fan, as he, who so good on Shannon Shore?"

But eloquence Parliamint'ry
Finds to Irish ears no intry,
While there's shillelaghs going among foes, or friends, still more:
So as long as DALY's boys,
Had hands alpeens to poise,
Sure they'd make BUTT hould his noise on Shannon Shore.

But in spite of phillaloo,
While sticks clashed and brickbats flew,
BUTT's iligant discourse flowed on serene amidst the roar,
And he said that his reception
Was a triumph that bould Neptune
Had never seen the likes of since his tide kissed Shannon Shore.

Sure the sweetness of his gammon
Would have wiled a Shannon salmon,
While, like Kilkenny cats, the boys they scrimmaged, scratched,
and swore;
And he spoke on widout shyin',
Though the brickbats they was thyrin',
And both sixes sinseless lyin', along the Shannon Shore.

Oh 'twas sure a lovely sight,
That free and festive fight—
Who dars say Limerick's heart is not Irish to the core?—
Tara's harp, brass band, and fiddle,
Playin' the chune of "Tara-diddle,"
Ruction round, and in the middle, BUTT cometherin' Shannon Shore!

When Young Ireland's House is seen
In full blast on Palace Green,
Will they take votes by alpeen betwixt BUTT's and DALY's corps?
Will hard heads and hard hits sway?
Or will humbug win the day?
For a forecast of that future, go and look on Shannon Shore?

DISAPPOINTED OF DANA.

'TWIXT the cup and the lip we encounter a slip. We anticipated the arrival of a well-known gentleman of high character, culture, and attainments, as Ambassador from the United States—MR. DANA, the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. But the Senate—as represented by its Foreign Committee—has refused to confirm PRESIDENT GRANT'S nomination. MR. DANA is rejected on a charge of "literary piracy," preferred by that model of moral and political purity, GENERAL BUTLER. The alleged piracy, if proved, would consist of an insignificant infringement, in editing an edition of *Wheaton's International Law*, of a disputed copyright in certain notes to a previous edition. As MR. DANA denies the piracy, GENERAL BUTLER further charges him with falsehood; and, having denied it on oath, further still with perjury. The piracy would be merely technical if true. And to be sure MR. DANA once stood against GENERAL BUTLER in the Essex district for Congress, and the Democratic section of the Senate had political reasons for voting his rejection. But never let us suppose they were swayed by these. Trust we rather that an extreme and oversensitively nervous horror of "literary piracy" carried them away; that their judgment was perverted by excessive scrupulosity lest the faintest shadow of a shade of a suspicion of literary piracy should sully the fair name of an American Foreign Minister.

This too fastidious moral sense of respect for the rights of authorship has expressed itself in gross injustice and indignity to MR. DANA. We are very sorry for that. But our sorrow cannot but derive some assuagement from a selfish hope. How gratifying to behold the Senate of the United States now at length suddenly awakened to the enormity of "literary piracy," and that piracy, however trifling, represented, however falsely, to have been committed in compiling notes to a treatise on International Law! The new abhorrence of the United States' Senate for that species of theft is doubtless shared by the House of Representatives, and British authors and publishers may now of course expect with perfect confidence that the American Congress and Government will at their very earliest possible convenience unite in enacting a convention with this country for a scheme of International Copyright.



A DREAM OF MAGNIFICENT UGLY MEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN the admirable novel, *Gone Wrong*, which is now appearing in your columns, the Hero is described as "a magnificent ugly man," a favourite type with certain lady-writers of the period. Being anxious to obtain work as a book-illustrator, I beg to send you a few specimens of that particular kind of hero; they are all carefully drawn from Nature, as far as the face is concerned, several of my friends having kindly volunteered to sit to me with their features flattened against a window-pane, and otherwise distorted. The torsos and legs have been copied from an anatomical lay-figure, dressed in appropriate costume,—and I owe the hirsute appearance of the neck, hands, &c. (so dear to some lady-novelists), to a stuffed ape in my possession. I have also conscientiously laboured to imbue their physiognomies with as much vice, selfishness, and ferocity, as the size of the drawing will admit, and I think you will own they are not the kind of persons to be trifled with.

Trusting that you will accord me the favour of publicity in your widely circulated journal,

P.S.—I enclose my card.

I remain, your obedient servant,

STICKLEBACK.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

(A Matter-of-fact Idyll.)

It was a lovely spring day. The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky, and the bushes were green with early leaf-buds. It was during the recess, and *Punch* was enjoying his holiday. He was lying on his back near a silvery stream. In his right hand he held a tiny cigarette, and in his left he clasped a newspaper. As he looked up into the cloudless sky, and heard the murmur of the running brook, he could not help contrasting the pleasant peace of the country with the reckless riot of the town. And as he pondered, he heard the sweet voice of the Nightingale.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, charming song-bird!" he whispered. "You are early this year. You seldom make your appearance before May. You are very early."

"Not too early, *Mr. Punch*," replied a gentle voice. "Now don't move!" it continued, as the Sage was about to turn. "You cannot see me. Enough that you hear my words. Not too early, I say; for my voice is needed as an advocate for the sick poor—the sick poor who linger and die in the great city over yonder."

"My dear Madam, I am all attention," *Punch* answered. "I call you 'Madam,' because I know I am talking to a lady."

"Yes, you know me, *Mr. Punch*. Twenty years ago, when they talked about the Guards' Memorial, you sent in a design of which I was the central figure."

"I made a mistake just now, Madam. I gave you a wrong title. In the hospital at Scutari you were called an angel."

"I am satisfied to call myself a Nurse, and as a Nurse—a Nurse of

large experience—I wish to speak to you, to ask you to add your efforts to my own in the cause of the suffering poor. Do you know what illness means when it reaches the homes of the labouring classes?"

"Yes, I have read the newspapers."

"Ah, but you must see the misery yourself to understand the full meaning of the word. When disease enters the poor man's dwelling, what was once a little better than a hovel becomes a pigstye. And it is the District Nurse (whose cause I plead) who must lead the van in the crusade against dirt and fever-nests—the crusade to let light and air and cleanliness into the worst rooms of the worst places of sick London. It is she who must show the poor how to make their rooms clean. She must sweep and dust away, empty and wash out all the appalling dirt and foulness. She must rub the windows, sweep the fireplace, carry out and shake the bits of old sacking and carpet, and lay them down again, fetch fresh water and fill the kettle, and make the bed. And when she has done all this, her real work commences as a sick nurse."

"Never-ending, thankless toil," murmured *Punch*.

"Not so," replied the gentle voice. "It may be never-ending, for it may begin again and again in new room after new room; but it is not thankless. To give the poor a clean home is to bestow as great a benefit as can be conferred upon them. This is the way to depauperise them. When a poor woman's house is once clean, it is her pride to keep it clean. She has been taught by the District Nurse what to do, and the lesson is not thrown away upon her. In one case, where a Nurse had tidied up one of the most loathsome dens imaginable, on the day following the cleansing, the eldest girl, a child of eight, scoured the place, and was found perched on a three-



"FAINT PRAISE."

Little Landscape Painter (gleefully). "GOOD MORNING, SIR. I'M GLAD—I BELIEVE—I'VE HEARD—THE ACADEMY HAVE ACCEPTED MY PICTURE—"

Phumble, R.A. (on the Hanging Committee, with six "Bogies" on the Line). "OH, YES, BROWN, 'RECOLLECT PASSING IT. FACT IS, IT CAME UP WITH SUCH A LOT O' RUBBISH, IT LOOKED A PERFECT GEM!!"

FASHION'S LAST CONQUEST.

(See Extracts from a Lady's Letter from Jamaica, in "Birds for the Bonnet"—Punch, April 22.)

O LADIES of London and Paris,
Whose faces are radiant and fair,
Unimproved by a head-dress that carries
Rich plumage of birds of the air!
In the Boulevards and eke Piccadilly
Will you flutter bright wings without shame,
When Negresses, showy and silly,
Are doing the same?

The birdcatcher (destined to Hades)
Is netting the commons for you.
The elegant ebony ladies
Are eager to decorate too.
Your sisters in sable all cherish
A love for bright colours, and hence
Multitudinous humming-birds perish
To gladden their sense.

Their vanity needed no tutor.
You teach them. Your folly destroys
The robin, untireable fluter,
Inviolable even to boys.
Ere a Lady of fashion can gird her
White brow with appropriate gems,
We must hear of the kingfisher's murder
On Avon or Thames.

Oh, let the winged melodists utter
Rich music, delicious to hear;
And let the bright-feathered ones flutter
Their plumage without any fear!
In your bonnets they hardly will figure,
Admiration as like to allure,
When we think of the plume-haunting Nigger—
Your caricature.

A Flattering Invitation.

We believe we break no confidence in mentioning the rumour that, inspired by certain pregnant words of the PREMIER of England, the Citizens of San Francisco have resolved upon petitioning the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES to assume forthwith the title of the EMPEROR OF CALIFORNIA, in order to protect that State from Chinese annexation.

legged stool, trying to wash the dirty linen with her poor little thin arms."

"The District Nurse must be the Angel in the House," said *Punch*.

"You shall hear what her duties are before you decide. First, she has to nurse. Secondly, she has to put the room in nursing order; that is, to make the room such as a patient can recover in. Thirdly, to bring such sanitary defects as produce sickness and death to the notice of the Public Officer whom they may concern. Nursing means keeping records of the patient's state, including pulse, temperature, &c., for the doctor, and attending to every want. When the room is in nursing order, the work of the hardest-worked housemaid has been performed. When sanitary defects are pointed out, dust-bins are emptied, water-butts are cleaned, and defective water supply and drainage are examined and remedied."

"Hard work, indeed!" murmured *Punch*.

"So hard," continued the gentle voice, "that when the Nurses return to their homes they must rest. They have other things to do than to cook for and wait upon themselves. And the homes and the Nurses both cost money. Each District Nurse must have, before she is qualified, a month's trial in district work, a year's training in hospital work, and a quarter's training in district nursing under the Superintendent-General."

"And what has been done up to the present time?" asked *Punch*. He had grown accustomed to the voice, and he listened with interest to the answer.

"There is but one District Home with five hospital-trained Nurses, and three Nurse-candidates. To make the scheme a success, with branches extending over the metropolitan area, a capital of £20,000, and an income of £5,000 a-year are needed."

"One more question," said *Punch*. "Where may subscriptions be sent?"

"To the Secretary of the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, 23, Bloomsbury Square, W.C."

And then *Punch* woke; for he had dreamed a dream.

Not quite a dream, for in his hand he held a paper containing a letter signed "FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE." He read the last few lines:—

"I ask the public not to add one more charity or relief agency to the many that are already, but to support a charity—truly 'metropolitan' in its scope, and truly 'national' if carried out—which never has been before."

And as he read these words, the nightingale in the sky sang its song.

"You are outdone!" exclaimed *Punch*. "There is a Nightingale still upon the earth who sings a sweeter song than yours—a song that should find its echo in the hearts of the rich, and have for a reward the earnest blessings of the suffering poor."

A Wholesome Mixture.

In a recent number of the *Scotsman* will be found an announcement of a marriage between a scion of the house of JAMESON, of Dublin whiskey renown, and a ditto of the house of HAIG, of the celebrated Cameron Bridge Scotch distillery. May the mixture lead to nothing but the best spirits on both sides; and may there have been no preliminary refusal-oil to mar the smack of meeting lips and the blend of loving hearts in the new firm, let us hope never to be shaken, of HAIG, JAMESON & Co.

Apis Orthographica.

"Acri mellis celestia dona."

Mor gran'yather 'ee went zure-ly
To zee the Ondustryous Vlea;
But naw the Parson, they tells I,
'As got a Spellin' Bee.



WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT IT.

Magister Familias (parting with his Butler). "HERE IS THE LETTER, FLANAGAN. I CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY SAY YOU ARE HONEST AND ATTENTIVE, BUT I SHOULD HAVE TO STRETCH A POINT IF I WERE TO SAY YOU ARE SOBER."

Mr. Flanagan. "THANK YOU, SIR. BUT WHEN YOU ARE AFTHER STHRITCHIN' A POINT, SIR, WOULDN'T YOU, PLEASE, STHRITCH IT A LITTLE FURTHER, AND SAY I'M AFTEN SOBER!!"

THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF HEALTH.

AN illustration of the saying that the shoemaker's wife and children are ever of all people the worst shod, more signal even than that exhibited by the ill-ventilated Royal Institution, the chief seat of Chemistry, presents itself in the ill-drained public offices at Whitehall, the quarters, *inter alia*, of the Local Government Board, successor to the Board of Health. Of these offices, which are among the recent achievements of the contractors under the Board of Works—

"The drainage is so defective that visitors to the building, and those whose unfortunate lot compels them to pass their lives there, are forced to breathe an atmosphere which their sense of smell soon tells them is tainted with sewer gas. The drains pass in some parts under the buildings, the joints are defective, and the buildings have settled, the result being that the basement is in parts flooded. The whole energies of the Board of Works are occupied in effecting little ridiculous economies in articles of office furniture; and unless some champion arise to stir them up, many a poor fellow will suffer from the effects of breathing polluted air, as I understand some already have."

Thus far, in the *Times*, "OMNIA SANITAS." This ought to be the motto of the Board of Works, but at Whitehall we find, on the contrary, *quedam*, and *plurima*—indeed, *insanitas*. Not only are sanitary arrangements conspicuous by their absence, but conditions thence resulting are odoriferous from their presence. The basement of that building is evidently in a most vile state; and the filth, not removed from it by being laid at the door of the Board of Works, may be pointed to as an example of the lowest depth of muddle. Obviously, an outbreak of typhoid fever is imminent at the very centre of sanitary authority. Sanitary Reform, like Charity, should begin at home. Let the Board of Works set some Hercules immediately at work to cleanse its own Augean stable, and not leave it a warning in the nose of all local authorities who come to consult their central oracle, "how *not* to do it."

MOTTO FOR THE ROYAL TITLES BILL.—"Divide, et Impera."

AN EARNEST HINT TO SIGNOR ROSSI.

CARO SIGNORE,

LET me begin by expressing my sincere sympathy with you under your mortifying extinction of voice. But then, why do you give such a handle to our cruel East wind as is presented by lower limbs indifferently protected by tights of black-silk webbing? Do, I implore you, for the sake of appearances, as well as more effectual protection from the "ethereal mildness" of our English spring, add a black-velvet skirt to your black-velvet jerkin. If you could only see yourself as others saw you on Wednesday! You looked, for all the world, like a respectable butler or groom of the chambers who had forgotten to put on a coat over his sleeved waistcoat. But the butler would have spared us the comical effect of a broad baldric of gilt plates worn obliquely over his black tights and portly bow-window. A yard of black velvet will do it all, and make you at once more comely and more comfortable. I repeat, people can't afford to go about in an English April, with their lower limbs cased in black-web tights, *et prater ea nihil*.

Yours, with best wishes and kindest regards,

PUNCH.

An Australian Eden.

HERE'S a prospect! Talk of the Recruiting Sergeant and his *coulour de rose*—how about the Emigration Agent? Read the following, cut from a Bristol paper, O Working-men—and don't believe it!

WANTED, Emigrants for Queensland, the finest and richest country in the world. In ten years a Working-man can easily secure a splendid landed estate, and be the owner of minerals, timber, game, &c. Instead of strikes and starvation, he can there sit under his own vine, with plenty in his pantry. No game laws, no class exclusiveness, but liberty and kangaroos. Terms: Farm labourers, free; tradesmen, £5, and £3 for wife; domestic servants free, and train fare to London paid. Next ship, —, from London, May 5.—Apply immediately, &c.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SET-UP—Lion! What is the use of growling any longer? Time is gone by; majorities are mighty; DISRAELI is determined; the advice will be given; the Proclamation will be issued; the title will be assumed; and VICTORIA, Queen of England, will be henceforth VICTORIA, Empress of India. Such is the position in which the House finds the BENJAMIN'S mess or the Imperial Titles on reassembling after Easter (Monday, April 24). *La Reine le veut. Ainsi soit-il.* England—except that portion of England which would rather be rid of a Queen altogether—does not want it. India—in so far as she has a

voice to speak—declares she doesn't want it. Who *does* want it? That is the question not to be asked—or, at least, if asked, not to be answered—as MR. ANDERSON found out, when he wanted to know who told MR. LOWE that two Prime Ministers before MR. DISRAELI had been pressed to do this thing, and had respectfully declined. Was it a Privy Councillor let this Court-Cat out of the bag? "That's tellings," as the children say. MR. LOWE isn't a Minister now, and the privilege of being questioned in the favourite Parliamentary game of "cross questions and crooked answers" is confined to Ministers. MR. FAWCETT had asked for a day "to move the House's disapproval of the advice given to HER MAJESTY by Her Majesty's Ministers." But as MR. FAWCETT couldn't get his day before Easter, thanks to MR. KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN and MAJOR BEAUMONT, who stopped the way with their perfectly ineffectual brace of motions, and as the Leader of Her Majesty's Government declines to measure swords except with the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, and as LORD HARTINGTON, though ready to support MR. FAWCETT on a motion for a vote of censure, declines, under the circumstances, to move such a vote himself, and so run his head against the stone wall of the Ministerial majority, *cadit questio*. There is a good riddance of bad rubbish. The Opposition must remain content with what it has done in the way of protestation against a blunder which it considers nothing less than deplorable, in common with the overwhelming majority of intelligent and loyal subjects out of doors.

So let England shut her eyes—not open her mouth—and see what the QUEEN will give her.

Who knows? She may have had her Royal eyes opened to the real state of the case at the eleventh hour, and may shrink from the change of title after all! At all events, *Punch* won't believe in "VICTORIA Imperatrix" till he has it under her own Royal hand. (Poor *Punch*! So he wrote some days ago. He has it now. It spoiled his breakfast last Saturday.)

Oh dear, oh dear, those debates in Committee on the Merchant Shipping Bill! with the puzzle-headed but eminently well-meaning PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE on the one side, and the almost as puzzle-headed, and still better meaning, Member for Derby on the other. Between the two, what should be debates sink into wrangles, and neither ever seems quite to know what the other is at. Wrangle No. 1 concerned Grain Cargoes. MR. PLIMSOLL wants to prescribe the means of safety: to regulate by Act of Parliament the shape, size, and thickness of shifting-boards for such cargoes. Those who have framed the Bill have been satisfied to require means for obviating shift of cargoes, without prescribing those means. *Punch* would say, by the light of common sense, that those in charge of the Bill have the best of it.

Wrangle No. 2 was over Deck-loads. Everybody who knows anything of the subject admits winter deck-loads to be one of the most fruitful sources of danger to life at sea.

MR. PLIMSOLL wants absolute prohibitions of such loads, with due exceptions to be fixed by the Board of Trade. All the Board of Trade will concede is, that deck-loads shall pay *tonnage-duty*. But the knowing ones seem agreed that if MR. PLIMSOLL asks too much, the Government give too little.

Hours were spent in beating about the bush, till SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE stepped in to help his lame brother ADDERLEY over the stile, and got MR. PLIMSOLL defeated by 108 to 75.

Is it quite impossible to import a little more clearness of head and distinctness of purpose into the Government conduct of the Bill? SIR CHARLES STUART seems to have a foot to put down, and another foot he has to put in. Why don't well-meaning men learn to convey their meaning?

Tuesday.—We have already expressed the quintessence of what passed to-night about the Royal Titles Bill between the Heads of Her Majesty's Government, and Her Majesty's Opposition. Besides, now the Proclamation has been issued, why waste more words on what is past praying against?

Wednesday.—PENTHESILEA in arms, under the male mask of the Member for Marylebone. All the old arguments, for and against Female Franchise trotted out in better form than ever. A curious division of the BRIGHTS. JACOB for the Ladies; Brother-in-Law LEATHAM, and Brother JOHN against.

The honest avowal of plain JOHN that he was wrong when he voted with STUART MILL for giving votes to the Spinsters and Widows, had a great deal to do in determining the division (239 to 152) against the Member for Marylebone.

MR. SMOLLETT, victim of his name, flung a good deal of the mud which he mistakes for wit into the Ladies' faces (*proh pudor!*), and MR. FAWCETT gave him a well-deserved rap over the knuckles for it. Descended from the Author of *Roderick Random*, let not our MR. S. descend below him. He is old enough to have learnt that his ancestor's high-spiced style of humour is too coarse for modern tastes.



AFTER-DINNER CRITICISM.

"For when our veins are filled
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts."—SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*.

Guest (who has had a pleasant evening, will just have a look at his Host's Pictures before he goes). "YESH—(hic)—'LIKE THA' PICTSH'RE!
FI' LANSHC'PE! 'LIKE THE TREESH! 'BRANSHES WAVE 'BOUT S' NASH'RALLY!!!"

MR. CHAPLIN gave a neat summary of the chief supporters of a Feminine Franchise, as "Masculine women and feminine men." *Punch* himself could not have put it more epigrammatically. Loving, reverencing, and looking up to the sex, as *Mr. Punch* does, he must needs rejoice in the defeat of those who would carry Woman into about the dirtiest field that Man has to work in—Politics.

Thursday.—The Lords reassembled. LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL called attention to the Felsted Scandal, and the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER did not succeed in clearing himself of the discredit of having dismissed a laborious and successful Head-Master without inquiry, on the *ex parte* showing of Trustees, who, not to put too fine an edge on it, had in no way entitled themselves to such confidence in their discretion.

One thing is quite true. After speaking his mind as freely as he had done, the Master of Felsted could clearly not have gone on in his work with advantage to the school under such a Board of Trustees. As the Trustees were fixtures, there was no alternative but for the Master to go. But the question still remains, Who was to blame for bringing matters to this issue?

LORD HENNIKER tried to shift the saddle off the Trustees and on to the Head-Master. *Punch* agrees with LORD CAMPBELL that the attempt was not successful. For the Bishop—well, least said soonest mended. Only one thing seems clear—the REV. MR. GRIGNON is well rid of Felsted. But we should have felt happier, if, as he went, the Bishop had been seen at *his* side rather than that of the Trustees.

(*Commons*).—The third bout of the fencing-match between the Leaders, *à propos* of the Royal Titles Bill. See above for its substance. Fresh interlude of the great Merchant Shipping Muddle.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER stepped in as *deus ex machina*, and announced, to the great relief of the House, in the teeth of all SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY has been painfully hammering out for the last two nights, that the Government had decided to introduce a clause directly dealing with Deck-loads of Timber-ships in the winter months, and hoped to frame a clause to prevent or punish the improper loading of foreign ships.

SIR W. HARCOURT enjoyed the pleasure of double-thonging the Ministerial management of the Merchant Shipping Bill for about an hour, till the ears of the House were almost as tired as his tongue. But the House dropped back into the original muddle on the great battle-ground of Load-line. Think of discussing for ever so long whether "Billy-boys" should or should not be obliged to mark a *disc* amidships! "*De minimis non curat lex*," say the lawyers. They never anticipated these debates on the Merchant Shipping Bill.

Friday (Lords).—In reply to LORD BLACHFORD, LORD CARNARVON threw what light he could on the Barbadoes "scare." It seems pretty clear that the Planters' party either actually wild, or pretending to be wild, with fear of the Niggers, is running a-muck at GOVERNOR HENNESSY, in the hope of getting him summarily recalled. Meanwhile, their telegrams, read by the light of one from COLONEL SARGENT commanding the Military at Barbadoes, are clearly chargeable with gross exaggeration.

While reserving judgment till the arrival of more dispassionate accounts of the facts, *Punch* trusts—as he believes the country, and GOVERNOR HENNESSY, and the Planters, and the friends of both, may safely trust—LORD CARNARVON. Thus far there is nothing to show that the Planters have not been more in fault than the Governor.

(*Commons*).—MR. EUSTACE SMITH asked for a Select Committee to inquire into the mode in which the Bengal Famine was met. MR. SMITH complains of extravagance. SIR G. CAMPBELL vindicated the Indian authorities.

LORD G. HAMILTON deprecated the proposed inquiry.

MR. FAWCETT declared it would do great good.

MR. GRANT DUFF declared it would do enormous mischief.

MR. *Punch* admired Doctors' differences—and wondered which JOHN BULL would have considered the worst extravagance—to lose a few thousands in money, and no life, or to lose a few thousands in lives, and no money.

The Committee was refused by 149 to 46; and *Punch* can't say he is sorry. On this matter he would rather be wrong with SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL than right with MR. EUSTACE SMITH.

MR. PUNCH TO A VERY PRETTY YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.



MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,

HERE is a picture sent in to the Royal Academy by that excellent and humane friend of the Horse and of Mr. Punch—MR. WILLIAM FLOWER. It is meant to illustrate the bearing—in the hope to forward the for-bearing—of bearing-reins.

Alas! the Council have rejected Mr. Flower's picture, like those of many better men! "It would never do," said an influential Member of the Council, "to give such a slap in the face to many of our most distinguished patrons—especially the Ladies, who naturally like to see their horses well bitted up, while waiting for their fair mistresses in the courtyard of the Academy, just as they like to see them glossy of coat and lively of action. And I understand" (added the R.A.) "that nothing keeps horses so lively as a tight bearing-rein." So no doubt, my dear young Lady, in one sense it does—as the fire keeps the eels lively in the frying-pan. But as MR. FLOWER could not exhibit his picture at the Academy, I have had great pleasure in putting at its service a place in my gallery, where it will be seen by quite as numerous, intelligent, and influential a Public as even that which crowds to the spacious halls of Piccadilly.

I hope, my dear young Lady, you will like the picture, and dislike the bearing-rein, and that the next time we meet in Hyde Park, I may have the pleasure of seeing your horses released from this torture, though they may not toss their heads, and champ their bits, and fling the foam about as freely as you have been accustomed to see them. I know your coachman will tell you it is all nonsense; that horses take as pleasantly

to bearing-reins as young ladies to tight-lacing and high-heeled shoes. Don't believe him, my dear, but ask him how *he* would like to drive in a gag; and if he says he should, *try him*; and then ask him his opinion of the bearing-rein on better acquaintance.

En attendant, believe me, my dear young Lady,

Yours faithfully,

PUNCH.

DISABILITIES OF WOMAN.

(Suggested by a Fast Young Lady, in anxious preparation for the Act for their Re-mould.)



1. EXCEPTING on the sly, she is inhumanly debarred from using a cigar-case.

2. She is not allowed to make love, but merely to receive the manufactured article.

3. She may not wear top-boots, not even when out hunting.

4. Unless she can bear a lecture from her feminine next of kin, she must never dream of reading *Bell's Life* or *The Sportsman*.

5. She cannot even play a humble game of Lady's Cricket, without being chaffed unmercifully.

6. Excepting at

the risk of being thought unfeminine, she must never row a Match, nor ever ride a Steeplechase.

7. When she bets with any member of the unfair Sex, she rarely has the privilege of paying if she loses.

8. She is unable to go unattended to the Opera.

9. She cannot even dance more than three times in succession with a partner whom she likes, without being suspected of a tendency to flirting.

10. Excepting at great peril to her social reputation, she may not indulge in either Black Pool or Blind Hookey.

11. No matter how put out—say, by her maid or by her milliner—she is not permitted the use of stronger language than "Dear me!" or "How tiresome!"

12. While doomed in perpetuity to play on the piano, she is not allowed an instant to practise on the post-horn.

13. Unless she can submit to being thought a "Blue," she must be ignorant of politics, Latin, Greek, and the Hegelian Philosophy.

14. She may not chaff the waiter at a foreign *table-d'hôte*, although she knows his language perfectly, and longs to use the chance of showing that she knows it.

15. By a masculine assumption, she is deemed unable to play rackets, golf, or football, and is doomed to feeble games like battle-dore and shuttlecock, or croquet with mild curates.

16. Though over head and ears in love, she may never make an offer, except perhaps in Leap Year, and for this it would be hard for her to quote an actual precedent.

17. She is expected to be able to make use of a Needle, and is thus disabled from competing with Men in works of idleness.

18. Her ears are steeped in Slang when her Brothers come from College, yet she is obliged, as far as possible, to keep her lips from using it.

19. Although conscious of a guilty love for the perfume, she may not proclaim her preference for a Smoking Carriage.

20. If there be a Baby in the house where she is visiting, she is presumed to be unable to talk sensibly about it.

21. When her Married Sisters call, she is always pounced upon to entertain their Children.

22. However humorous her temperament may naturally be, she cannot crack a joke or sing a comic song, without being thought eccentric.

23. She must not practise Boxing, excepting as regards the ears of her small brothers.

24. She is not allowed the privilege of a Latch-key.

A Diocese in British Diggings.

At a meeting under the presidency of the EARL OF DEVON, at Newton Abbot the other day, in aid of the fund for forming a new diocese in Cornwall, it was stated that more than half the required fund of £30,000 had been raised. Let us hope the Cornish miners are able—and willing—to raise the rest of the tin.

A SEA-FIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

LETTER I.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR,

High Seas, June 1, 187—.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that I sighted the fleet under your command last evening. As in these days of civilisation unnecessary bloodshed is to be deprecated, I take the earliest opportunity of letting you know that I have reason to believe, from information received through the newspapers, that my fleet is stronger than yours. I have under my command three Iron-clads, each with four feet of iron-plating protecting the water-line, and each carrying four 200-ton guns, firing fore, aft, and all round, mounted in turrets, protected by six feet of iron-plating, and with all the aiming and working performed by hydraulic machinery, so that loss of life at the guns is hardly possible on my side.

May I, under these circumstances, request you to surrender without unnecessary delay?

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, Admiral.

(Reply.)

THE Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to say that the Admiral of the British Fleet has been misinformed. The Fleet under the Enemy's Admiral's command consists of two Iron-clads each with six feet of iron-plating protecting the water-line, each mounting six guns of 300 tons, firing perpendicularly, upwards and downwards, as well as fore, aft, and all round, in three turrets protected by eight feet of steel-plating, and with all the operations of loading, priming, and firing effected by a galvanic battery worked by a single engineer stationed ten feet below the water-line, so that there is as good as no life to lose at the guns on his side.

As the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet entirely reciprocates the humanitarian ideas expressed by the Admiral of the British Fleet, he trusts that the Admiral of the British Fleet will surrender without any unnecessary delay.

LETTER II.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR,

High Seas, June 2, 187—.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your reply to my letter of yesterday's date.

I regret to say that I am unable to comply with your request. The rules of the Service to which I have the honour to belong do not permit of any surrender of Her Britannic Majesty's ships. I am forced to inform you that unless you surrender before to-morrow morning, it will be my painful duty to do my utmost to blow you, your ships, and the gallant men under your command, from off the face of the waters.

Trusting that, by your speedy surrender, you will avert this unpleasant necessity,

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, Admiral.

(Reply.)

THE Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to say that he is now in a position to surrender, his flag-ship having, during the last six hours, unluckily run into and sunk her consort.

The Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet begs to intimate that had the force at his command been anything like equal to the force of the British Admiral, he (the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet) would have considered it to be his duty to fight the battle out to the bitter end.

LETTER III.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR,

High Seas, June 3, 187—.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your reply to my letter of yesterday's date.

I feel in honour bound to inform you that, during the night, two of the Iron-clads under my command have sunk each other in the course of manœuvres, directed with a view to perfect their ramming practice. Under these circumstances, it has occurred to me that perhaps you would prefer fighting to surrender. In ten minutes my flag-ship (the remaining vessel under my command) will have the honour of opening fire.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, Admiral.



THE STING OF IT.

Sister (in alarm). "GOOD GRACIOUS, GEORGE! HOW DID YOU GET THAT TERRIBLE BLACK EYE!"

George (sullenly). "SPELLIN' BEE!"

(Reply.)

THE Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to say that he accepts the Admiral of the British Fleet's very kind invitation. Within the last half hour the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet has received large reinforcements—so that the Fleet now consists of ten Iron-clads, with six feet of iron-plating protecting the water line, and six turrets apiece, with strength and system of guns in each turret as before stated. Under these circumstances, he will have much pleasure in accepting and returning the fire of the Admiral of the British Fleet.

LETTER IV.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR, *High Seas, June 3, 187—.*

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your reply to my letter of this day's date.

I fear however I must disappoint you of the pleasure of a battle. During the last two minutes the *Wasp*, one of our recently-invented invisible floating gun-carriages, carrying one of our newly-invented quadruple-action 500 ton guns, loading itself, and firing automatically at the word of command, with her complement of torpedo-boats, has arrived here unexpectedly. You will see the desirability of at once ordering your Fleet to surrender.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, *Admiral.*

(Enclosure.)—The Admiral of the British Fleet requests the honour of the company of the Admiral and Officers of the Enemy's Fleet to dinner on the evening of the 3rd of June. R. S. V. P.

(Reply.)

THE Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to surrender.

(Enclosure.)—The Admiral and some of the Officers of the Enemy's Fleet will have the honour of dining with the Admiral of the British Fleet this evening.

POETRY AND PRONUNCIATION.

[LORD WINCHILSEA has enclosed to *Punch* the following. He says he doesn't expect *Punch* will publish it. He does *Punch* injustice. *Punch* is always open to original communications, and LORD WINCHILSEA's recipe for "verse" and "curse" strikes *Punch* as one of the most original things he has read for a long time. *Punch* is only sorry he cannot offer LORD WINCHILSEA the engagement he proposes in his "N.B."]

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR, THE criticism upon my verses that appear'd in *Punch*, April 15, 1876, has only just been shown me, or I should have replied earlier. Allow me to tell you—

'Tis the measure and the time,
With thoughts witty or sublime,
Not the jingle of the rhyme,
That make verse!
Just as hatred in the heart,
Not phrases pert and smart,
Or the trickeries of Art,
Makes a curse.

April 24.

N.B.—I am open to an engagement to teach both your critics and your poets a few things to their advantage.

Oh, Horrible!

A RIVAL Composer in New York, in a jealous moment, has imported two hundred barrel-organs into Philadelphia, grinding only the well-known airs of the best operas of JACQUES OFFENBACH. This ruffian in human form is under the impression that this wholesale torture will drive the Parisian *maestro* from the field, as he will thus be made a symbol and synonym for one of the worst forms of suffering. These practical jokes are as infectious as murders. Only fancy a few out of the millions of anti-Wagnerites starting a brigade of organ-grinders playing nothing but the mysteriously monotonous recitatives of *Lohengrin* and the *Meistersänger*; or, perhaps—horror on horror's head!—of *Tristram and Iseult*! But here our paralysed pen declines to be driven further. We hold our ears, and gasp in speechless awe of the phantom we have conjured up!

"AGRIKLER" ON THE BRISTOL CATHEDRAL IMAGES.

THAY be very tidy figgers, 'as vur as I can zee,
And I think the Dane and chapther med as well a let um be.
Ef thay tries to pliasse aal parties, the upshot ull bevaal
Like the ould man vi his neddy thay 'll pliasse nubbody at aal.
It zims tha girt objection wer, one on um is a Poape
As owed his elevation to a pulley and a rope;
And then ta crown tha mischief, it zims the masons put
(Twere only miake-believe in stoane) a bee-hive on hes nut;
Which, whatever the intention, I think the manein 's plain,
One man mid carry bees, whar another cars a braain,
And ef about zuch trifles thay makes a girt to do,
I think both Poape and Antipoape med wear a bee-hive too.

Official Communication.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

For some centuries, or at all events for a great number of years, I have been engaged with my respected opponent the Unicorn in fighting for the Crown. If the Bengal Tiger is to have a share in the contest I shall decline to continue it. In the first place, two to one is not fair play, and in the next place if the Tiger and myself got joint possession of the Crown, we should very likely begin fighting for it between ourselves, and so thinks MR. LOWE,

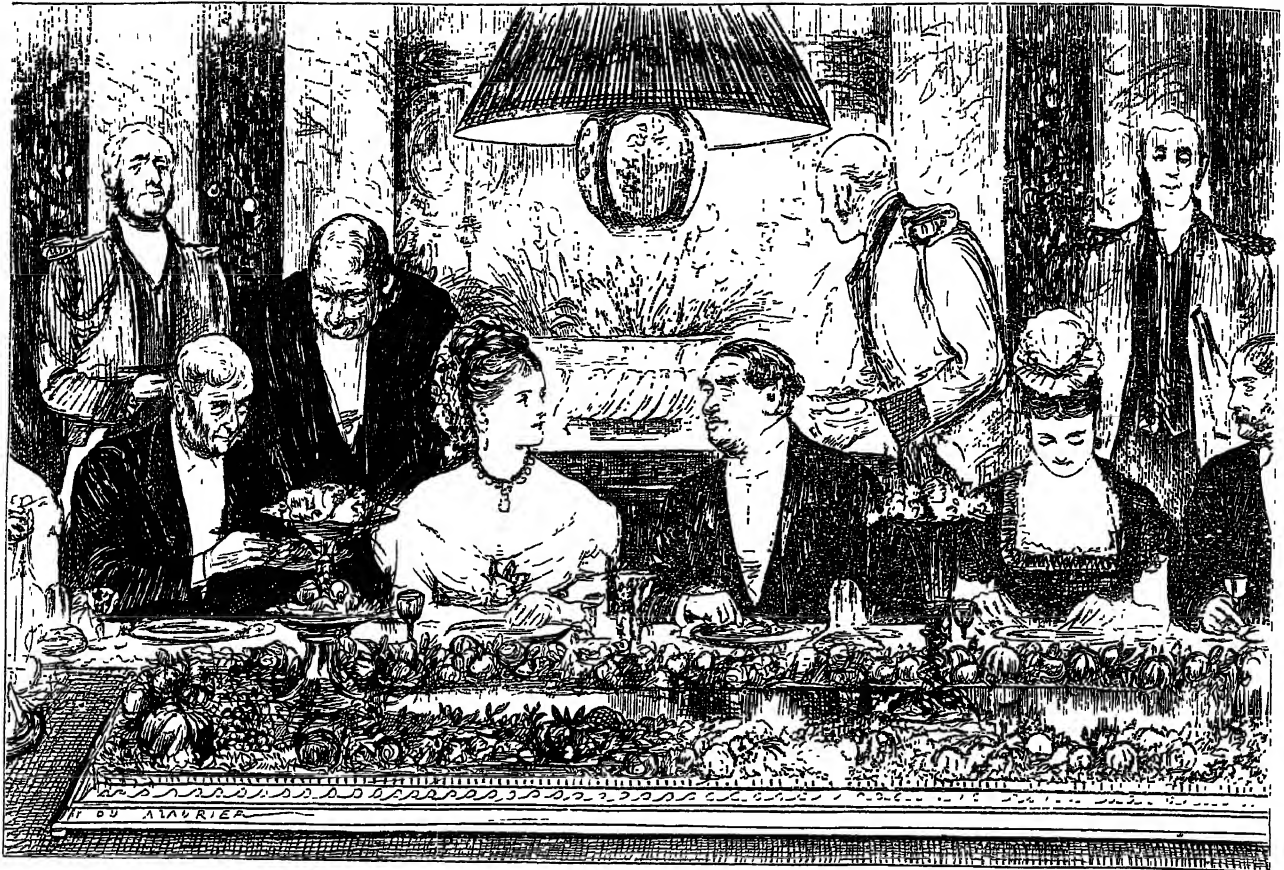
Yours as ever,

LEO BRITANNICUS.

The Queen's Arms.

ANTAGONISM EXTRAORDINARY.

VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE moving the rejection of the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill in a Maiden Speech.



THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

Professor Guzzleton (to Fair Chatterbox). "ARE YOU AWARE THAT OUR HOST HAS A FRENCH COOK?" *Fair Chatterbox.* "SO I HEAR!"
Professor Guzzleton. "AND THAT THAT FRENCH COOK IS THE BEST IN LONDON?" *Fair Chatterbox.* "SO I BELIEVE!"
Professor Guzzleton. "THEN DON'T YOU THINK WE HAD BETTER DEFER ALL FURTHER CONVERSATION TILL WE MEET AGAIN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM?"

BOB'S PENANCE.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

"It gives me the most sincere satisfaction, after the dreary life which I have led for two and a half years, to find myself at last once more in a meeting that is really heartily and unmistakably Liberal. The penance that we have gone through no words can tell. We have argued, and we have convinced, I believe, upon many occasions; but when it came to the division, there was the same inevitable result. Opinions may have been shaken, scruples may have been raised, difficulties which could not have been answered may have been suggested; but the same inevitable termination came—Beaten by a majority of so many."—*MR. LOWE at Retford.*

OH, pity the sorrows of SISEYPHUS-LOWE!

Greek fancy, which fashioned the classical Hades,
Devised a respectable torment or so

For treacherous Monarchs or murderous Ladies.

But what was the toil of the Stone or the Sieve,

Compared with the task of our modern Bob Logic,

Compelling Boeotian brains to believe,

Yet reaping no fruits of his pains pedagogic?

To argue, convince, yet not conquer! Alack!

What, what is the use of cool Reason's authority,

When brought against brass-fronted BEN, with his back

Set safe 'gainst the rock of his fine brute Majority?

Ah! Tantalus-torture were nothing to LOWE's:

Fancy critical Bob cutting blocks with his razor!

A spectacle *that*, *Mr. Punch* would suppose,

To soften the heart of the stoniest gazer.

To mark money flying like Danāe's shower,

To hear premiss coolly divorced from conclusion,

O'er purse-strings or fallacies void of all power,

To see Tory muffs worse-confounding confusion!

A penance indeed not unworthy of Tophet,
Bob his foes may confute, but he cannot compel 'em.
They from darkness Egyptian contrive to snatch profit,
While he could not manage "*ex luce lucellum*"!

Yet 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good;

Sadness softens the visage most stern and prognathous.

To see our cool BOB in a right melting mood,

With a tear in his eye, and his tongue tuned to pathos,

Is such a sweet sight, and so rich, and so rare,

That a snatch of fine joy from his gloom we can borrow.

Cheer up, BOB! BEN's glass is no longer "set fair."

You to-day wear the sheet; he may do it to-morrow.

A MODEST ADVERTISER.

TO NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN.—An accomplished and highly respectable single English gentleman, age 25, who is truly energetic, honest, candid, temperate, moral, staid, of good intellect and address, prepossessing in appearance, of strong and healthy constitution, has travelled in various parts of England, France, and America, can ride, swim, row, shoot, fence, sing, play, &c., and can give unexceptionable references, is desirous of an ENGAGEMENT, &c., &c.

WOULD not this paragon to have headed his advertisement, "To Ladies of Beauty, Rank and Fortune?" Such a combination of all the virtues and accomplishments, with personal beauty in addition, is seldom to be found. Surely he will not be long on the market. He adds, what scarcely was necessary, that he is a "person without conceit." Such persons are rare: but here is evidently a perfect specimen of greatness combined with modesty. Ladies of England, Leap Year is not over, and this admirable CRICHTON is unmarried!

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.—Being served with a glass of Bass when you called for old Edinburgh.



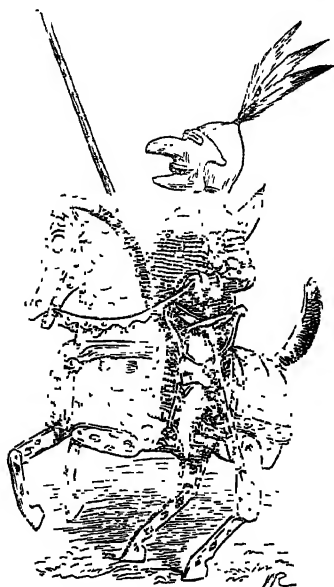
OVER-WEIGHTED.

BRITANNIA. "LOOK HERE, FATHER NEP! I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER! WHO'S TO 'RULE THE WAVES' IN *THIS* SORT OF THING?"

PUNCH AT PORTSMOUTH.

SCENE—Neighbourhood of the newly-launched Iron-clad "Inflexible."
Interlocutors—NEPTUNE, VULCAN, and MR. PUNCH.

Time—April 27, 1876.



Punch. Well, Father Nep,
and you, great Vulcan,
say—

What of our last sea-monster
—launched to-day?

Neptune. All hail the *Inflexible*!—the more the merrier.—

Be it my lot to buoy, and not
to bury, her!

Vulcan. Ten thousand tons!
Seven hundred thousand
pounds!

And twenty-four-inch arm-
our! All that sounds

Convincingly colossal. Yet
beware!

You may forge armour past
all strength to bear.

Can those who arm the most,
in safety feel?

Nay, trust your foes to find
Achilles' heel.

Punch. With power on arm-
our-plates old Vulcan
speaks;

And Neptune knows the
worth of silver streaks

Without the means to guard them. Waves environ
Our shores; we've mighty store of gold and iron;
But vain are both without the will—and brain—
To keep our power unshaken on the main,
And more than match for all who chance to come;—
A difficult and ever-shifting sum
Beyond Red-bait's reach! Yet till JOHN
Can tottle that, all reeds he rests upon
Are rotten, though as high their heads they rear
As—

Neptune. Eight-and-seventy million pounds a year?

Punch. Just so! Yet twice that were no penny lost,
Were safety purchased at the monstrous cost.
But muffs waste every farthing that they spend,
While stopping short of that supremest end.
JOHN'S Fleet's his fate!

Neptune. Let him lay that to heart,
Of all his rivals get—and keep—the start;
Kick out the bunglers, quash the squabblers, loose
His purse-strings like a man—not like a goose!—
Make this the rule that, whether Blues or Buffs
Be in, the Navy shan't be left to muffs,
And—well, I'll do what now I'd rather not—
Praise without *arrière pensée* yon huge pot
On which he prides himself, a nine days' wonder
Till some new Behemoth outroars its thunder!

Punch. Your lips drop weighty wisdom!

Vulcan. JOHN should try
To pick it up. Give him the tip! Good-bye!

[*Ezeunt NEPTUNE and VULCAN severally.*]

Punch (*solus, thoughtfully surveying the newly-launched Colossus*).
Sagacious counsel! echo of my own.

Thou dull mechanic monster, over-grown!

A type, to draw the gall of *Punch's* quill,

Of Man's ingenious folly, ill-used skill,

Waste power, and squandered wealth! Still grows the pace

In the great Iron Handicap: a race

Cruel and ruinous, void of grace or credit.

Is one thing sadly certain—*must we head it?*

[*Exit, to ask the Public that question.*]

Poetry and Prose.

THE electric wire is occasionally poetical. A recent telegram from Madrid, announcing that KING ALFONSO, the PRINCE OF WALES, and the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT had driven, without escort, over the Retiro in a carriage—and four, added—"The city wore a gay and brilliant aspect." This Court-prose-poet might, as he "struck the wire," have gone on—

"His Majesty and their Imperial Highnesses
The garb of Royal life."

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Come! Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*,"
"*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell.*"

CHAPTER IX.—*What Jenny says.*

WITH one shrill species of shriek she flew for bare life, as if ten thousand Bulls of Bedlam were behind her, until, completely spent with her violent exertions, she fell down on the floor of the room where I am seated, playing the piano, panting, gasping, convulsive, heaving, while the waves of rich carmine that that mad, wild run has brought into her cheeks, are at ebb-tide now, leaving nothing but the grey, white, solid sand of her marble face blanched with fear as surely as if

"in terror of the Sun-God,
Whose steeds run curbless o'er our Southern France,
The young Asparagus turns yellow-white,
And quits its bed to meet the market-knife."

Or, as the King of ancient Roman poets, and model of so many modern lyricists, has so feelingly said,

"O puer Asparagus! dea migrata ante solixit."

I am playing the piano while the others are dancing: being the eldest sister and the plainest, it is my rôle in life to play the piano while others are dancing.

The scene is changed. It is no longer Wollum. We are at our merry widow's sister's house in Staffordshire, and it is into the drawing-room of her house that BELLA comes and falls down exhausted after her long run.

Only one person, besides myself, notices her as she lies in her rose-coloured dressing-gown prone on the rich yellow carpet, her poor red eyes sparkling, and a quivering tremor about her mouth, as she stretches out her desolate white arms, swimming through a sea of troubles—only one person sees this—it is our Cousin, ORLISS GWYNNE. He is leaning lazily against a door-post, looking very handsome, with his large, indolent, reproachful, sky-blue eyes, while the gas-light catches his yellow hair: but of this he takes no sort of notice, so sleepy and louny is he, except to explain to me, that "he does not mind any gas-light catching his hair, as he is heavily insured"—which explanation gives me every possible satisfaction,—and lights up his sunny soft young moustache, so bright, so slight, that it seems more as if he had been sucking some sweet Seville Orange, and had left the strong trace of the rich golden-tinted blood, in its pipful veins, than that flossy, downy hair should be springing up about that handsome mouth, as spring flowers, or drooping, bright-eyed reeds, will grow on the side of a bright, green, sleepy, deep, well-like ditch.

He has been listening to, or rather, enduring, my playing slow jigs, brisk minuets, *valse à quatre temps*, stately *cancans*, courtly boleros, and voluptuous Roger de Coverleys, for three hours, without an interval of refreshment, and I am beginning to feel a little tired. Still there is a chance, even for me—the eldest, plainest, and most utterly uninteresting of the St. JOHN VILLARS family—as long as our Cousin ORLISS GWYNNE, the gay, lounging, butterfly bachelor, is willing to sit in the same room with me without actually going to sleep, as is the practice of most English gentlemen when they hear sweet music.

ORLISS is laughing with good-humoured, boyish heartiness at something he has just been saying to himself, when BELLA rushes in as I have described, and falls on the floor.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim—being the ugly woman of the family, I invariably make use of the plainest expression—"what is the matter? Is it all over?"

"No," she answers (drily) "not all over yet" (looking up suddenly at ORLISS, and laughing violently), "not half begun, I should say" (very indistinctly, and colouring violently, while the blood in ORLISS's face mounts up to his deep, blue-lined temples). "Play, play, PLAY!" and "—she adds, gruffly—"if possible play until you leave off. Do you hear?"

I hear, and obey, as I always do. And so JENNY plays on.

ORLISS regards her attentively as he strokes the silky gold of his moustache. Then his broad chest heaves, and his wide, light-blue-Cambridge eyes glisten with a passionate excitement, as, struggling with the strong emotion that the sight of those beautiful appealing eyes has aroused in his innermost being, he bites his lips till they bleed again.

ORLISS is a splendid handsome idiotic man, an innocent cherubic yet stalwart beauty. BELLA felt that even if the old love had left her, here at least might be one good enough to go on with *pro tem.*, and perhaps, at some future time, to go off with, also *pro tem.* But these were lightning flashes of hope in her dark nights of storm, misery, and undying grief.

The young man is trembling with the involuntary vehemence of his own thoughts, as, in a voice sharpened and roughened by the very intensity of his self-restraint, he spoke—



COVERT COMPLIMENTS.

(THE LAST OF THE SEASON.)

Captain Skirter (patronisingly). "HAW, MISS FENCER, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT TO-DAY. SAW YOU GO RATTLING WELL THAT LAST DAY AT EVEHALLOW."

Miss Fencer (promptly). "WE ALWAYS GO WHERE THERE IS GOING. BUT"—(sweetly)—"I DARE SAY YOU DON'T OFTEN SEE US!!"

"Will you marry me to-morrow?" asked ORLISS, violently clenching his hands until the nails disappeared in the palms and came out distinct, firm, and visible at the back, while his teeth closed hard on his upper lip.

She was dreamily thinking of Wollum and the seashore, and is not attending to him.

"Answer me!" he cried, an agony of indignant perspiration breaking out on his clay-white face, and colouring it a rich brown. "We will be married to-morrow morning early, before the break of day, won't we?" he asks, stooping his waved gold head over her and smiling dearly.

"No, we won't," she answered. Then, as if afraid of having given him too sharp a stab, she added, as if in correction, "At least, not too early. Let us be married after the break of day. Let the break of day be married first."

He takes her to his arms, and strains her to his broad, strong, heaving bosom. Then he seizes her slender wrists, but she breaks away from him, and smiles once more on the floor.

I have ceased to play, but the guests, who had never cared to listen to me, being ignorant of my having quitted my place at the piano, are still dancing in the front room.

"Oh Heaven!" BELLA suddenly exclaimed, flinging out her arms, and then throwing her head down on her knees so recklessly that at any moment she might have let it drop and so lost it. "If I were only certain of not suffering to-morrow, I would eat supper now!"

"What are you talking about?" cries ORLISS, startled and gravely shocked at this unlooked-for outburst.

But she makes no answer.

"We must dance before we sup," says ORLISS, gaily. "Come along!" and he flings his happy arms around her, and looking with fierce beauty into her defiant eyes, as a spasm of joy contracts his radiant face, he feels that for the next ten divine, mad minutes of the quadrille, she is his and his only.

"Come along!" says ORLISS, gaily.

"Don't be a nuisance!" she answers. "Go away! *Va t'en! Allez vous promener! Allez vous en! Accrochez-le!*"

He *accroches* it. Yes, ORLISS, his broad chest heaving, and his

wide blue eyes glittering with passionate excitement, seizes her fiercely by her back hair in an access of sudden and uncontrollable passion; he presses the *souvenir* to his lips, and passes out. So he is gone; dismissed, for awhile. Gradually the music ceased; the guests, hot, weary, flushed, pallid, and straggling, have departed. BELLA lifts her dreamy, wistful eyes up to me, and holds out the advertisement sheet of a newspaper.

"Look," she says to me. "A Lady-Help is required at once by SIR GUY FOCKSDAY, of Focksday Hall. I am weary of this kind of life. I shall go."

And before I can say a word, she has packed up her things, and gone.

CHAPTER X.—What the Author says.

It was a cold, dreary November when she arrived at the lodge gate of Focksday Hall, and walked up the noble avenue towards the ancient house. It was SIR GUY's birthday—the fifth of the month; and the simple-minded, attached peasantry were showing their love for their old Squire by carrying him in a chair round the grounds, while they sang psæms of joy suitable to the occasion.

SIR GUY, whose fine old venerable head, set loosely on his somewhat uneven and stooping shoulders, hung forward on his breast and harmoniously nodded in time with every movement of his bearers. His dress, though a comfortable one for an English Squire, had something of a foreign cut about it, which seemed scarcely in keeping with the surroundings of the place: his coat, which showed evident signs of rough, hard work in all kinds of weathers, was patched, here and there,—with such a variety of un-blended colours as would have driven GIORRO wild, and given TINTORERRO fits,—and had been warmly lined for the inclement, cutting winter season with clean, warm, supple, sweet-smelling straw, the ends of which occasionally peeped out, revealing the real interior luxury of this poor-looking old rag of a garment. His nether man was defended in a similar manner from the biting North wind; and his feet, encased in big, easy boots, hung loosely over the chair, so that the toes turning by that mutual attraction to one another which is the peculiarity of a certain class of toes, castanetted an accompaniment to their slow progress along the grounds. Be it remem-



ROSE-LEAF CRUMPLES.

Edith. "OH DEAR! I AM SO TIRED!"

Loving Husband. "WHAT HAS FATIGUED YOU, MY PIPPETYWIPPETY POPPET?"

Edith. "OH! I HAVE HAD TO HOLD UP MY PARASOL ALL THE TIME I WAS IN THE CARRIAGE!"

A CHANCE FOR "OUIDA."

THE Herzegovinians have had their Amazon, as most guerilla armies have had before them. What a heroine this *MADemoiselle MERKUS* would make for "OUIDA," or the romantic sisterhood who toil after her in vain through the unwholesome jungles of the improbable and the improper! A Dutch Creole, born at Java, where she possesses immense estates, attached to the staff of the unpronounceable one, *LJUBIBRATICS*, equipping an insurgent squadron at her own expense, out of funds supplied from her château and grounds in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem! Lovely, accomplished, raven-haired, wasp-waisted, gazelle-eyed, Diana-limbed, and only twenty-four years of age, she is all a lady-novelist can require for a starting-point! There is your heroine. Stew her down in the stock extracted from a chapter on liqueurs, a discussion about old china and *bric-à-brac*, and the descriptive detail of twenty or thirty dresses by WORTH; pepper the mixture with quotations from the naughtiest French novels and the best known Italian proverbs, with a sprinkling of oaths in as many languages as can be found room for; and, after letting her simmer through the proper number of pages with a Florentine duke, whose limpid eyes dive down to the soles of her "Hessians"—for she wears male Herzegovinian attire—with a Parisian *cocodette* for her rival, dish-up with a garnish of the raciest bits of the last decade's worst literature, and you have a novel which would certainly be in hot demand for three weeks at least among the more reckless subscribers to *MURIE'S Library*—who, in their hunger for excitement, cannot wait to discriminate the taste of what they swallow, or the effect of it upon the ravenous devourer.

The Genius of the Ring.

AN excitable Lady, who disapproves of the paternal and maternal government of the School-Board, being summoned for not sending her children to school the other day, suddenly took off her wedding-ring, and threw it at the head of the sitting Magistrate. MR. BENSON, the Magistrate at the wicket, dexterously caught the ring (amid cries of "Well fielded!" by the Clerks), and proceeded good-humouredly to ask the irascible mother conundrums which were not calculated to calm her troubled spirit—"Why did you throw your wedding-ring at me?" To which she might have reasonably replied, "Because it is the first step to a Union." But she didn't. We are not informed that MR. BENSON told her that, if she could not take care of her ring, the Court would be obliged to find her a keeper.

bered that SIR GUY was now a man well stricken in years, and so it was no wonder that such colour as remained in his white, glazed-looking, hard features was of a peculiar, rosy, fresh geranium tint; that his eyes were hollow and lack-lustre; that his nose was sharp, white, and meaningless; and, as SIR GUY was still a great smoker, it would have been a matter of unfeigned astonishment to his friends had they seen him without the short clay pipe which was now stuck, in a careless fashion, into his bar-slit, toothless mouth, whose hard, shrivelled, yet brown-pink lips, held the pipe-stem with a fixed pressure: nor would they have evinced less surprise had they met him without the bunch of wooden matches, or pipe-lights, which he carried, negligently, in one curved, powerless hand, while, in the other—being old-fashioned, and not caring to muddle himself up with new-fangled inventions—he held a lantern, with a lighted candle within. It was this vision of

"A fine Old English Gentleman,
One of the olden time,"

that met BELLA's gaze as she crossed the avenue, and entered the side-path.

"SIR GUY seems beloved—though, no doubt, he is eccentric," she thought to herself; "but I may be happy here."

Seeing a stranger approaching, SIR GUY bade his bearers set him down somewhere away, among the laurel-bushes, or in the tool-shed, or any quiet corner, so that he might be out of the way when the supposed visitor called—as is the fashion with fine old English hospitable gentlemen when they ought to be present to receive a guest. So the good, snub-nosed, Sabbath-clothed peasants, singing

"Please to remember
The Fifth of November,"

turned the chair over in among the laurel-bushes, and walked away, leaving SIR GUY to watch the effect upon the caller when one of his powdered, canary-coloured Colossi should open the hall-door, and say "Not at home!" in answer to the first simple inquiry.

But Fate willed it otherwise; and the visitor was not to inquire at that door yet awhile.

Her curiosity partially aroused by what she had seen, BELLA crossed the garden-walk. Fatigued with her walk, for a moment she sits down on a rough-hewn bench.

I do not believe in coincidences generally; but I believe in this coincidence, because it exactly fits into this present situation, and helps us along.

As she sighed, she heard the roll of wheels upon a gravel-path, and two voices—a man's and a woman's.

The woman's said, lackadaisically—and yet why should she lack-a-daisy where so many grew?—"Carry Floss: she's rheumatic, and the ground is rather too damp."

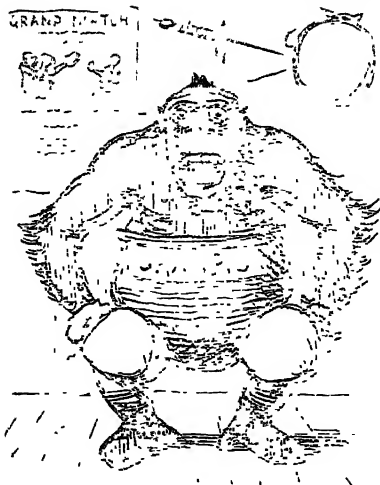
"Yes, my Lady."

At that man's voice BELLA started so violently that she tilted the seat, backwards, right in among the laurel and rhododendron shrubs, and so—fortunately for her—disappeared from view as there passed, right in front of where she had but the moment before been seated, a Lady in a Bath-chair, wheeled by a tall servant in a splendid livery, carrying a little fat, wheezing, silk-eared dog, that had seen its best days among the snows of St. Bernard in the Isles of Newfoundland.

BELLA, completely concealed by the friendly bushes, was able to concentrate her whole attention on the Lady, while the face of her male attendant was turned away.

(To be continued.)

GREAT MEETING AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



ON Good Friday, taking advantage of the closing of the Gardens, a Meeting of the most influential of DR. SCLATER's boarders was convened for the purpose of considering the arrangements to be made for the reception at the Gardens of the animals presented to H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES during his Indian progress.

On the motion of the Senior Lion present, seconded by *Chunee*, the Big Elephant, the Royal and Imperial Bengal Tiger was called to the Chair.

The Chairman said: No doubt the Meeting was aware of the fact that His Royal Highness had in the course of his Indian tour received more—a good

many more—zoological gifts from the Rajahs, Maharajahs, Rams, Jams, Guikwar, Peishwas, Nawaubs, and other potentates of India, than he knew what to do with. The synonym for the most embarrassing and unwelcome of gifts that could be made was a "white elephant"—no offence to their most respectable pachydermatous comrade of darker complexion, who, he was sure, would always be a welcome present, under any circumstances. These half-civilised Indian rulers—his family had known something about them in earlier days—were apparently under the impression that there were no tigers, lions, elephants, panthers, cheetahs, or bears in this country—(*derisive howls, roars, grunts, growls, and squeaks from the company*)—but what was the fact? The uncivilised animals which had been shipped on board the *Serapis* and the *Raleigh*—for, literally, the animals had had to come over in two ships, like the famous Monkey in the comic song—were no more to be compared to the animals born, or at least educated, in those Gardens, than the street Arab of the back slums could be compared with the highly cultivated Graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. The question before them was, should this fact be acknowledged and acted upon, or ignored? Should the new-comers be received with the attentions due to distinguished foreigners, the deference that should always be paid to Royal property, or the cool and contemptuous indifference that was the natural demeanour of civilised beings towards mere illiterate and uncultivated—he might say savage—intruders on the happy and highly-trained family-party which he saw around him?

The Indian Elephant, being loudly called upon, trumpeted to the effect that he flattered himself he knew something about Elephants, something about England, and something about India. He must say that he felt as if he never could look an *Illustrated London News* or a *Graphic* in the face again, after the glut of Elephants they had inflicted on the public during the tour of His Royal Highness. If the Prince was as sick of Elephants as the public must be, he feared the popularity of his family had received a blow from which it never would recover. There could be such a thing as even too much Elephant. (*Cries of "No, no!"*) It was now twenty-five years since he had packed up his trunk for his journey to this country. Since then he had led a quiet and happy, though somewhat monotonous, life. It was easier, if less exciting work, carrying a howdah-load of children than a fat Rajah or his hareem, or a sporting Sahib with his breech-loaders; and he would rather make the acquaintance of his distinguished friend in the Chair through the bars of the Caravans-house than at closer quarters on his own flank, or with his (the Elephant's) trunk in his (the Tiger's) claws. He would say nothing of the effects of a diet composed largely of stale buns and questionable gingerbread. Luckily his digestion was pretty strong. But he knew the British Public. It liked novelty, it liked Lions—no allusion to his feline friends—and it liked Foreigners—if a little savage, so much the better. Look at the way it ran after the SHAH. He was quite prepared to find his friend the B. P. going into raptures over the new-comers, if only because they knew no English and had never tasted a bun in their lives. He did not mean to allow his trunk to be put out of joint by any such ignorant intruders, though they came from the stud or the mighty RAM-JAM JELLYBOY, the original BANDERSNATCH, or the great PANJANDRUM himself. He, for one, would take care that the Superintendent, Fellows, and Visitors knew HIS sentiments on the subject. If these strangers were thrust upon the established

animals, let the public look out, he would not say for squalls, but for trumpets, to a pretty lively tune, and a smash to follow. He did not think his howdah would be the safest place for hopeful boys home for the holidays if the rumoured intention was persisted in.

Jenny, the Ourang-Outan, after apologising for the weak state of her voice, owing to chronic bronchitis—these East winds were really cruel—put it to the Meeting, if this was the sort of weather poor animals ought to expect so near May-Day. She would only remind them, that the attraction of their less civilised brethren would draw more nuts and buns.

The Chairman growled out that he didn't see what nuts and buns had to do with it. If she had said ribs of beef, he could have understood the observation.

The Ourang-Outan apologised, and for the rest of the meeting sat pensively nibbling the Larger Ant-Eater's tail, but said no more.

The Polar Bear quite agreed with his pachydermatous friend (the Elephant). He had no liking for India, which he considered a nasty, hot, disagreeable country, with not an iceberg or a glacier to be had for love or money, without travelling as far as the great Himalayan range. He did not expect to find any of his kith or kin among the new-comers, and had no disposition to admit relationship with the diminutive and vegetable-eating Himalayan Bears who, he understood, would be represented among them.

The Brown Bear of Europe begged to say "ditto" to his Polar cousin. He did not believe in Indian gifts either. He might have his own views about—some might say *upon*—India, but all he would say at that Meeting was that his motto had been, and should always be, "Bear and for-Bear." They had heard of "the Lion's share" long enough. He hoped the time was now coming for the Bear's share to be meted out to him. He did not see what they wanted with more animals, except for the commissariat department. All he could say was, that, if they came, he was willing to do his best to see them taken in and done for.

The Lion remarked that if he had changed his quarters lately, he was still the Old Lion. He had asked his Royal and Imperial friend to take the Chair, to show that he did not envy him his new title. He preferred old names himself, and would remain the original British Lion so long known, and he hoped he might add, so deservedly popular, in those Gardens. He thought the less we had of Indian titles, or of Indian visitors, the better.

The Royal and Imperial Bengal Tiger wished to know if the British Lion had any intention of reflecting on him, or his family or title, by that remark?

The British Lion declined to explain.

The Tiger on this began to growl, and the Meeting was much agitated for some moments, when, luckily, the Keepers coming up, got the animals coaxed to their respective dens, and the bars were secured on the *Carnivora* without mischief, though without any distinct expression of the feeling of the Meeting.

(POSSIBLE) MAY MEETINGS, 1876.

MR. DISRAELI may meet with a good reason for his newly-acquired *Empress*—better at least than those *Empresses* of his favourite chocolate and milk girl.

MR. GLADSTONE may meet with something fresh to disestablish—with MR. DISRAELI's assistance.

MR. KENEALY may meet with some one who believes him the heir of all the Plantagenets, a greater orator than DEMOSTHENES, and a juster man than ARISTIDES.

MR. WHALLEY may meet with a simpler victim of delusion than himself.

MR. NEWDEGATE may meet with a nunnery that will receive him with open arms.

The SULTAN and the KHEDIVE may meet with some one able to show them a new way to pay old debts.

The Armies of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA may meet with the word "EMPERESS" chalked on a board somewhere in Asia, and retreat into Europe with precipitation.

The two giant Iron-clads *Aéronaut* and *Diving Belle* may meet, and prove MR. WARD HUNT's provision in christening them.

MR. SWINBURNE may meet with a poet equal to himself—even in his own opinion.

The Home-Rulers and Nationalists may meet, without having to be parted by the Police.

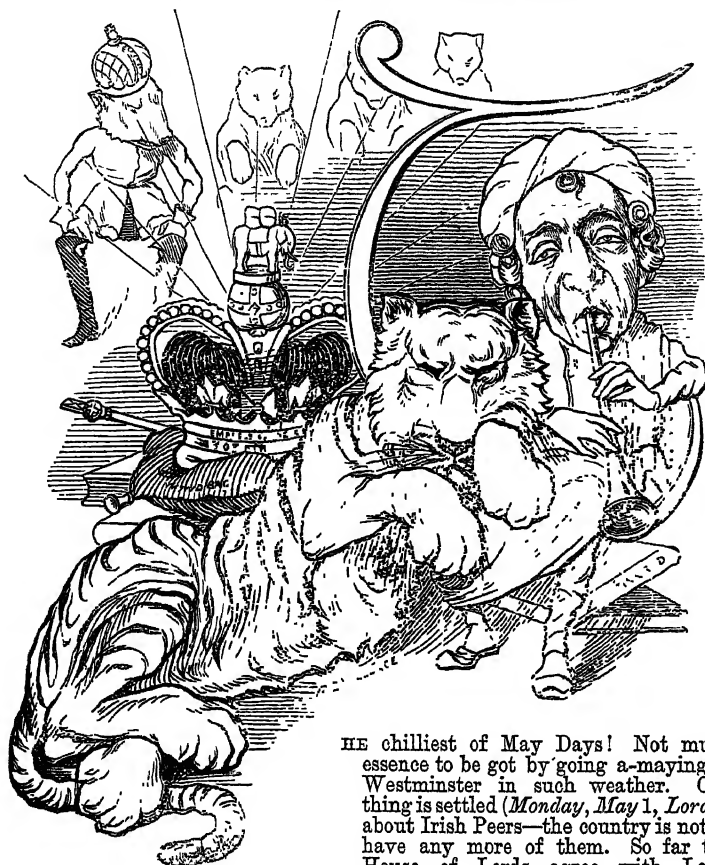
Christians of different denominations may meet without cursing each other.

The House of Commons may meet with the serious intention of doing useful work.

Mr. PUNCH may meet with an Upper Ten and a Lower Ten Million, none of whom deserve his satiric lash.

PAINTERS, whose Pictures have been sent back for want of room, must be pleased to learn that the Royal Academy has had a STOREY added to it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE chilliest of May Days! Not much essence to be got by going a-maying in Westminster in such weather. One thing is settled (*Monday, May 1, Lords*), about Irish Peers—the country is not to have any more of them. So far the House of Lords agree with LORD INCHQUIN. The rest of the Bill—as

far as *Punch* can understand—has gone to the dogs. No. Irish boroughs may yet have the chance given them of being represented by Irish Peers. Who dares say England never does anything for Ireland?

(*Commons*).—Merchant Shipping again. Government Clause carried to prohibit deck-loads of heavy timber, or of light timber above three feet high, between October and March. MR. PLIMSOLL was within eight of getting timber deck-loads prohibited altogether. Bravo, PLIMSOLL! This shows the good of “pegging away,” even in the teeth of a stonewall; nay, against what is worse than any number of stonewalls, such a feather-bed fender as ADDERLEY’S puzzle-pate stuffed with good intentions.

Tuesday (Lords).—First cry over spilt milk—of which we are promised more to come. LORD SELBORNE stated, elaborately and emphatically, his grounds for contending that Ministers, after promising to “localise” the QUEEN’S Imperial Title, by their Proclamation, have kept the word of “honour to the ear, and broken it to the sense,” by localising the title of Queen in England, and giving the title of Empress everywhere else in the British dominions.

“No,” says the LORD CHANCELLOR. “The Proclamation applies only to cases where the QUEEN’S full title has to be used. It provides that the new title shall not be used in those cases, where they relate to England only. That is what I undertook we would do, and that is what we have done.”

LORD HATHERLEY (ex-Lord Chancellor) compactly puts the question, as between LORD SELBORNE and LORD CAIRNS—which will next week be the question between MR. DISRAELI and SIR H. JAMES, between Her Majesty’s Government and Her Majesty’s Opposition, between the Majority and the Minority:—“Did the promise to localise the title mean spreading it over every part of the Empire except England?”

Now our readers know exactly the point at issue. It could not have been better put than by LORD SELBORNE, or more clearly, and weakly, met than by LORD CAIRNS. Between them we know the best that can be said for, and the worst that can be said against, Government. And bad is the best.

(Meanwhile, it is a comfort to know that if Municipalities *Kotow*, it will be because they like it. SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King-at-Arms, told the Corporation of Dublin that in their Address to the QUEEN on the return of the PRINCE OF WALES, they must approach her by the new style. “Nothing of the kind!” says the HOLKER, in his off-hand way. “Bother SIR BERNARD!” So BURKE is Burked! The Ulster King-at-Arms may put the HOLKER’S flat contradiction in his pipe—if Kings-at-Arms have such low things—and smoke it—if Kings-at-Arms do such low things.)

(*Commons*).—MR. DISRAELI explained to SIR H. JAMES that of course in

Commissions the new title must be used, as they operated all over the world—in India as elsewhere.

“Investigation of Titles” has always been the *raw* of our Law-Transfer law. It promises soon to be as awkward, and as sore a point in the Law, as in the Law, of the land. What a *raw* of questions must be growing out of the Proclamation for the Law Officers, from the LORD CHANCELLOR down!

The Government grants SIR H. HAVELOCK a Select Committee to inquire how berths in the Civil Service can be found for meritorious members of the Military and Naval ditto, after discharge. But MR. HARDY declines to turn the War-Office into a Registration-Office.

PETER TAYLOR, that *Don Quixote* of doubtful cases and desperate causes, laid bare for the second time the backs of the two small boys whom MR. WILBERFORCE, taking the law and the stick into his own hands, thrashed, *vice parentis*, and has thereby earned, and got, a lecture from the LORD CHANCELLOR on the danger of Magistrates allowing their Eton experience of flogging and its blessed effects to carry them too far. MR. TAYLOR, after a statement of the case, in that peculiarly strong language which anything that he views as oppression always provokes him to,—so much must be said to the credit of his heart, if not his head—asked to have MR. WILBERFORCE dismissed from the Bench.

The House agreed with SIR W. BARTELOT that the Magistrate’s error of judgment had been sufficiently punished, and that “wiggling” might fairly be set against “whipping”—particularly as MR. W. had had to pay £15 damages, at which rate the indignant parent would probably be delighted to have his rabbit-hunting offspring flogged every week in the year.

MR. C. LEWIS called the RIGHT HON. R. LOWE over the coals for his after-dinner story at Retford, that two Ministers, to whom the QUEEN had made the proposal, had declined to bring in a Bill empowering her to add to her title.

MR. LOWE having first answered MR. LEWIS’S letter, giving notice of his intention to ask the question, as he used to answer deputations, by a snub including a sneer, tried to repeat the process in his speech, and so laid himself open to such a double-thonging from MR. DISRAELI, as the House has not had the pleasure of seeing administered for many a long day, followed by a denial of MR. LOWE’S statement on the part of HER MAJESTY—a real Queen’s Message. The House received the message with respect, the castigation with relish. On no back could the lash have been laid so entirely to the House’s satisfaction. BEN thrashing BOB, BOB having richly deserved it, is only less delightful than it will be to see BOB return the compliment to BEN when he gets the chance.

Arcades ambo,

Scarificare pares, et pay-back-re parati.

Wednesday.—Bill to assimilate Irish Registration to English. Ireland being so like English in all other respects, why should it not be like her also in this? Strange the House can’t see the absurdity, but persists in throwing out the Bill by 205 to 118.

Thursday (Commons).—MR. LOWE, having taken council of his pillow, and his friends—he *has* friends—apologised humbly and fully for his Retford *lesc-majesté*. It would have been inexcusable in him to repeat the story if false; still more inexcusable, if true. The QUEEN’S name should not be dragged into debate, for the QUEEN is the only person in England who cannot open her mouth in her own defence.

After MR. LOWE had administered the discipline to himself with a heavy hand, MR. LEWIS got up to improve the occasion, but the House was not of a humour for MR. LEWIS’S “improvement,” and shut him up sharply. MR. LEWIS had better be warned by the fate of MR. LOWE.

SIR HENRY JAMES gave notice of his intention to move a Resolution that the Proclamation under the Royal Titles Bill does *not* make adequate provision for localising the title of Empress.

MR. DISRAELI, accepting the motion as at once a vote of no confidence and censure, put that day week at SIR HENRY’S service. So on Thursday the 11th, the Crown will again be thrown up for a kick off, a “rooge,” and a “bully,” though there can be no doubt, considering the strength of the sides, which will carry the goal. But *was* the Crown meant for a foot-ball?

Merchant Shipping. Delightful as usual. Scurvy,



SECRETS.

Intelligent Housemaid. "OH, PLEASE, MISS, THERE WAS A YOUNG GENTLEMAN CALLED WHEN YOU WAS OUT. HE DIDN'T LEAVE NO CARD, MISS; BUT I CAN SHOW YOU WHO HE IS, 'CAUSE THERE'S THREE OF HIS PHOTOGRAPHS IN YOUR ALBUM."

ships'-boats, and advance-notes in hand. The President of the Board of Trade threw a new light on the dangers and disadvantages of ships'-boats.

"Suppose a ship wrecked in the middle of the Atlantic, with all the life-boats and deck rafts proposed by the clause on board, and that all the passengers were lowered safely; what would become of them? They would simply be starved, and die by inches, instead of being drowned in the ship."

Of boats, said MAJOR BERESFORD (as of wounds in the old play, according to the well-known JOE MILLER),

"The danger's great, because they are so small."

SIR CHARLES retorts (as smartly as the Wag in the gallery),—

"It would be far less, were there none at all."

Ought not the new Shipping Bill contain a provision that no ship carry boats, as a precaution against lingering death in cases of ship-wreck? On Scurvy we are glad to hear that a Committee is sitting. We wish it a close and searching inquiry, and to MR. BATES, and all the other owners of scurvy-smitten ships, a good deliverance. Poor MR. BATES! With all the ship-owning virtues under the sun, he is so unlucky as to be under the necessity—which must be painful to a truly modest mind like his—of perpetually blowing his own trumpet. What is MR. BATES to do if the sailors aboard his ships *won't* eat preserved vegetables, and *will* eat "slush?" Then again, MR. BATES believes Advance-notes to be essential to the well-being of the British Seaman; but perverse Committees, both of Ship-owners and the House of Commons, *will* report against them as demoralising to the Seaman, and of service only to the crimp and the class of owners whose trust is in crimps. BATES in the character of *Antagonistes* again!

Friday (Lords).—LORD DE LA WARR uttered a wail *à propos* of the wicked School Boards, which are dragging us into the slough of despond, of a purely, or impurely, Secular Education! He wants to have the burning question of Primary Education handled in the Lords before going to the Commons, who are sure to scorch their fingers over it. The DUKE OF RICHMOND did not see his way to this. Educators must put their hands into the public pocket, and that was a privilege reserved for the Commons.

Oxford University Bill read a Third Time.

(*Commons.*)—Last night the House was loud on the Seaman's Advance-note in our seaports. To-night it is as hot over the Russian Advance-note in Central Asia.

MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE dragged the double-headed eagle on the *tapis*. We ought to look on the Russian advance towards Merv as the rise of a tide on our Indian frontier.

(Has MR. COCHRANE ever heard of CANUTE and his courtiers? Tides rise by laws of nature. Are Russians in Central Asia advancing so? Better drop the tide metaphor.)

MR. FORSYTH admits that the Bear is swallowing the Khanates; but all the better for the Khanates. The Bear is a blessing—in disguise, perhaps, but still a blessing. Central Asians can only be civilised by absorption. There is no danger to our frontier from the side of Khokand and Kashgar. Our street-doors are the Khyber Pass (*via* Cabul) and the Bholan Pass (*via* Kandahar). Herat is the key of both. So long as we can keep Afghanistan between us and Russia we are all right. Let us stick to SHERE ALI, and stand no nonsense in the way of any stretching of the Bear's paws towards Merv—for Merv is only 240 miles from Herat, and when the Russ takes Herat, he may say "*erat*" of the Anglo-Indian Empire—"There was one once." ("*Fuit*" would be better Latin, but what would become of the pun?)

SIR G. CAMPBELL agreed in the main with MR. FORSYTH. Russia *might* become a dangerous neighbour. She was not so yet. Our best wisdom was to keep our eyes open and our powder dry—not trust her an inch further than we can see her, but not irritate her by perpetual expressions of distrust.

SIR H. HAVELOCK was of opinion that the Indian deluge would be upon us in five years; and that our Ark, the Anglo-Indian Army, was rotten.

MR. DISRAELI had no faith in understandings. (He has educated too many.) He saw no reason why Russia should not follow her natural law of development, provided England gave her clearly to understand that we were determined to strengthen our Indian Empire materially and morally, and always to claim our legitimate influence in the East. Frankness was better than "silent sus-



END OF HUNTING SEASON 1876.

(WITH THE QUEEN'S)

INSTEAD OF DUST, PRIMROSES, AND HARD GROUND WE HAD DELIGHTFULLY OPEN WEATHER! BRILLIANT FINISH WITH THE STAG—WHICH JONES HAD ALL TO HIMSELF!

picion." Human nature was much influenced by titles. "Empress" would be found great medicine, and operate wonderfully.

LORD G. HAMILTON contradicted SIR H. HAVELOCK on the state of the Indian Army. Recent surveys had reported the timbers of our Ark as anything but rotten.

Talk on Barbadoes. Upshot. Better suspend your judgment *in re* POPE-HENNESSY *v.* Planters till we know something certain.

SOMETHING LIKE INVENTIONS.

MR. PUNCH is much surprised to find that the following novelties are not to be included in the Exhibition of Inventions just opened to the Public:—

1. Statement of Startling Facts in an After-dinner Speech. (Exhibited by the RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE.)

2. Handsome Apology for ditto. By ditto. (Unique. Must be seen to be believed.)

3. Joke made in the House of Commons, not to be found in *Joe Miller*. (Exhibited by SIR WILFRID LAWSON.)

4. Plot discovered in England, not got up by the Jesuits. (Exhibited by MR. WHALLEY.)

5. A Specimen of elegant English Oratory presented to the Ladies of England with the Author's compliments. (Exhibited by MR. SMOLLETT.)

6. The "Empress Frontier-Guard"—a new invention for preventing Invasions of India. (Exhibited by the RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.)

7. Women's Rights—warranted genuine. (Exhibited by JACOB BRIGHT.)

8. Real Irish Grievances. (Exhibited by MR. BUTT.)

9. A Plan for reconciling West-End Profits with the working principle of the Civil Service Stores. (Exhibited by SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS.)

10. A Guide-Book to Official Duties, by one who thoroughly knows his own. (Exhibited by SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY.)

11. The Perfect Lawyer: being a Collection of valuable Judgments delivered in the House of Commons by the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL. (Exhibited by SIR JOHN HOLKER.)

12. Useful Hints upon Army Reform. (Exhibited by MR. JOHN HOLMS.)

13. Things not Words: being a Collection of Beneficial Measures passed by the Government during the last two years. (Exhibited by MR. DISRAELI's Cabinet.)

LITERARY FELICITY.

"The question arises . . . whether those who write so much are really much happier."—LORD CARNARVON, at the *Royal Literary Fund*.

WHY in the world should the question arise?
Is the course that bright-winged Pegasus flies
To be measured by means mechanic?
There's a power and passion that urge to write,
And the energy fills with strong delight,
That moves the natural easy might
Of a genius Titanic.

As the war-horse neighs in the battle-hour,
So the spirit of fire, the wielder of power,
Works on, and in strength rejoices.
Better his visions than fortune or fame;
To spend himself is his glorious aim;
He can wait for Posterity's sure acclaim,
If grudging the multitude's voices.

The fickle taste of the thoughtless town
May wrongly assign the laurel crown:
Why should that spoil life's flavour?
Destiny works on a curious plan,
And is often kind to the charlatan;
But the man who has power is the happy man,
Whoever has Fortune's favour.

ATALANTA IN ENGLAND.



BEFORE MR. POYNTER'S superb picture Mr. Punch moralises—

A HAPPY loss! And not the only race
In which the fair sex fairly wins by losing.
Fleetness 'gainst force! The nymph should have the pace
Over a pleasant course of her own choosing.
But in a pounding, long cross-country spin,
When way and weather make it heavy going,
Who'd back those flying rosy feet to win?
I'd rather see them flowing
Through a waltz-measure, than besplashed with mire
On that rude course where e'en male roadsters tire.

Meilanion has it! "Yes, by sleight, not speed,"
Grumbles in *Punch's* ear a phantom BECKER.
Could woman e'er run straight? Doubtful indeed!
That golden globe you see has power to check her
Midway a winning race. Dame Venus knew
More of her mind than MRL. That fruit's a symbol
Of things no woman, blaze she bright in blue,
Or meekly ply a thimble,
Could e'er be trusted to resist. While partial
To the marital, she enjoys the martial.

Fight? Yes, like Tomyris! But fight they fair,
Who war 'gainst nature, feeling, and affection?—
Given a tribe of BECKERS, trained with care,
By natural, or unnatural, selection,
For ages to judicial poise, the last
Who crowned your model species could no more
Resist love's lure in judgment's race-course east,
Than she who ran of yore
For Woman's Rights in Ancient Greece could grapple
With the temptation of that golden apple.

Alas, dear LYDIA! It is all too late
To change the gentler sex in soul or stature.
With sheer unfitness—worse than extra weight—
Woman, thank Heaven, is handicapped by Nature.
Enter her for the great Political Stakes,
A race in which few men 'scape slip or stumble!
Sweet LYDIA, 'tis the maddest of mistakes.
No surer way to humble
Thy justest pride of sex. Before beginning,
Pray calculate what she might lose by winning!

"Mere selfish sentiment"? No spouter, *Punch*,
Of pinchbeck chivalry as poor and hollow
As SMOLLETT's satyr-satire. By his hunch,
Lay Woman's weal that way, he'd lead—not follow—
The New Crusade! But say she wins the race,
Our Atalanta—not the Arcadian, surely,
But latter-day Beotian—place and grace
Which now she holds securely
As a non-combatant, are hers no longer,
Whom only weakness e'er can make the stronger.

Trust *Punch*, though maidens may be ne'er so fast,
Life's race-course, is not woman's road to glory.
CLEMENE's fleet-foot daughter failed at last,
And, when she won, her trophies were all gory.
Pardon the word, *c'est mâle*, and most unpleasant
Like others masculine and militant:
How shape them to your sex's lips? At present
Punch must confess he can't!
Gain's loss, when sex with sex for mastery grapples;
Best waive the race, and share the golden apples!

ACADEMY ECHOES.

"How do? So glad to see you." "Umbrellas and sticks to be left here." "What a nuisance this catalogue is; why can't they put the names on the pictures?" "Oh! I beg your pardon, I hope I have not torn your dress. (*sotto voce*.) What a bore these long trains are!" "What, you here?" "Yes; hate pictures, you know, but always come—duty to society, and all that sort of thing." "What is the picture of the year—that's all I want to see?" "I say, JACK, see how these brutes have hung my picture, one wants a ladder to see it." "Look here at my picture, it is hung on the ground, Sir." "Poor show, very. No, no, I have not exhibited this year. In fact, the public taste is not yet sufficiently educated to appreciate my—." "Oh, here's a guy of a portrait, Mamma!" "Hush, CHARLIE, you shouldn't talk like that." "But isn't he ugly?" "Yes, he is certainly very plain." (*Original of portrait, who was contemplating his features with natural pride, departs angrily.*) "Atalanta's Race." Ah! who was he?" "Look at the girl stealing that apple!" "Oh! never mind *Atalanta*; what will you do about *Petrarch*?" "He is putting it on, ain't he: guess he'd beat WESTON pretty smart." "I beg your pardon." "How clumsy men are, when they see a girl has a couple of yards of train on the floor: they ought to be careful." "MILLCENT—if I may call you MILLCENT—if you would only let—." "Oh, here's Mamma! Oh, Mamma! we have been looking everywhere for you!" "Oh! ain't there a doosid crowd 'ere; but a poor-looking lot: bless you, a poor-looking lot!" "What have you bought?" "Well, I don't know exactly; about ten thousand pounds' worth I should think. Not a bad lot to take back to Liverpool." "I've ordered fifteen thousand pounds' worth. Manchester ought to encourage art; these artists ain't bad chaps: but they've got no money. Now we've got money. It's all right: fair exchange in the open market."

"The *Daphnephoria*." Oh, how grand, how superb, how it recalls the classic! Oh, that beautiful life of fair, fair Greece!" "Looks more like an old drop-scene than anything else." "How admirably managed the singing girls are!" "Don't they look as if they were catching flies?" "What are all those women yawning at?" "Who was the *Daphnephoria*?" "Oh, ah, she was a goddess." "A goddess of what?" "Well, of—of several things, but why don't you read your catalogue?" "The *Widower*." What do you think of it?" "A rather good Faed, gone big." "Squalid, isn't it?" "Yes, but the loaf on the table is not what a working-man would eat; that would cost twopence more than he would give." (*Several people overhear this remark, and pass it off as their own at different periods of the day.*)

"Hullo! what's this No. 153?" "Bravo, HART, the worst picture in the room." "R. A.'s ain't up to much this year, eh?" "Oh, wretched! Look at this, it's a miserable daub. If I had painted it, it would have been rejected, instead of being hung on the line." "Here's a thing! Really, some of these old buffers ought to resign." (*The old buffer referred to glares savagely round.*) "I have been looking everywhere for MISS THOMPSON's picture. Where is it?" "Oh, not here at all. The lady is above exhibiting here." "Selecting Pictures, that must be interesting to you." "Interesting! If they had called it *Rejecting Pictures* it would have hit me more." "That's MILLAIS, with the white hat." "No, no, that's CALDERON." "That's FRITH, I tell you." "It's not—that's the President." "I would like to murder them all. Why wasn't I made an Associate?"

"What's this called? Just look it up." "The *King Lear disinheriting Cordelia*." "Rubbish. Why, it's a duck with a frog in its mouth." "I beg your pardon, I have made a mistake; that's 'A Stern Chase is a Long Chase.'" "I have found the best picture here." "Which is it?" "The Refreshment Bar; let's have a little soda, with something in it." "Ah, the deuce! Oh my corns, my corns!" (*The foregoing observation is called forth by a bath-chair being wheeled rapidly over the speaker's feet.*) "There are the JONESSES, Papa, look the other way. Oh, they have seen us. How do you do, Miss JONES? So delighted to see you." "How charming that 'Cinderella' is!" "Lovely." "Isn't that girl's face painted?" "No, not a bit." "I mean on the canvas. Sold again!" "I am very tired of this." "So am I." "I am going." "I am off." "I must get away." "Best Exhibition for years." "Never saw a worse show—never!" "Lovely!" "Miserable!"

A POSITIVE NEGATIVE.

So many lies have been told about the victualling of a certain Herzegovinian fortress by the Turkish Army, that the only thing one can believe about it is the name, "Nik-sic," which in *Lingua Franca* would mean, "Not-so."

A PRINCIPLE FOR THE PRESS.—It behoves no British Journalist to be wiser than the British Public. (N.B. except *Punch*.)



“‘HIGH’ LIFE BELOW STAIRS!”

Master (sniffing). “THERE’S A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SMELL, JAMES. I’VE NOTICED IT SEVERAL—”

Hall Porter. “I DON’T WONDER AT IT, SIR. I’VE SPOKE ABOUT IT DOWN-STAIRS. THE BUTLER, SIR, YOU SEE IS ‘IGH CHURCH,’ WHICH HE ‘AS FIT UP A HORATORY IN THE PANTRY, AND BURNS HINCENSE. WE COULD STAND THAT; BUT THE COOK IS THE ‘LOW CHURCH’ PERSUASION, AND SEE BURNS BROWN PAPER TO HOBVIATE THE HINCENSE. IT’S PERFECTLY HAWFUL ON SAINTS’ DAYS, SIR!!!”

TIGHT FISH.

PERHAPS the audience at the Royal Institution the other Friday evening included SIR WILFRID LAWSON. If so, a portion at least of a lecture delivered by MR. G. J. ROMANES, on the “Physiology of the Nervous System of the Medusa,” must have captivated him. It is reported as follows. On those animals—

“Many experiments were tried to test the effect of poisons, or what are poisons to most vertebrates. The actions were almost identical. Alcohol produced all the successive stages of intoxication, from irregularity of swimming to hilarity of motion and final comatose sleep, which was always recovered by a night’s rest. The lecturer regretted he had not tried the restorative effects of soda-water.”

And perhaps of pick-me-up. A man addicted to liquor is sometimes said to drink like a fish, which is just what such persons do not, though the compulsory Teetotallers do their best to make them. From the foregoing account, however, it appears probable that fishes in common with most vertebrates can be affected by poisons, including alcohol, and that jelly-fishes, though not vertebrate, were actually intoxicated with it. Salt water is, of course, the strongest beverage of

“Fishes that tinkle in the deep.”

They “know no such liberty” as that of which SIR WILFRID and his associates seek to deprive their neighbours. It is only by scientific experiment that philosophers can ascertain how fishes, usually water-drinkers, behave under the influence of spirits and water. They prove, it appears, unable to swim straight, they roll and tumble about, and finally become senseless. In this condition it might puzzle a Policeman, taking up a fish, to discern if it were drunk or dying. The “Talking Fish” some time ago exhibited was if not a fish still a “vertebrate.” If a talking fish were made tipsy, how would it talk? As inarticulately, no doubt, as a Lord of the Creation, not to say a Christian in like case. In short, it seems that fishes behave exactly as human beings do when half-seas-over. In that state they might, like the Spartan Helots, be utilised as ridiculous examples. But really, is not experimenting on animals with intoxicating liquors as shocking as vivisection?

A MONDAY NIGHT’S DREAM.

A Fantasia. Composed and dedicated to his friend MR. ARTHUR. S. CHAPPELL, by his ever grateful friend, Mr. Punch.

(THERE is no evident reason why this very original and most fascinating composition should be styled “Fantasia” any more than the other grand compositions of the same Master. That it is constructed in a wholly independent manner, and that each movement shows a certain fantastic character, is true. To analyse the so-called “Fantasia” in detail would occupy more space than can be afforded; but a brief quotation from each of the principal themes will suffice to call attention to the character and plan of each successive movement.—*Our Own Analytical Programmist.*)

Introduzione—Allegretto.

A winter evening, and a spacious room,
A creeping fog, and a mysterious gloom—
No sight or sound that hints the picturesque—
A brass-bound piano, and a fiddler’s desk.

Ladies sitting at their knitting,
Or chatting over their tatting;
The vast amphitheatre filling,
Modest votaries of the shilling,
And the tardy stalls, up-driving,
Just in nick of time arriving.
Now the gas bursts into brilliancy—
And each heart leaps into activity.

While a fiddle’s distant flourish warns each wayward
sound to stop.

Do you ask me what’s to-night meant
By this flutter of excitement?

’Tis the Hall of Great St. James’s. We are at a Monday
Pop.

Andante Cantabile.

When the soul with sorrow laden
Finds no answer to its moan
In the jocund voice of HAYDN,
Or MOZART’s pellucid tone;

When our SCHUBERT’s cunning lyre
Fails to draw us at its will,
And the depths of our desire
E’en BEETHOVEN cannot still;

When the mists that bound things human
We have sought to pierce in vain,
Then we turn to thee, O SCHUMANN,
Bid thee sing to us our pain.

Scherzo e trio.

Quartett in A minor—
Sure nothing is finer,
And no one e’er heard a performance diviner:
For strength and for neatness,
For purity, sweetness,
And all that is blent in the joy of completeness.

Finale. Presto agitato con brio.

Now with all the speed they can,
All four playing like one man:
And a rapture half-divine
Steeps the senses, as in wine!
JOACHIM, ZERBINI, STRAUSS—
Steadfast pillars of the house;
JOACHIM, PIATTI, RIES—
Where are players like to these?
And SIR JULIUS, their chief,
With his laurel, green of leaf.
To your sovereign long be loyal,
Children of the CHAPPELL-Royal.
Should you fail us but for one day,
“Transit gloria” of that “Monday.”
Let them cry from every steeple
We’re no music-loving people—
While we’re drawn from every part
By the magic of MOZART;
While two thousand souls are cloven
By the beauty of BEETHOVEN—
They may call us what they will;
We will come and listen still!



SELF-DENIAL.

SARAH-MARIA, BETSY-JANE, AND JEMIMER-ANN GO EVER SO MUCH OUT OF THE WAY EVERY MORNING TO PASS BY THE BARRACKS, "AS IT DO AMUSE THE CHILDREN SO TO SEE THE SOLDIERS HEXERCISIN'!"

WHEN THE PRINCE COMES HOME.

SOMEBODY will compose a triumphal March called "*The Hero of India*."

SOMEBODY will indite a Song of Welcome, with *horn obligato*, beginning "The Royal Hunter is once more at home."

SOMEBODY who has a small volume of *Travels in the East*, will ask permission to dedicate the same to His Royal Highness.

SOMEBODY connected with a "great educational and national undertaking" will organise a grand *fête* and display of fireworks.

SOMEBODY (in many parts of the Empire) will want to present an Address.

SOMEBODY will invent a new condiment, and will call it "The Prince's Indian Pickle."

SOMEBODY will do a great deal of loyal addressing, wound up by a great deal of loyal eating and drinking, in honour of His Royal Highness's safe return.

SOMEBODY will expect a Knighthood.

SOMEBODY will send as subject for a Cartoon for *Punch*, BRITANNIA seated on a lion, saying, "How-dah do?" to His Royal Highness mounted on an elephant.

SOMEBODY will have a lifelong grievance against *Punch* if the above excellent suggestion is not acted upon immediately.

SOMEBODY (equally well known as "nobody") will consider it his duty to attend the *levée* of His Royal Highness.

SOMEBODY will mob the Prince the first time His Royal Highness appears in public.

SOMEBODY will begin holding balls now that the Prince's return has given the signal for the real commencement of the Season.

SOMEBODY (owning a sewing-machine) will set to work with a lighter heart now that there is a prospect of brisk employment.

And, lastly, everybody bearing the English name and speaking the English tongue will be delighted to welcome the Prince back to his own again. *Vivant Regina et Princeps!*

FOR THE COUNCIL OF THE R.A.—"Give a dog a bad name—and don't hang him."

ELEGY ON A LATELY DECEASED WHISTLING OYSTER.

DEAR native! He measured six inches across,
And he whistled in answer to me.

Where'er shall I find, to make up for his loss,
So unselfish a shell-fish as he!

Spite of dredgers destructive he clung to the bed
Whereof from the spat he was reared,

And a true native lived, though he still, it was said,
Like a foreigner breathed through his beard.

How he sang, my brave bivalve! Molluscos of throat,
He could run up his scales clean to C,

A true Oyster-Patti—he reached as high note,
Though not quite as high *L. S. D.*

But one day my sweet native was torn from his bed,
A bran-new Aquarium to grace,

Where being the first to arrive, the red-lead
Of the glaziers' work settled his case!

My mollusc, he died in a week, sad to tell,
Leaving me, his best friend, to repine;

And FRANK BUCKLAND's kind hand closed him up in his shell,
And embalmed him in spirits of wine!

Shorthand Notes on the Easter Pieces.

STRUCK Oil. So it has *all* who have seen it—as good.

The Great Divorce Case. Decree excellent.

Jo. Hence these weeps!

Miss Gwilt. Pork chops and Welsh rarebit for supper.

Queen Mary. Quite contrary.

Wrinkles. "Time writes no wrinkles," nor can MR. H. J. BYRON.

The Sultan of Mocha. Not only promises, but performs better than another Sultan.

Stem to Stern. Wants inspection by MR. PLIMSOLL.

A Lesson in Love. Take one.

TOPICS LAST WEEK.—"*Atalanta's Race*" and the Two Thousand Guineas.



THE "STAR" OF INDIA.

H.R.H. "AN UP-HILL PART, OLD BOY, AND PRECIOUS HOT—YOU CAN TELL YOU!"
MR. P. "YES, SIR! BUT I AM HAPPY TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON A 'BIG SUCCESS'!"

A CRUEL CLAUSE.

"All the Ladies 'twixt forty and sixty
Said, 'Oh, what a sweet pretty plan!'"

Medieval Hymn.



SWEET MR. PUNCH,

I AM a girl
'twixt "sixteen
and forty." I
have always
fondly loved the
Clergy of my
native Isle, and
my highest am-
bition has been
to wed one of
those dear
Bishops, who
wear such loves
of long frocks
and little darling
aprons. Judge
then of my just
indignation on
hearing that the
Synod of Ireland
have actually
obliged us to
carry weight for
age in the race

for the Matrimonial Sweep-stakes, and have gone in for the Old Trots.

"CHURCH OF IRELAND GENERAL SYNOD.

"The House assembled at one o'clock yesterday. The BISHOP OF DOWN presiding. The House proceeded to the orders of the day.

"MR. NUNN moved the House go into Committee on his Bill to establish a plan for making provision for Widows and Orphans of Clergy.

"The following clauses were considered:—

"1. The Widow of every Clergyman, at the time of his death in the service of the Church of Ireland, or if he shall have been permitted to retire, shall receive an annuity of £33 a year, to cease absolutely on re-marriage, subject to the following conditions:—

"(a) The husband at the time of his first appointment to a benefice or curacy in the Church of Ireland, being under forty years of age and unmarried, or a widower without family.

"(b) At time of marriage being under sixty years of age.

"(c) Not more than twenty-five years older than his wife."

I remain, dear Mr. Punch, yours always,

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

P.S.—Do abuse these naughty men, there's a dear old love.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Come! Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell.*"

CHAPTER XI.—*What the Author says.*

A TALL woman, silk-and-velvet skirted, with serpentine-trailing garments sweeping amply round her; a woman not old, not young, not middle-aged; neither all here nor all there; a mistress of arts and graces. Diana being taken to her morning bathe in her bath chair, wheeled by a knee-plush-ultra Titan, could not have been more bewitchingly, more deadlily attractive than this lissom, undulating empress, whose every movement was a poem—unnatural if you like, but a triumph of Art over Time, who, bald, ruthless, envious though he is, has not yet straightened the curving outline of that Grecian bend—

"Time writes no wriggle on thy azure bow."

And the man? Aye—one with a dark, ugly face; beardless, but with a deep-toned picturesque, blue, southern shade mantling over his upper lip and chin—the warm, Mediterranean blue, that was the glory of FRA ANGELICO's art—the blue that TITIAN revelled in, and Giotto loved to paint; a man you would infallibly turn to look back at in the street, if he had struck you in passing. One who approached more nearly in physical conformation the glorious beauty of the Hydeparkian Achilles, than do most men, whom one sees, and pities, now-a-days. With sinewy veins for streamlets, and swelling muscles for rivers, with an incurving canal between two chains of

Pyrenean mountains of shoulders, 'he' was mapped out Atlas-like from Northern pole—where the white powder lay like a glory of arctic snow—to Southern, where there was a wealth of sunny, golden plush; and, as her eyes fell on him, she felt that never, except *one*, had she seen a human form so like the deathless dying athlete of antiquity, the Gladiator of the Forum, fitted with faultless taste by some noted West-End tailor, proud of his mission to clothe so magnificent a being—this Diskobolos of a man, this Agamemnon in livery, this *Enceladus ad vitulos*!

Yes, it was he, after all, thought the girl, as she cowered and shook among the laurels. There are not many like him.

Surely she could not have been mistaken?

A piano sounded within the house. The Bath-chair stopped. The splendid, god-like, statuesque creature in livery ceased to impel it along the path, and the Lady, with a wave of her hand, dismissed this canary-clad Colossus of roads.

A window on the ground-floor was suddenly opened, and a pair of legs appeared over the window-sill, whereat the Lady in the chair—the LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER, niece of SIR GUY FOCKSDAY—raised her fan, and a faint peach-coloured blush passed upward over her marble-veined throat and smooth, pearl-powdered cheek.

"Were you at a playing the piano?" she asked, with an air of cold surprise, and the rigid dignity of a Christy Minstrel.

"It were," lamely replied her cousin, the HON. PERCY SHORTWYND, sliding on to the ground. "I was playing *A Major*, and so you didn't expect to see *A C Major*?"

Her pink-tipped ears went back, and a zebra-like expression came into the LADY VIRGINIA's face, as, quitting the chair, she gave a little kick out behind with her high heels, and replied, with a little, factitious cough,

"No; knowing it was *you*, PERCY, I expected to see *A Flat*."

"Thank you; you are as amiable as usual."

"And you are duller than usual," retorts the hard, cold beauty, with ladylike exasperation. "But what does it matter? We are going to be married very soon!" and pointing two long, shapely, white fingers, she thrusts them sharply, and with a knowledge of anatomy, scarcely to be expected of her, beneath her cousin's fifth rib, then withdraws them as suddenly.

PERCY SHORTWYND winces as he gasps out, drily, "We are; but do not do that again."

LADY VIRGINIA smiles, and the bright brooch, and chain of exquisite Lowther Arcade workmanship, rise and fall in a soft, even, mechanical modulation on her Tussaud-like waxen breast.

While they are standing here—a colourless, marble, clean-cut, immovable, expressionless-featured woman, and a full-toned, under-sized, short-cut, importable, wide-whiskered man—a loud voice from the hall breaks upon their silence.

"Here! hi! you! Confound you all! Hang it! dash it! blow it! Why the doose—where are those blooming idiots?"

It is old SIR GUY who speaks. He is a real, high-bred, old country gentleman, and, it being past four o'clock, he is calling VIRGINIA to give him his brandy-and-water hot, as all high-bred old English gentlemen invariably do. On leaving the bushes where he had been hiding, he had passed into the hall.

"Come!" she said to PERCY, who replied to her cold, chaste smile by placing his hand on his heart, with all the courtliness of the old school—he resembled his father, SIR GUY, in this respect—bending his head nearly down to his toes, and elevating his coat-tails.

The LADY VIRGINIA passed into the house, and disappeared. PERCY, preparing to follow, caught sight of BELLA as she hastily quitted the laurels. One of her glances gave him an odd sensation about the midriff, and, not feeling quite well, he staggered into the house.

"Can I love him?" asked BELLA, of herself, as she stood before the front door; "and can he love me?" She smiles to herself, as she places her small hand on the bell-pull, and prepares to make her first call in her new character of a lady-help in an old English gentleman's family.

* *What the Editor says.*—"Nothing we love so much as classical allusions, and we feel the greatest possible gratification to witness so much culture in one of the most talented of the softer sex. But—we own our ignorance on this particular point, and neither SMITH nor LEMPIERE has been able to throw any light on it—what is the allusion in '*Enceladus ad vitulos*'? Of course we know all about '*Enceladus*,' but '*ad vitulos*'—ch?"—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"About *Enceladus* you know all. *Soit*. What is the Latin for a calf? What for *calves*? Wasn't my hero a Footman—or, rather, not *un valet de pied*, but *un homme aux vœux et un vaurien*? *Comprenez-vous*?"—R. D.

† *From all the Editorial Committee to Miss R. D.*—"We cannot allow your picture of an old English gentleman to appear without protest. The Committee, after reading your description, went purposely, all over England, paying visits everywhere, and were most cordially received. In not one single instance did the fine old English gentleman dodge behind bushes on our arrival, or use bad language all over the place, or call for hot brandy and water in the afternoon. Where do you find your type?"

Miss R. D. to the above.—"Where do I find my type? Why the printer finds it for me. Do not ask idle questions."—R. D.

Trembling she approaches the door, and her feeble fingers were at the handle, when the portal was flung open, and the same Antinous-like creature, in all the sunlike glory of bright canary-coloured plush and silken tags, burst fully on her dazed and misty view.

His foot is on the first step before he perceives her. Then an electric shock of recognition seems to shoot through him, convulsing his herculean frame with overpowering force, and he jumps clean out of his shining shoes—out of his splendid livery—out of his skin!

"BELLA!!!"

walk into the town, and, having a free admission to the Museum, would stand before the glass case—exhibiting such concaves and convexes as would have driven most men wild—where the figure of DUSOVER was fixed upright, a splendid and lasting specimen of a magnificent Ugly Man (No. 967 in the Catalogue), and, as her hands lay idle in her lap, her eyes would fall on the number with his name in the book, and she would say to herself, sighing happily, "Ah DUSOVER! my poor, wicked old boy! It's quite a providence you've gone, as I should never have been able to keep my present situation had you been about the place!"

"I have lived and loved: and it is plain
That while I live I'll love again."

As she murmured this to herself, the skylight above was opened, and the HON. PERCY SHORTWYND, who seemed to possess the peculiarity of never entering by a door, looked in.

"I see you!" said the HON. PERCY SHORTWYND, laughing. He looked pleasant when he laughed.

"And I you," replied BELLA, throwing up her little, sparkling, provoking, petulant green eyes, which PERCY SHORTWYND catches, and then throws back a tender regard.

BELLA sings out—

"The Captain with the whiskers
Takes a sly glance at me!"

Again the HON. PERCY laughs, and slides down a rope which suspends a crocodile from the ceiling. He is not a professional acrobat, and the exertion tells upon his robust frame. He is not handsome—not a fairy prince in pink tights, and a blue feather in a muffin-cap, certainly; neither is he a charity-boy of twelve years of age, in a brown jacket, coarse corduroy knee-breeches, and blue stockings; he is not a lily-handed, curled, woman's darling, but he has a beautifully rounded, shapely waist, small, thick, columnar-like legs, dimpled, fat hands, a great, broad chest, a complexion like gingerbread, and dark, crisp hair, forming an astrachan-like fringe to what might have been, but for his perruquier, one of the clearest heads in the world. He has kind, grey, eager eyes, a rich, brown-gravy complexion, and a calm, dispassionate nose, standing up against his hot, red cheeks like a mellow-green fig on an old sun-dried, fruit wall.

As he reaches the floor, he looks confusedly conscious of having been seen descending very awkwardly.

The clear moonlight is streaming in, on these two, through the skylight above; for, the solitary custodian of the Museum has forgotten the unwonted presence of a visitor—a greater curiosity than the curiosities themselves—and, having looked up the building for the night, has discharged himself of his official duties, and has gone home to bed. BELLA has stayed beyond the regular hour of closing, and the HONOURABLE PERCY SHORTWYND has followed, and sought her out in this strange fashion.

"If you do not wish me to stay here," says PERCY, in a calm, respectful voice, "I will go." And he lays one hand on the rope, as if about to ascend by the same way as he had made his descent.

"No! no!" she cries, with all a woman's mad unreason, "Don't go! You must not! I won't let you! You're too heavy!—I mean the rope is too slight! You'll be killed!"

And so, gasping, she stretches out her white arms towards him, and, as a cloud passes over the moon—thus leaving them in total darkness—she falls insensible into his embrace.

(To be continued.)



CHAPTER XII.—What Anyone says.*

It was DUSOVER's last word: her name on his lips. His beautiful brown skin was picked up, stuffed, and presented (with the livery, which SIR GUY sold at a fair price), to the Museum of the neighbouring town. It was labelled and numbered in the Catalogue, and more than once during her stay at Focksdal Hall BELLA would

* What the Editorial Committee says.—"We think by this heading you must be getting on towards the finish. *Facta non verba.*"

What the dissentient Maiden Aunt, member of above Committee, says.—"My dear young Lady, do not hurry. Give plenty of description. I do not skip when I read."

Seeing and Hearing

At a late High Art Musical Function.

As pensive I sat in a row at the rear
Of crowded St. James's Hall!
Not only a Mass of BACH's did I hear,
But a mass of BACKS I saw!



IN HIS EASTER TRIP TO VENICE

MR. PUNCH TRIES ON AN ITALIAN UNIFORM, AND OH! WOULDN'T HE LIKE TO WEAR IT FOR TWELVE MONTHS!

WHITETHORN WINTER.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year;
 Yet, as now, the first of May,
 Coming, oft, with cold severe,
 Seems another Christmas Day.
 Stormy sleet, and rain, and hail,
 Pelt the plains with frequent showers;
 East and north-east winds prevail;
 Sear the leaves, and bite the flowers.
 Mid the crinkled foliage green,
 Bright still glows the scarlet berry.
 Merry Christmas though we've seen,
 Can't we make May likewise merry?
 Whilst the sky is full of snow,
 Deck the wall with sprigs of holly,
 Hang on high the mistletoe,
 And indulge in rampant folly.
 Drink until you've had enough,
 And continue drinking after.
 Hunt the slipper and blind-man's-buff
 Play, with peals and roars of laughter
 As at Yule, to keep your souls
 In your bodies warm, poor fellows!
 Pile the log on blazing coals;
 Sing "Old Rose and burn the bellows!"
 Merry Christmas folk so name,
 For 'tis made a festive season;
 Merry May for but the same,
 If for any kind of reason.
 May, too, if but once a year,
 It comes with Polar blasts and breezes,
 Surely it should bring good cheer
 As it blows and snows and freezes.

A Happy Couple.

WE believe we break no confidence in stating that arrangements are being made in Baker Street for the speedy introduction of a historical group, comprising the EARL OF WARWICK, otherwise called the King-maker, and the RIGHT HON. DISRAELI, otherwise called the Empress-maker.

RECREATION FOR THE INSANE.*—Modern Burlesque. (*Punch* perfectly agrees.)

* See recent account of performances at the Leavesden Lunatic Asylum.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

"Dic, Musa, quid agat Canius meus Rufus?
 Vis scire, quid agat Canius tuus? Ridet."
Epigr. iii. 20.

OH merry Muse of whim and wit,
 Whom I delight in wooing,
 Just tell me, ere this rhyme is writ,
 What is DISRAELI doing?

Does he bemoan the Suez loan
 Twixt Bulls and Bears be-chaffed?
 Does he with pity hear the groan
 Of over-worked SIR STAFFORD?

Has he a fancy in his brain
 With something new to play tricks,
 Now Russia's ardour has been slain
 By dubbing *Imperatrix*?

Will he upset the price of Stock,
 And end the worry we're amid,
 Or pull old Egypt into dock
 By purchasing a Pyramid?

Is he, while puzzling Bull and Bear
 From Pekin to Ontario,
 Planning a sequel to *Lothair*—
 Its hero turned Lothario?

Where'er his devious steps may wend,
 Whomever he is chaffing,
 At Tory and Whig, at foe and friend,
 Most, at himself—he's laughing.

THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE FUTURE.

(*A Possibility.*)

SCENE—The Barrack Square. PRESENT—Captain (Commanding Detachment) and Colour Sergeant.

Captain. Well, Sergeant?

Sergeant (saluting). All present, Sir.

Captain. Dear me. Very small muster. Give me the roll.

Sergeant (saluting). Here, Sir.

Captain (reading). Hem! CORPORAL SNOOKS.

Sergeant. Employed on special duty at the Admiralty, Sir.

Captain. LANCE CORPORAL JONES.

Sergeant. Temporarily transferred to the India Office, Sir.

Captain. Privates SMITH, SNOOKS, SINGER, SONGER, and THOMP-KINS. Where are they? I see you have bracketed them together.

Sergeant. Yes, Sir, they are doing duty at the Audit Office.

Captain. Good gracious! Then where are the rest of the company?

Sergeant. Military Clerks at the War Office, if you please, Sir. That is to say, Sir, with the exception of PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS, Sir.

Captain. And where is PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS?

Sergeant. In the Guard Room, Sir. Prisoner, if you please, Sir.

Captain. You can dismiss the parade, Sergeant.

Sergeant (saluting). Yes, Sir.

Scene closes in.

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.

THEY call England the Mother Country of the United States. How can that be, when it is to the United States that England owes her Being?

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

LIKE foliage men perish,
Old HOMER declares,
So why should we cherish
Life's torments and cares?
Why grumble at Eurys,
Poor KINGSLEY's pet blast?
Nor trust Epicurus,
East winds cannot last.
Most troubles will surely
Have reached the past tense,—
Whate'er else may happen,—
A hundred years hence.

Who'll sing for his sack-butt
As Laureate then?
A great gun or mere hack-but,
Unworthy "Rare BEN?"
In a blaze of bravadoes,
Regardless of mulls,
Who'll be making Mikados,
Or minting Moguls?
I really don't want
To give any offence,
But *shall* we be wiser
A hundred years hence?

Will there still be the clamour
Of Bees and of Rinks,
For the girl without grammar—
The romping-lover's mix?
What costume, what manners,
Undreamed of as yet,
Will the Yankees have sent us
Our sharpness to whet?
But who knows in Fate's Bee
To spell future tense?
In what state will the States be
A hundred years hence?

Will the militant parson,
'Gainst peace and good-will,
The Puseyite farce on
Be carrying still?
Will the roar of Strife's organ
Still Love-notes efface,
As if Demogorgon
Were playing the bass?
Or may we imagine
To hate less propense
The Church of the future—
A hundred years hence?

Will winters grow shorter,
Springs breed fewer chills?
Will the end of the quarter
Be less big with bills?
Will a less crop of swindles
Swell news of the day?
Will HUXLEYS and TYNDALLS
Have true things to say?
Shall we see a revival
Of plain common sense,
In that blessed millennium,
A hundred years hence?

'Tis useless to palter
With fantasies strange:
'Tis only dates alter,—
Our stock cannot change.
While down their steep gradient
The centuries fly,
Mr. Punch will be radiant—
For wit cannot die.
So if you survive,
And can muster threepence,
Buy *Punch*, and be thankful,
A hundred years hence!

LADIES ON THEIR LEGS.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,
FOREMOST among the *many* disabilities of Women, which all lovers of the sex must wish to see removed, I place her inability to speak at public dinners. It is a *scandal* and a *shame* that men should quite monopolise the right of public speaking, considering what good use Ladies *can* make of their tongues when they get the chance of using them. Even when the toast of "The Ladies" is proposed, a man jumps up, and claims the honour of responding, which he does with a vast deal of stammering and stuttering, and stupid commonplace remarks about the charms of the fair sex. Why should not Ladies have the privilege of answering for themselves, and of proposing, if they please, the health of "The Gentlemen"? This would at least form some variety from the usual rapid course of after-dinner oratory.

MR. DISRAELI says the charm of English art is its originality; and if Ladies were invited to dine at the Academy, and permitted to make speeches, I think the yearly banquet

would be vastly enlivened, and our R.A.'s might now and then have an original idea to be proud of. I have waded through the flood of words poured forth the other day at this masculine assembly, and have wondered how men could possibly talk such solemn, common-place, empty, no-meaning, and stale bunkum! Instead of this monotony conceive what varied themes a clever Chairwoman might find for a post-prandial discourse. The subject of the Army she might smilingly dismiss by warbling a few words of "*Ah, que j'ai vu le M'lord*;" while that of the Navy might evoke a sadly humorous description of her suffering when invited to a cruise with the First Lady of the Admiralty, to inspect the Channel Fleet. The step from Iron-clads to crinolines would be obviously short; and the topic of the fashions being thus artfully led up to, what a flow of eloquence would be forthwith let loose! From bonnets to baby-linen, and thence to ball-dresses, bouquets, and dinner decorations, would be the easiest transitions in a feminine harangue; and so the way would be made clear to remarks on parties generally, picnics, croquet, drums, and so forth, with the latest rinking news, and the spiciest scraps of scandal in high life.

Thus, if Ladies were allowed to speak at public dinners, a marked

change would be made in post-prandial discourses, which readers of the newspapers now wade through with fatigue. Variety is charming; and, as no Lady would content herself with sticking to the subject on which she rose to speak, the audience would be spared that tedious monotony which is acknowledged to be the bane of after-dinner utterances.

Yours, Mr. Punch, admiringly,
Chatterton Cottage, May Day. GEORGINA GABBLEWELL.

NOVEL SENSATIONS FOR THE BLASÉ.

(Suggested by our Used-up Contributor.)

GETTING up before eleven in the morning.
Going to bed before twelve at night.
Visiting the Tower of London with a number of Country Cousins.
Lounging in the Zoo on a week-day.
Patronising a cheap Tailor.
Waiting for the "playing out" Farce at the Theatre.
Riding down Piccadilly on the knifeboard of an Omnibus.
Going to Scarborough for a week in May.
Dining with a Teetotaler and a Vegetarian at a favourite Club.
Finding a long-lost Umbrella in one's own rooms.
Proposing to an elderly Maiden Lady *minus* means and *plus* a temper.
And lastly (most novel sensation of all), marrying for love and not regretting it afterwards.

A FLATTERING TALE.

FOR once in a way, the papers contain a cheering announcement relative to the Budget.

"In the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill there is a clause as to the restriction of male servants in the 19th section of 32 & 33 Vict. c. 14. It is not to include a person who has been *bona fide* engaged to serve his employer for a portion only of each day, and does not reside in his employer's house."

Give the Government their due, and that will be thanks for the relief of poor householders from a vexatious restriction by which the revenue really gained nothing, whilst boys and old men were kept out of employment. Mr. Punch is pleased to find that Ministers mind what they have been told, and hopes that this good intention may not be put down, as so many good intentions are, to pave the way of the new Bill through Parliament.

University Intelligence.

A RUMOUR is current that one of our Colleges has it in contemplation to establish a new and special department for Students who may desire to qualify themselves for those Public competitive examinations in Spelling, Definitions, Music, &c., which have lately been introduced into this country from America, and are now in full activity all over England. The College pointed to is St. Bees.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RITHEE, my LORD MARQUIS OF HUNTLY, what if the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill should prove a dead letter? *Punch* would ask, Has not the English Agricultural Holdings Bill proved the same? Why should a Conservative Government's Land-Law for Scotland be livelier than that for England? Their line is that of Land-lords, not Land-laws.

The Lords (*Monday, May 8*), by a narrow majority of 12, decided against cumulative voting in elections for Irish Representative Peers. Evidently a large proportion even of their Conservative Lordships are fairly ashamed that Liberals should be altogether excluded from a

voice in the representation of the Irish Peerage. The LORD CHANCELLOR was even more than usually reckless in his reasons against the concession. (*Commons*.)—The Financial Secretary of the Treasury explained a curious distinction between the expenses of hanging in Scotland and England. In the former the Royal Boroughs have to pay the cost of their own gallows, halter, and hangman; in the latter, the Sheriff is allowed £10 per hanging, because, if he can't find a hangman, he is bound to do the hanging himself. Was it supposed, by those who made such a distinction, that there never would be a Scotchman to be hung but you would be able to find a Scotchman to string him up "for a consideration;" just as it has been said, "there never was an Irishman to be roasted, but you can find another Irishman to turn the spit." "Devil a bit o' like in it," says an indignant Milesian, "the Irishman turns the spit for love; the Scotchman would tie the noose for money."

The Merchant Shipping Mull once more, happily for the last time of its appearance. MR. PLIMSOLL made a gallant, though ineffectual, attempt to enforce an official survey of disclassed ships.

SIR C. ADDERLEY contended that such a requirement would be to reverse the present practice as to surveys, which, no doubt, is the reason why MR. PLIMSOLL wants it. MR. GORST moving Amendments on the Disciplinary Clauses, SIR CHARLES' manner of resisting provoked such a feeling in the House, that MR. CROSS had to promise a Bill dealing with the subject next Session. A pleasant prospect, if it is to be entrusted to the present President of the Board of Trade! The rest of the Amendments being got rid of, SIR CHARLES was enabled to enjoy his little crow in proclaiming the Bill through Committee, amidst the cheers of the much-relieved House. No wonder they cheered!

"Weary twelve nights, close confined,
Have they lingered, yawned, and dined;
Though the Bill could not be lost,
Yet it could be Plimsoll-tossed."

It has, indeed, been a perilous passage through a *mauvais pas*. SIR CHARLES boasted that he had really, after his twelve nights' gestation, produced a Virgin Bill—meaning one untouched by the rude hands of its would-be un-doers, or rather over-doers. *Punch* is reminded of MARTIAL (*Epig.* i., 67):—

"Secreta quære carmina, et rudes curas,
Quas novit unus virginis pater chartæ."

Or, if we may English it for SIR CHARLES's behoof,—

"What consultations with BENTINCK and STANHOPE,
What carking cares, as high or low ran hope
Of pinning pestilent Plimsoll amendments,
And making clear Adderleian intendments,
Are his who Board of Trade's Chair doth fill,
To shape into life a Virgin Bill!"

SIR W. HARCOURT irreverently observed that SIR CHARLES's *virgo intacta* had at all events

been delivered of two bouncing twins—the deck-load clause, and the clause bringing foreign ships within the Act.

On going into Committee on Naval Estimates, MR. BRASSEY moved for a Royal Commission to review the "Ship-building Policy" of the Government.

MR. GOSCHEN begged MR. WARD HUNT to produce such policy.

MR. WARD HUNT defied any man to say that any Government could have any such policy—and then proceeded to describe the policy of the present Government, and then agreed to the appointment not of a Commission but a Committee to consider whether such policy could be improved.

At first *Punch* thought the only upshot of the discussion would be to show that the British Fleet of the future was to be like the Spanish Fleet of the past—a thing we—

"Cannot see, because
It is not yet in sight."

But MR. WARD HUNT carried us clear of this fear by his bold reversal of his engines.

Tuesday (Lords).—A cheerful night. LORD GREY laid a Burials Bill on the table, and the MARQUIS OF HUNTLY carried Second Reading of a Bill to punish farm-servants for administering arsenic to animals to make their coats shine.

"*Il faut souffrir pour être beau*," is an old proverb. But these ill-informed, if well-meaning rustics, risk the proverb literally to "death."

(*Commons*.)—SIR CHARLES DILKE tried to move the House to move the Royal Academy, because it had not moved, of itself, in the right direction. SIR CHARLES spoke a long indictment against the Forty—charging them, in effect, as a band of forty thieves with having stolen privileges and prestige, honour, house-room, and hard cash, in the shape of the splendid shillings of the public, on a condition they have not complied with, of teaching, cultivating, and promoting the arts or design in England. Or is not forty thieves, contended SIR CHARLES, they are, at best, forty shop-keepers; and their Exhibition, which they at first apologised for not opening free to all, has now become a receipt of custom, and the be-all and end-all of their existence, the source of their shillings, the scene of their Annual Dinner, by help of which they keep a firm anchorage among the official and aristocratic classes, the stage on which they parade their superiority over wretched "outsiders," whether when they sit upon their pictures, or cold-shoulder them off "the Line."

Perhaps no count in SIR CHARLES's long and heavy indictment against the Academy might not be supported by evidence that would go far to win a verdict of guilty from an unprejudiced jury. But such a jury SIR CHARLES did not address in the House of Commons, least of all a House with a crushing Conservative Majority. If the hard-headed and hard-hitting Chelsea Baronet drew the indictment against the Academy anything but mild, MR. CARTWRIGHT, MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE, and MR. COWPER-TEMPLE went quite as far in their more agreeable and amiable task of white-washing—if we should not rather say "sweetening"—and megilping, framing, and glazing their portraits of the Forty, and hanging them in the most favourable and flattering of lights. Even MR. BERESFORD HOPE, though he had his grievance as a student of architecture, contended, like MR. COWPER-TEMPLE and other speakers, including MR. GLADSTONE, that the House had no jurisdiction, as the

Academy had in effect carried out the recommendations of the Committee of 1863. (*Mr. Punch* has been studying those recommendations, and can't, for the life of him, make that out.)

MR. GLADSTONE stepped in *as deus ex machina*, with grave and weighty reasons for the withdrawal both of SIR CHARLES DILKE's Motion—which was one of censure, not corresponding to the notice given of it—and of MR. CARTWRIGHT's Amendment—which called upon the House to acquit the Academy, while contending that the House had no jurisdiction in the case. Now the House, urges MR. GLADSTONE, very decidedly, *has* jurisdiction in the case. (That admission, at least, is a substantial result of SIR CHARLES's Motion.) There is a good deal to be said, with reason, against the Academy; a good deal to be said, also with reason, in its favour. But whatever remark, *pro* or *con*, the Academy might be fairly open to, it had committed no sin—either of omission or commission—to warrant the House in coming down upon it with the heavy hand of censure.

On the whole, LORD JOHN MANNERS thought the best course would be to withdraw both the Motion and Amendment, and to grant the Motion for papers “showing the attitude of the State towards the Fine Arts in the different countries of Europe.”

What a charming subject, by the way, for a set of allegorical designs, to be contributed by the most historically-minded of the Academicians:—

The STATE—ram-pant, couchant, dormant, defiant, aidant, reveillant, burkant, as the case may be, according to its relation to the Fine Arts.

And the FINE ARTS—resistant, crouchant, snorant, hissant, deprecant, mendicant, kickant, as the case may be, according to their relation to the State.)

So, finally, DILKE, in compliance with the advice of MANNERS, muzzled and drew off his Motion; whereupon CARTWRIGHT, also consenting, whipped off his Amendment. The Motion for papers was granted—and the Forty breathed again.

“But till that night's debate was done,
There were Forty, funking like one.”

(*Mr. Punch* has his own views on the subject of this night's discussion, but he cannot admit that even the Collective Wisdom is wise enough to be his mouthpiece on the relations of the Royal Academy to the Fine Arts, and the Fine Artists—being outsiders. Has he not his own trumpet to talk through? And will he not talk, when he sees fit?

Wednesday.—MR. NORWOOD, Member for Hull, and shipowner, moved Second Reading of a Bill to make fees to Barristers recoverable by Counsel, and damages against Barristers recoverable by Clients. “*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*” As *Dundreary* would say, “What have shipowners to do with barrister's fees?” Or was it that no lawyer could be found to lead such an attack—hawks loyally objecting to “pike out hawks' e'en.” This change, say the barristers, would infallibly destroy the independence, and lower the character, of the Bar. The barristers won't have it at any price, and the public don't want it at that price. The barrister's calling is a trying and a ticklish one. It needs brains even more than brass, and presence of mind quite as much as absence of scruples. Counsel must be allowed a latitude in dealing with the case on his brief proportioned to the longitude to which roguish clients and unscrupulous attorneys together will go in setting

that case forth. Think how wondrously facts may be transfigured after double-distillation through the wits of a roguish suitor and a rascally lawyer. Are we to hold counsel bound by such a brief, and to make him answerable in damages for understating his case as it appears thereon? Besides, as things stand, it is the best lawyer who comes to the front. If more clients seek his services than he can serve, at all events the fees stop his mouth, and neither party is the better, if neither is the worse for him—a result well worth paying for. At the same time, we should say, the fee in such a case ought to be a payment by both sides. There was a simultaneous howl against the Bill from all the barristers in the House. “When they do agree their unanimity is wonderful”—and MR. NORWOOD was defeated by 237 to 130. It is written that the shipowner should stick to his ship. Let MR. NORWOOD go, in future, to sea in his own bottoms, and paddle his own canoe.

Thursday.—Now dawned the day “Big with the fate of Titles' Bill and Ben!”—no, no, nobody felt that; but the day when SIR HENRY JAMES had been magnanimously defied to *combat à outrance*

by the Prime Minister, with his majority of a hundred behind him. A safe challenge to try a foregone conclusion! *Punch*, as he has said, sees no use in crying over spilt milk. He hates the Proclamation, and the Royal Titles Bill, and the Title of Empress, like all sensible people of his acquaintance. But there they are. *Que voulez-vous?* It is our duty, to make the best—that is, the least, rather than the most—of them. Feeling this, *Punch* almost regrets that the Opposition should have given a night to putting over again the case so overwhelmingly put against the Government by LORD SELBORNE, to prove that the Proclamation does not carry out the Government understanding, not because the Government meant not to redeem their pledge, but because their pledge was irredeemable. Of SIR HENRY JAMES, it may fairly be said,—

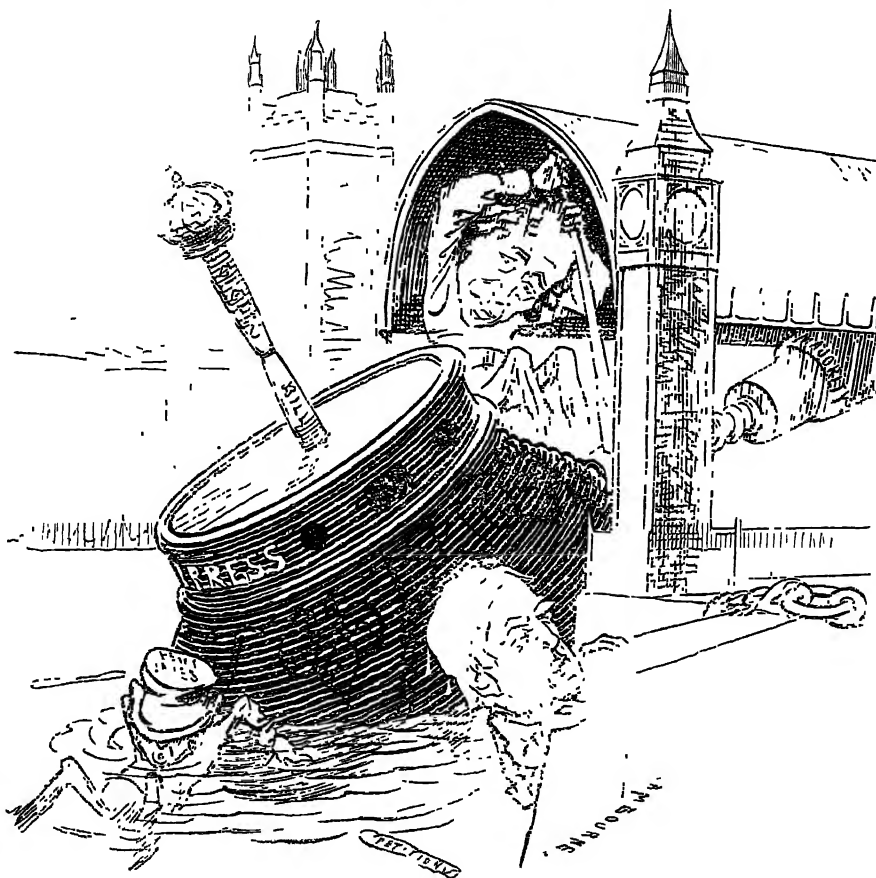
“That twice he routed all his foes,
And twice he slew the slain!”

His proof of the contradiction between the Proclamation and the Government undertaking to localise the title of “Empress,” would have been crushing, but that LORD SELBORNE had put the matter through the crushing-machine already. That being so, why dwell on a debate of which the most conspicuous incident was the honour conferred upon the Government by the support of DR. KENEALY?

MR. DISRAELI wound up with a perjuriant Pæan, supported by a majority that will warrant any amount of Pæans—of 108. Meanwhile, the B. P. of the Metropolis—Upper Ten and Lower Ten hundreds of thousands alike—had been hurraing itself hoarse in welcome of the PRINCE OF WALES, as if to show that whatever the Royal Titles Bill may do to sap, or unsap, the roots of loyalty, it still flourishes as durable and deep-rooted in the British heart as our native oak in the British soil.

Friday (Lords).—Glad to find their Lordships and the Foreign Office not quite disposed to take too coolly the cruel ill-treatment of the Coolies in certain plantations in the Mauritius. LORD CARNAEVON has his eye on the offenders.

(*Commons.*)—Exciting Debate, still more exciting Division. MR. R. SMYTH moved a Resolution for shutting the Shebeens on Sunday throughout Ireland. *Punch* “Saw with M. BEACH five





NOT BAD JUDGMENT EITHER.

Mr. Snobbington Hardcash (offering his Hand and Heart to his fair Companion). "No, now w-w-weally, Miss Mawy, don't be surprisid. 'PON MY W-W-WORD I MEAN IT!—I DO, INDEED!"

Miss May (a sad puss). "No, really, Mr. Hardcash, I couldn't think of accepting so much. I wouldn't mind just having your mare, simply for friendship's sake, you know!"

poor exiles of Erin"—MURPHY, O'GORMAN, CALLAN, and M. BROOKS—arrayed in a quintette against the Resolution in the teeth of a strange consensus of Irish Members in its favour.

MR. BRIGHT and GLADSTONE brought up their 81-ton guns in support of the Irish Brigade, and, thanks to their aid, the Government, resisting the Resolution, was defeated by 224 to 167! First blood for the Home-Rulers! *Mr. Punch* distrusts even sobriety on compulsion. Is it due to public conviction, or priestly influence, that so good a case has been got up for contending that opinion in Ireland is in favour of shutting up the whiskey-shops one day in seven? The Major was absolutely pathetic on the unalienable right of every man "to drink as much as he can carry." That right, dear Major, implies its correlative duty—"to carry as much as you can drink." 'Tis few can drink or carry as much good liquor as the Major, or what a prospect would the enforcement of this right open to the Irish distillers!

The Prince of Wales's Feathers.

To *Mr. Punch*.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

At a time when changes are taking place in the Insignia of Royalty, might not an additional feather be voted to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, viz., one to be worn in his cap, in celebration of His Royal Highness's plucky and truly Royal progress in India?

Yours, with great regard,

NOM DE PLUME.

The Feathers Tavern, May 12, 1876.

P.S.—"*Facile Princeps*" might be added as a motto.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

It is whispered on the Stock Exchange that the Turkish Dividends will henceforward be paid on the Greek Calends.

MAY À LA MODE.

A Remonstrance from a Frozen-out Muse.

O MONTH once so famous in song and in story
For sunshine, and sweetness, and song-birds, and flowers,
Must we rededicate you to COCK'LELL or CORY?

Do you think that a muse who still shivering cowers
Above a coal fire, while the May-buds are bursting?

Is like to invoke you in jubilant ode?

What city, great poet, would ever go thirsting
For May à la Mode?

Bedight with green leaves? Nay, an Ulster were fitter,
Poor half-frozen nymph, those blue limbs to enwrap;

For never North-Easter more biting and bitter
Attended December, that chilly old chap.

No rose that now blows is so red as your nose is,

You can't smell your buds, you've so awfud a Code!

You've suffered some hideous metempsychosis,

Poor May à la Mode!

Say, have you been flirting with March, or coquetting

With saucy Jack Frost just a trifle too long?

The kisses of Phœbus are cold. Is he getting

A little bit jealous? Come! Tip us a song,

Like the song of old days! It may soften Apollo;

Send sunbeams and blossoms; North-Easters be blowed!

For of all weather sells there is no sell so hollow

As May à la Mode!

AN ECCLESIASTICAL ARTICLE.

DURING the sittings of Convocation, the Lower House ever and anon sends up to the Upper House an *articulus cleri*. Of course this is no addition to the Thirty-Nine Articles; and they are to be held anathema who suggest that it is any article pertaining to an Articled Clerk.

AFTER THE ACADEMY—DREAMING ALL NIGHT LONG.



—PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN—

LITTLE Bopeep was Calling the Sheep to Fold from Sheep-washing near the Pyramids in the Water Meadows, at The Day's Decline, on Saturday Night, In Wonderland.

Those Moorland Rovers, the Prince of Wales, Lord Lawrence, Lord Lytton, and Captain Richard Burton, after An Audience at Agrippa's, Darning-Day, August 1875, were Over the Hills and Far Away from Les Montagnes de Hampstead, Angling on A Spring Morning, with Violet, Our Boys, and A Convalescent Getting Better, in A Certain Trout Stream in the Austrian Tyrol, Miles from Home; Forging a Tidal Creek After a Spate, on The Eve of Liberty in Breezy June; Colt Hunting in the New Forest with Skye Terriers and Her Majesty's Buckhounds; Shearing Wraick in the Sound of Har- ris, in Summer, with A Lincolnshire Gang; Ploughing in

Lower Egypt in An Oasis in the Desert, near The Ruins of Kom-ombo, with The Crofter's Team, Valour and Cowardice; Woodcock Shooting on A November Evening in Red Autumn, with Pallas Athene and The Herdsman's Dogs in The Rustling Leaves; and, in conjunction with The Great Scalper, Dr. Priestley, and The Apothecary, Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition with Watchful Eyes in A Life Boat in A Storm at Sea in The Month of March.

The Lord Chancellor in Chancery, Sir Henry James with A Bill of Sale and Notice to Quit, spending A Lonely Christmas in A Cairo Bazaar (Confiscated), Baron Amplett After the Sitting Outside a Prison in Italy, and Justice Grove in Newgate!

The Bishop of London, The New Curate, Cardinal Manning, The Earl of Shaftesbury, Bishop Ullathorne, Richard Baxter, Alderman Phillips, His Reverence Monsignor Capel, The Boulonnaises, and The Widower, all in The Squire's Pew in The Temple of Diana at Zaghounan, repeating "My Duty towards my Neighbour" and The Last Bit of Scandal.

The Rivals, The Duchess of Westminster, Marchioness of Ormonde, Countess of Dudley, Countess of Ilchester, Viscountess Enfield, Viscountess Hood, Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger, Cleopatra, and My Lady Belle were Preparing to Summon the Commons Across the Common to A Kettledrum After the Dance in Sir Thomas's Tower; The Village Lawyer and Sir C. S. Readimoney were Looking out for A Safe Investment; Admiral Milne was attending the Sailor's Wedding in A Little Blue Bay with some Seaside Ducks; and Pallas and Achilles [stood] Shouting from the Trenches to The Old Soldier The late Duke of Wellington—He Never Came.

"The Birds" in The Hollow Tree—Three Magpies, Three Ravens, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Goosey, Goosey, Gander, The Ugly Duckling, The Flight of the Wild Fowl, and the Ducks in A Stern Chase—now made such a noise that these dreams came to an abrupt termination, but not before they disclosed Alfred Tennyson, Bishop Harold Browne, Edward Pleydell Bouverie, The Dean of St. Paul's, Professor Beesly, and Sir Henry Cole, Spellbound in front of The Daphnephoria and Atalanta's Race.

Philadelphia and Fraternity.

PHILADELPHIA is certainly a happy name for the site of an International Exhibition which seems calculated to promote brotherly love. At any rate, let us hope the American "World's Fair" will not be followed by tremendous wars like those which fulfilled the predictions of the prophets who foretold that our Hyde-Park Exhibition would be the beginning of the reign of universal brotherhood.

FINANCIAL CHEMISTRY.

THE KHEDIVE has issued a decree for the consolidation of the Egyptian Debt. His Highness's creditors would much prefer an order for its liquidation.

THE PRINCE'S WELCOME HOME.

"O! quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto."

CATULLUS.

WHILE over the Atlantic the young Giant of a hundred Holds wide his arms in welcome to the nations old and grey, Proclaiming fellowship in Arts of those by oceans sundered, Crowning the Old-World-shows with this that greets his natal day.

While the eagles, clawed and beaked, round the Moslem sick-bed gather,
And Europe watches, breathless, for their swoop through troubled air,
Not knowing but fierce rivalries may turn to rending rather
Those that struggle for the carrion than the carcase they should share.

While France toils slowly to rebuild her greatness shrunk and shattered,
Of King's friends and Republic's patching truce that time may bide,
While Spain, as proud a pauper as e'er draped his mantle tattered
Like a robe royal, draws his rags the bleeding sores to hide.

Lo, happier England, busy in awaiting and adorning
The way for one she welcomes as mother welcomes son,
Whose coming-home from far-off lands her evening turns to morning,
And age's load makes light to bear for love's work to be done.

Where athwart fields green with Spring-time the iron-ways run grimly,
Holiday crowds are gathered, flags wave and flowers are fair;
Where through the smoke suburban the festal trim shows dimly,
Like sights and sounds of welcome glad the eye and fill the air.

'Tis the Prince, the King of England that is to be hereafter,
Comes back to his own England from his travel, bronzed and brown,
To the wife of his and England's love, to their babes' happy laughter,
To mother's love, that even wife's and children's love doth crown.

And as the heart of England was stirred with a great sorrow
When he lay sick, it seemed, to death, and love could naught but pray,
Now from the wife's joy at his side all hearts a gladness gather,
That God hath brought him home again, who held him on his way.

'Tis no mere flourish of paid pen, no phrase of courtier's tongue,
Proclaims us loyal to our line of law-abiding kings;
'Tis for a son in more than name that England's heart is strung
To this high note of welcome that through the welkin rings.

'Twas no base flunkey fellowship that followed, day by day,
His doings and his dangers, parades, and pomps and shows;
The wild work of the jungle, the spoiling of the prey,
The staunchness that no toil could tire, the strength with need that rose.

More we loved him, that in wild-wood as in durbar or divan,
He bore him manly, princely, as an English Prince should do;
That he took the rubs and roughings of travel like a man,
And, if he won new friends in crowds, to the old friends still was true.

He is kindly, gay, and gracious—he is manly, bold, and brave:
'Tis grace and manhood that rule hearts since first the world began.
And he that will wear England's Crown must no allowance crave—
Had need be every inch a Prince, and every inch a Man.

We hold our QUEEN so dear we would brook no change of name,
No addition to the style we have used and loved so long:
The music of "God save the QUEEN," to Empress ill would frame,
And we stick to the old title as we stick to the old song.

But all our quarrel is for love and loyalty beside:
Let who doubts look how England takes her Prince back to her breast,
With a benison on that sweet face she welcomed as a bride,
Welcomes still more as a mother with lusty children blest.



A PUZZLE.

SCENE—Village Inn, Hampshire.

Languid Swell. "'STHAWA WIFL'CAW HEAW?"

Barmaid. "'BEG PARD'N, SIR!"

Swell. "'STHAWA WIFL'CAW HEAW?"

Barmaid. "DON'T UNDERSTAND FRENCH, SIR!"

Swell. "HAW!" (*Exit.*)

(He is supposed to have meant, "IS THERE A RIFLE CORPS HERE?")

A MEDICAL PARTNER.

SPEAKING in the Theatre of the University of London the other day, that of the presentation of diplomas and medals to successful candidates, LORD GRANVILLE, the Chancellor, took occasion to advocate the admission of women to medical degrees. MR. LOWE followed on the same side of a question on which it is disgraceful to the members of a liberal profession that there are two sides. Not so much because this is owing to a mean Trades-unionism, but rather in that, if, as the Unionists allege, women are naturally unfitted for the practice of medicine, the fear of competition with them is grossly stupid. It was well remarked by MR. LOWE that "Woman was never more in her place than by the sick bed." If she were duly qualified to occupy that place, she would not only be exempt from the necessity of marrying to subsist, but would be in possession of knowledge which, in the event of her marriage from choice, would especially befit her for the part of a wife and a mother. It would also materially help to render her an unmixing blessing, by preventing her from being, in one particular a heavy burden to her husband. A woman who knows how to take her place by the sick bed, knows how to keep herself out of it. Even if she have no patients, therefore, a medical woman is in a condition to avoid becoming a patient herself. She also knows better than to let her daughters injure their health by tight lacing, late dancing, and other unwholesome follies. If she herself fetch her partner no fees, she at least saves him doctors' bills, and undertakers' also, besides continual alarm and anxiety. The girl who has well earned a doctor's degree, is one whom a young man, even in these sumptuous times, could almost venture to think of marrying on two or three thousand a year.

Moral Freedom in Spain.

THE question of liberty of conscience has lately been a good deal discussed in the Spanish Cortes. In Spain there appears to be quite a national feeling in favour of an unbounded liberty of conscience. This, however, is something other than freedom of theological opinion. The liberty of conscience prized by true Spaniards is the exemption of the national conscience from all such trammels as pecuniary obligations of the nature of Bonds.

MORE HONOURS!

A WELL-KNOWN Tobacconist has decided upon calling a very fine class of Tobacco he has in stock, "Prince's Returns." How gratified His Royal Highness will be!

LAW UNDER THE REJECTED ACT.

"He could not avoid always seeing his children in his brief."—Speech of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL upon the Barristers and Advocates Fees Bill.

JONES versus SNOOKS.—June 18th, 187—?

THIS, the first case held under MR. NORWOOD'S recently-passed Act, was chiefly remarkable for the conduct of the Counsel engaged in the trial.

The Plaintiff was represented by MESSRS. COKE, Q.C., and BLACKSTONE. MR. SERJEANT DOE and MR. RICHARD ROE appeared for the Defendant.

MR. COKE, Q.C. (who was evidently suffering from violent emotion) said that this was a matter of the last importance. If possible, he would give an account of the facts of the case. He really must implore the indulgence of the Court.

His Lordship. Really, you seem to be very unwell.

MR. COKE, Q.C. (*bursting into tears*). I am, my Lord—indeed I am. I feel that should I make one false step, should I be guilty of the least indiscretion, my Client may recover damages against me, and then my dear children—my poor little ones—oh, it is too painful! I must retire. I throw up my brief, and retire. (*Sensation.*)

MR. COKE, Q.C., then left the Court.

His Lordship. This is really excessively painful. MR. BLACKSTONE, will you kindly continue your leader's argument?

MR. BLACKSTONE. Oh, my Lord, would that I could! But no! although I am but a Junior (I have been called a promising Junior) of some three-and-fifty summers, I too have a heart. It has been my boast for thirty years to support an aged grandmother. (*Sensation.*) This secret I have kept until now, and only now do I reveal

it to a heartless world. (*Cries in Court of "No, no!"*) I repeat a heartless world, to account for conduct that otherwise might appear strange and unnatural. Yes, my Lord, in my brief I trace the features of my granddam's mournful face. If I misconduct the case, her hairs, already as white as snow, will sink in obscurity to a pauper's grave. (*Murmurs.*) I cannot bear the picture. I love my grandmother. I repudiate my brief, and I retire. (*Profound sensation.*)

MR. BLACKSTONE then left the Court.

His Lordship. BROTHER DOE, I think you are for the other side?

MR. SERJEANT DOE (*gloomily*). I was, my Lord, until now. But now I retire. In my brief I see a young Bride's face (my own dear Wife's) praying me to withdraw. The responsibility is too great. I must throw up my brief, and leave the matter in the hands of my learned friend, MR. RICHARD ROE, who is with me in this case.

MR. SERJEANT DOE then left the Court.

His Lordship. We are all attention, MR. ROE.

MR. ROE. My Lord, I wish to make a short statement. Since the passing of the new Act my nerves have become terribly agitated. In every brief I see the grim faces of my ancestors, telling me to "beware!" I feel so excessively nervous, that I do not feel I can do justice to my Client's case. At this moment, I confess, I feel strongly inclined to plead "guilty" on his behalf, and—

At this point, the Solicitors for the Defendant interfered, and MR. ROE abruptly left the Court.

The case was then adjourned to secure (if possible) the services of fresh Counsel.

(MISS) THOMPSON'S SEASON.—The Balaklava Charge—One Shilling.



SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!

(Dialogue between a Fashionable Lady and an Ordinary Being of the Mule Sex.)

"GOOD HEAVENS, MRS. BROWN, WHAT EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE ONE MEETS HERE! DO TELL ME, WHO'S THAT WONDERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN MRS. LYON HUNTER IS GREETING SO CORDIALLY?"

"THAT'S BELLAMY NUPKINS!" "BELLAMY?" "NUPKINS!" WHO'S HE?"

"WHY, BELLAMY NUPKINS, THE FAMOUS AUTHOR!"

"DEAR ME! NEVER HEARD OF HIM IN MY LIFE! IS THERE A MRS. BELLAMY NUPKINS?"

"THERE WAS! BELLAMY NUPKINS IS A WIDOWER." "AND WHO WAS MRS. BELLAMY NUPKINS?"

"OH, SHE WAS A MISS WILHELMINA WILLOUGHBY DE RIGBY—DIGBY, OR SOMETHING."

"WHAT? YOU DON'T MEAN A SECOND COUSIN OF THE LATE LORD TOLINGTON'S?" "I BELIEVE SO."

"AH! TO BE SURE! YES, YES! NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHO BELLAMY NUPKINS IS—OR RATHER WAS!"

NO REST FOR THE ROYAL.

The Study of an Illustrious Personage. Illustrious Personage seated in an easy-chair. Private Secretary in attendance.

Illustrious Personage. Well, it really is very pleasant to be at home again. All that ceremonial in foreign parts was terribly exhausting. I shall be very glad of a rest. *A propos*, is there anything to do to-morrow?

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. Deputation at twelve, Council at two, Foundation Stone at four, and two Balls and the Opera in the evening.

Illustrious Personage. Hem! How about Tuesday?

Private Secretary. Review in the morning, Sir, at Aldershot, *Levé* in the afternoon at Buckingham Palace, a Flower-Show, and a City Dinner.

Illustrious Personage. Hem! Is Wednesday free?

Private Secretary. Well, no, Sir. Launch of an Iron-clad at Portsmouth in the morning, Sir. Reception in Town in the afternoon, Sir. Your Royal Highness talked about one of the Theatres for the evening.

Illustrious Personage. Ah, to be sure—so I did. What have I to do on Thursday?

Private Secretary. Opening of a new wing at a Hospital, Sir, in the morning. Lunch with the Life Guards. Polo in the afternoon, and a Fancy Dress Ball in the evening, Sir.

Illustrious Personage. How about Friday?

Private Secretary. Distribution of prizes. Inauguration of a new College. A Court, Sir; and four balls in the evening.

Illustrious Personage. Saturday filled up, I suppose?

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. Rather a heavy day, your Royal Highness. Three Foundation Stones, a Review, a Concert, a Council Meeting, two Deputations, and Fireworks at Sydenham. I think you said, Sir, that your Royal Highness wished also to be present at the Royal Italian Opera.

Illustrious Personage (smiling). I am afraid my rest will have to be deferred for the rest of the season. *[Scene closes in.]*

"LORD, SEND US A GUID CONCEIT O' OURSELS."

SUCH was the too modest Scotchman's well-known prayer. Judging by some characteristics of our American Cousins, the same petition no doubt has often been offered up in the United States. It has been answered, apparently, with a return in full measure of the gift prayed for, in the cheerful town of Newark, Mass., from one of whose local papers a correspondent sends us the following advertisement by a modest specimen of "Young America."

WANTED.—SITUATION, by strong, active American Youth of seventeen, with plenty of muscle, vim, and health. Not afraid to knuckle down to hard work of any kind; is well educated and has good knowledge of Latin. Ambition highly developed, and brains to back it. Penetration sharp as the business end of a hornet, and cheek bigger than either. Lawyer's office preferred. Highest and best of city references. Any one in search of such a bonanza will strike oil—a regular spouting well—by addressing "Seamander," D.A. Office.



“DOWN”!

(To KHEDIVE.) "AND I DON'T WANT ANY BALLOONS!"

MAY MEETINGS.



OF course a number of the May Meetings have been very successful, but there have been also some failures. For instance:—

When BROWN met ROBINSON, and remarked that it was a lovely day; ROBINSON at the time being a sufferer from bronchitis, and the wind being N.N.E., ROBINSON'S language was not what it might have been had the wind been S.W.

Again the meeting of Mr. DUNUP with his creditors was scarcely satisfactory, inasmuch as Mr. DUNUP snapped his fingers at his creditors, and they in return threatened criminal proceedings. Mr. D. is now on the Continent.

It was not a successful meeting between EDWIN and ANGELINA in the lane, when the clock struck nine, and they quarrelled, and

both caught a dreadful cold which rendered them "perfect sights" for at least a fortnight.

Success did not attend the meeting of two vehicles in Wyeh Street, when neither would give way, and both were summoned by the Police, and duly fined for obstructing the traffic.

There was not much glory either about a *rencontre* between DE TOMPKYNS and MISS GWENDOLINE DE COURCY, when the former, who had been neglecting the latter, observed playfully, "And doth not a meeting like this make amends?" and when the Lady immediately rejoined, "Not a bit of it; unless you give me the seal-skin jacket and the diamond ring you promised me so often."

There was also another meeting which was not altogether of an unchequered character. Two individuals "met, 'twas in a crowd." One of the individuals missed a valuable gold repeater on getting out of the crowd.

It is no use multiplying these cases. Life has many phases, and the most pleasant meeting *Mr. Punch* has heard of is where two old friends, having had a disagreement, met one another half way, and made it up.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Come! Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell*."

CHAPTER XIII.—*What Somebody says.*

WHAT can PERCY SHORTWYND do in such a situation, with this round, warm, firm, unconscious beauty in his arms?

She is, it is true, little more than an acquaintance. But then she is an acquaintance. He cannot drop her suddenly on that account.

But a few days ago, after he had first seen her, he felt that he could not do without her: now he does not know what to do *with* her.

Shall he break open one of the butterfly cases in the Museum, and leave her there for the night? Her warm soft hair caresses his cheeks, and mingles, sympathetically, with his weeping whiskers; and it is no wonder that, in this intoxicating moment, he loses his own head, and finds *hers* on *his* shoulders. Two heads are better than one; but where is *his* own? He looks down the passage! The blackness is illumined from the Aquarium Department, where a stream of light is always kept burning—a sort of floating beacon in case any of the fish should be taken ill in the night.

Here he lays her down at full length, reclining in an arm-chair; heavily on the outline of her knees lie her blue-veined hands, and ivory-carved wrists. What can he do? He caresses her gently with a small wire hand-broom, which he fortunately picks up close at hand; then he pulls a live, wriggling, twisting, agonising eel out of its tank, and lets it wind itself playfully about her face, until, with a deep-drawn sigh, the soul comes back to its own place, and, pale and clear, her eyes' dark glories shine forth once more beneath the upturned, curling lashes. Then he withdrew the cold, refreshing fish from her face, and restored it to its tank.

"What was it tickling me?" she asked, in a low, frightened voice.

"Only a fish," answers PERCY, with a reassuring smile. "You looked ill, and I thought I could *eel* you. So I did." Then he added, softly, very softly, "You're in the Aquarium."

"You're a Fellow," she replied.

"You're *not* another."

Then she recalls their relative positions: she, a nameless dependant, a lady-help in the house of a fine, old-established, English gentleman, whose titled son now stands entranced by her side.

"Go away!" she says, faintly.

"Never!" he replies, impatiently shaking his short brown locks, more curly than a bull's forehead. The next moment he has strained her to his heart.

"BELLA!" he cries, "I will marry you, even if my father cut me off with a shilling."

"What could we do?" she asks, feebly.

"Do!" he cries. "We could keep a *bon-bon* shop."

"Yes," she answered, lifting up her great green eyes towards him, and speaking with a mouth like a ripe cleft cherry, "we could keep a *bon-bon* shop, and make money by letting out *sweets*—"

"*Sweets* of apartments, and taking in a flat or two," he cries, finishing her sentence for her, and then laying his lips upon the blossom of her sweet red mouth, he thinks that no *bon-bon* in all the imaginary *magasin* will be equal to this.

Suddenly a pang of jealous suspicion shoots across him, and he starts as if with pain.

"Tell me," he asks, "have you ever loved any one before this?"

Now is her opportunity. Is she to speak truth, or to lie? What matters it to him, as long as *he* is happy?

"Never!" she replies, with unhesitating vehemence.

Has she forgotten that figure of DISCOVERY in the glass case? No, but she will not think of it; she rejects it as being no longer a case in point.

Then she stoops down, bending herself to her square-set, broad-shouldered, sturdy lover, and whispering in his ear, "I love you to subtraction!" she places two burning lips on *the back of his head*.*

Enraptured, overjoyed, amazed at his own ecstatic, blissful happiness, PERCY catches her to his heart with both arms, and whistling a popular melody, *galop* time, he flies round the Museum with her in frenzied haste.

Then, panting and palpitating, they dance in the middle of the room, silent, careering, inexpressibly happy.

The old clock in the town strikes two, as, to relieve their overburdened feelings, they commence playing Dumb Crambo. PERCY is to leave the room, and BELLA is to tell him what the word rhymes with. He opens the door to go out into the passage, when in walks, pale, dignified, statuesque, and classical, LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER.

"So!" she says, in a hissing voice. "This is what you call Dumb Crambo!"

BELLA sinks on the ground trembling, with a world of horror and surprise in her great, innocent eyes; while PERCY, who at the first start had jumped backwards into the Octopus Tank, now rises from thence, calm, dignified, serene, and confronts his cousin, as she stands, with her pink ears back, and that zebra-like look in her countenance, the very picture of a resolute, and cruelly-chiselled statue, in the grey moonlight.

CHAPTER XIV.—*What the Author says.*

"WELL!" says PERCY SHORTWYND, turning towards the LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER, his face growing white and fierce. "Do you not believe me?"

The zebra-like look comes into her face, as she replies, with freezing calm. "I do *not* believe you, my boy. I find you and Miss BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS in the Aquarium Department of the Museum at four o'clock in the morning, and I do *not* believe that your sole object in coming here was to play Dumb Crambo. I may be behind my age—and I wish I were more so by several years—but I have yet to learn that Dumb Crambo, in an Aquarium, between two people, is not contrary to all preconceived notions of propriety and deportment. Therefore you will allow me to deliver my message, and then to take you, MR. PERCY SHORTWYND, away with me."

These last words she says haughtily, and with terrible effect. What is her message? That, at least, she can let BELLA know, and at once.

"It is a telegram," replied LADY VIRGINIA, elevating her cold, classic head, and extending upward her long, white, Parian marble neck.

"A telegram!" exclaims BELLA, stung into swift anger with this

* "*On the back of his head*." The italics are ours (the Editing Committee's—with one dissentient, our much-respected Maiden Aunt), as we really could not stand any more of this sort of thing; and so, with the public good in view, we chose this description of the heroine's action as being entirely unobjectionable. We omit three pages of "love-making," and are quite certain that the talented Authoress will not mind, as the matter can easily come in, anywhere else, in her next new book.—ED. COM.



"FAIR PLAY."

Young Mistress. "It's YOUR 'SUNDAY OUT' NEXT WEEK, JANE; ISN'T IT?"
Jane. "LOR', MUM! WHY YOU'VE FORGOTTEN! IT'S YOURS!!"

frozen, Gunter-iced woman, and feeling her own face burning hotter than a furnace. "Give it me!"

"I could give it you with pleasure," returned VIRGINIA, with a curve of her suave lips, expressing the intense bitterness of a bland, unforgetting, unforgiving nature; "but I prefer simply handing you the telegram, which, as you may see, I have already opened and read."

"And it says?" the poor young girl asks nervously.

"It says," answers LADY VIRGINIA, glancing at PERCY, with a cold, impassive smile—"From the REV. THOMAS HASCOCK to MISS BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS. Come. I am very ill. All U. P. There is money in it."

"And who is THOMAS HASCOCK?" asked PERCY, his face distorted with passion, as he pulls at, and bites, his long whiskers.

LADY VIRGINIA unbuttons her great eyes, and hooks her nose with even more frigid, aristocratic haughtiness than usual, as she replies, "THOMAS HASCOCK is the lover of MISS BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS."

PERCY SHORTWYND jumps up three times in a bitter, surging wrath that for a few moments quite carries him away. But as they waited there for him, expecting him back every moment, he returned at last, and speaks with a quickening, deepening emotion in every word.

"You have deceived me!" he says, turning a blank back upon her sternly.

LADY VIRGINIA stands hard by—hard as the iron nails in the planks of the floor,—fanning herself blandly, with the zebra expression so strong on her face now, that even the upturned, speaking eye of the passionately admiring Octopus, as he glazes on her marble, Clytë-like charms, from a recess of his deep, cold tank, is for a moment dimmed, and silenced, by a great, overpowering awe.

"I have deceived you," she answers, with whitened lips, whence proceeds a grievous, touching sound,—a something resembling the recently cut grass in summer, inasmuch as it is a fresh moan; "good bye!"

"Good bye!" he answers, shortly,—very shortly even for him,

who is scarcely five feet six in the longest day. "I shall never see you again nor speak another word to you."*

She flings herself upon his breast, her arms cling around his thick, brown throat, and her wealth of hair falls all over his broad, strong back and shoulders, as he pants and gasps in her embrace, heaving his short, heavy, columnar legs up in the air one after the other, in vain attempts to free himself from this fair, full, soft, tepid, light-headed, heavy-bodied, caressing burden. She clings frantically, with ivy-growth tenacity, around his broad, open throat.

VIRGINIA, classic though she be, must be colder than iced marble if she can stand by and witness this calmly. Reddening for once in her life, and with some show of resentful animation, she stoops majestically, and, with her white, long, harsh, handsome hands, seizes PERCY firmly and determinedly by the ankles. He is between the two. BELLA has him by the head-locks, VIRGINIA by the fet-locks. The latter will not release him, holding him as by a strong chain that cannot be broken.

To and fro they swing him, these two glorious, brave, loving women—with the violent flooding of a long pent-up passion. Their hearts and pulses begin to beat madly, frantically fast, as though rivers of flame instead of blood were coursing through their veins. Their heads swim round the Aquarium, and, such is the boiling, burning heat, that, were the Thames there, it would be set on fire; but, being as it is, only the fish are fried to cinders in their transparent, cool tanks, now turned into very hot-houses, rather for orchids, than octopuses.

A man is not easily pulled into little bits, but at one or other woman's feet he must fall, scarred by the fierce, unequal contest. The paroxysm is short. One big, sharp, short snap, and PERCY,

* *What the Editor says.*—"As after this follow five pages of dialogue between PERCY and BELLA, we have thought it more consistent to omit them, and make PERCY stick to his original text."—ED.

What the Authoress says (to the Editor).—"You think you know human nature! Your Aunt, who is the only one on the Editing Committee whose opinion is worth anything, writes privately to say that she thinks you've omitted the most natural and most characteristic portion of the novel. So do I. I shall consult my Solicitor, and your Aunt will be a witness."—ED.



"FAT, FAIR, AND FORTY."

Mamma. "A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, ETHEL!"

Ethel. "OH, I WAS THINKING ABOUT WHAT THE CLERGYMAN SAID ABOUT OUR ALL BEING WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE, YOU KNOW, AND—AND——"

Mamma. "AND WHAT, LOVE?"

Ethel. "WELL—THAT YOU AND PAPA WOULDN'T BE FOUND WANTING!"

following the hold of VIRGINIA, falls through the open door, while BELLA lies helpless and gasping, with the brown, crisp, curly, pomaded locks in her hand, which had but now glistened on the head of her lover PERCY SHORTWYND.

VIRGINIA lays her cold, white hand on his shining head, and bending down her white neck in a despondent attitude, strokes it with mournful reproachfulness. She is sad, even in the moment of her great victory, she is sad. Was it for this she had played, and won?

"I can soon get a new one," he murmurs, biting his lips.

"Come," says VIRGINIA, drawing herself up to her stately height, and taking PERCY SHORTWYND with her. BELLA followed him with her large, mournful eyes, as he was thus taken up by his affianced bride, until he disappeared.

"Oh my wig!" she heard him utter, faintly, as he was lost to her view. Then, with a great cry, and with the very little wool that had so lately come from the HONOURABLE PERCY'S head, she threw herself despairingly into a tank; and the Fishkeeper, one hour later, entering, found her wailing in the Aquarium.

"Promise me," she said, piteously, falling upon and kissing his broad shoulder, "promise me that I shall not catch it, and I will hook it."

The Fishkeeper had a light figure, and a small, questioning, *retroussé* face.

"I'm a married man, Miss," he said, drawing himself up to his full height with an appearance of calmness, "with a family; but," he added, relenting a little, as her white, plump, blue-veined hand unexpectedly strikes his first blue, then black eye, "I will see you to the railway station?"

"Will you not see me further first?" she asked, imploringly.

THE REAL THING AT LAST!

"An Extraordinary Sea Monster, resembling the sea-serpent, was encountered by the P. and O. steamship *Hydaspes* on her voyage from Bombay to Aden. The creature was discovered early one morning to be following the vessel, and was seen, says a correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*, by every one on board except the captain. It was composed of a dark mass looking like tangled seaweed, 20 or 30 feet long, and 10 feet wide, crowned by a huge black head, with a flat top, like a toad, a thick fringe of reddish hair over the mouth, and bright copper-hued scintillating eyes. The monster followed peaceably enough till aroused by the cries of some children, when it raised itself out of the water, gave a hideous bellow, and aimed three blows at the mainmast. The last touched the mast, making the ship sway violently, and the monster immediately disappeared, leaving not even a ripple on the water. The correspondent declares the creature could not have been a serpent, and gives his name as a warrant of good faith."—*News of the Day*.

SIR,—No doubt, owing to your having taken a deep interest in the last sea-serpent, you will be overwhelmed with letters, speculating upon the nature of the one alleged to have been seen by the passengers of the P. and O. steamship *Hydaspes* in last March. I take leave to anticipate futile conjecture, by pointing out that the "thing" so eloquently described by the REV. MR. STRONG in his letter to the *Bombay Gazette*, can be no other than the *Jabberwock*, whose name and habits are now so familiar to us all.

No doubt the unwillingness of the Captain of the ship to face the hideous monster, may be accounted for by the fact that he couldn't find a "vorpel blade" on the spur of the moment.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
THOMAS LONGBOW.

A Big Fish.

A TELEGRAM from Rome announces that the POPE has received SIR SALAR JUNG, though only as Prime Minister of Hyderabad, not as a convert. It does not appear that the Fisherman has as yet had the happiness of hooking this considerable Indian *Salmo Salar*.

"I will," he answered; and so they passed out into the quiet street, and onward to the sleeping station, where, true to his promise, he not only took her ticket, but accompanied her up to the house of the REV. THOMAS HASSOCK, where, lifting his hat stiffly and politely, he bade her farewell, and returned by the next train.

Then she went up-stairs, to where poor THOMAS HASSOCK was lying, and entered his room.

"You telegraphed for me?" she said.

But poor, wan, wasted TOMMY did not hear her; he was lying in bed and playing the concertina under the bedclothes.

As she approached the bedside, she heard his muffled voice from under the blanket gently singing these words,—

"Here's another good man gone wrong."

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "he may have water on the brain; and, if so, a tap on the head will relieve him."

So communing with herself, she seizes the boot-jack, and, as TOMMY raises himself from his ambush, she lets it fall sharply on his pretty, silk, light-brown hair, the one thing commendable about his outward man.

"So," he exclaimed, with a golden smile on his calm, passionless face, "you have come at last." He felt that he loved her—as he had always done, madly. So he lay back on his pillow, and, gazing wistfully into her moist, full eyes, murmured, "BELLA."

She stooped over him, and listened greedily.

(To be continued.)

A TIGHT FIT.—A state of coma, which Bobbies are too apt to confound with apoplexy.

THE WIND AND THE WOOL.



'TIS an ill wind that blows nobody good:

Such a wind in the East for the last month has stood. To no men, at least, can it profit have blown, Except Undertakers and Doctors alone.

Long faces are pulled by the pastoral swains Whose fleecy live stock crop the verdurous plains. And the dales, and the wolds, o'er the spacious extent Of the counties of Sussex and Surrey and Kent.

Those sheep-farmers, ever before till to-day, Began their sheep-shearing the first week of May, But are forced to postpone it a fortnight this year, Now the East wind has blown them a May so severe.

To the shorn lamb 'tis said Heaven tempers the wind, When the hand of the shearer has left it bare-skinned;

But what swain in his senses that saying would trust, When East winds like these in his eyes blow the dust?

Behold for a month, too, the local wool sales Put off by the blast of those ill-blowing gales! What matter if they, whilst the sheep-farmers weep, A respite from shearing meanwhile blow the sheep?

Not only have husbandmen cause to complain Of the wind that blows ill to their herbage and grain, To the sheep-farmer's farming it blows a dead stop; For sheep-shearing deferred is a check to his crop.

March winds blew of old, and then came April showers, And our sires used to say that they brought forth May flowers. May it not be June blight that these May winds will bring, Which have blown all this while in the teeth of the Spring?

O Clerk of the Weather, how long will it last, This villanous, ill-blowing, easterly blast? Send a Zephyr to chase agriculturist's fears, And let the wool-harvest be ready with the shears?

AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

What a Papa says. Really, my dears, if you don't come down at once we shall be late. The carriage has been here for a couple of hours. John tells me that when he passed through the Park there was a double row in the Mall. Surely you have had enough time for your finishing touches.

What a Mamma says. Mind, dears, I don't like this at all—as a rule. But really one does look so very well in Court Dress. Only a soupçon of colour, you know. AMY, dear, some of it has got on to your nose. Never mind, dear, I will wipe it off for you.

What an Eldest Son says. Dear me, how my Militia tunic has shrunk since the last Training! The sword-belt, too, seems to be smaller. Very strange—I can't make it out.

What an Eldest Daughter says. Yes, I like the contrast very much indeed. So pretty—isn't it?—cream-colour and rose-pink. Satin, too, is so much better than silk.

What an Admiring Friend says. My dears, I think your dresses simply quite too lovely. I could not let you go without giving you a look in. Charming—charming! Perfectly sweet!

What a Younger Daughter says. I knew there wouldn't be room for all of us in the carriage. FRED, my dear, don't you think you could take a Hansom, and meet us there? Papa, you really must get up for a minute—your sword is tearing my train.

What a Rude Boy says. Oh! look 'ere, Bill. 'Eré's a carriage full for yer! Ain't they a stunning lot! Call ANNA MARIA and SAREY JANE, and let's 'ave a good look at 'em! Now, then, for a shove!

What a Policeman says. Come, now, you must move on. I can't have you blocking up the pavement looking into the carriages. Come, now, I say—just move on!

What a Bridegroom says. My darling, as I knew we should have to wait a couple of hours at the very least in the carriage, I told MORTIMER to put up a pint of Champagne and some chicken sandwiches. Now do, darling—do let me tempt you. I am sure they will do you good.

What a Bride says. Oh! but really it is so very dreadful! Champagne in the morning! Oh! I don't think I ought to—really I don't. Well, if you insist, dearest, I suppose I must. Are you not my husband? But you will be careful, dear, won't you, not to spill any of the Champagne on my train? And don't you think you had better pull down the blind, dear? The sun is shining so brightly, and I think, dear, I can see the DE ROSHERVILLES in the distance.

What the Father of a Family says. I tell you what it is, JANE. It is simply disgraceful. You forget everything. You know the last time we came to this—this—well, whatever you like to call it—we were half starved, and here we are again without a single biscuit. I have half a mind to leave you, and go off to the Club.

What the Mother of a Family says. You will do nothing of the sort—you will stay here. You are always thinking of eating and drinking. Surely, you could have ordered something yourself. But no! I have to do everything—yes, absolutely everything. However, it will be soon over. You may not have noticed it, but I am rapidly sinking into my grave. Now that you have challenged me, you shall hear what I think about you. You are heartless, unfeeling, selfish. Nonsense! leave the door-handle alone. Do stay, dear! I didn't mean what I said—I didn't, really. How am I to get the carriage without you? You really must stay. There now, I won't say another word.

What an Elderly Page says. One of the cards is left here, Madam: the other you will give to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

What a Lady of Quality says. I really must request you to be more careful. Your arm is hurting my back.

What an Alderman says. I am very sorry, Ma'am, but it ain't my fault. The pushing is something awful. Now, then, LADY G., keep 'old of me when they go into the next room.

What a Devoted Husband says. I am sure you will be tired to death with this waiting. I do so wish I could find you a chair.

What a Grateful Wife says. Never mind, dear. We shan't have to wait more than half-an-hour longer. It will soon be over.

What a Gentleman-at-Arms says. You must get into single file, please.

What a Great Court Dignitary says. The DUCHESS OF DULBOROUGH, LADY SNOOKS, Presentation—MISS SNOOKS, Presentation—MISS ANGELINA SNOOKS. MRS. BROWN, MRS. JONES, LADY ROBINSON.

What a Kind-Hearted Personage (in point of fact, Mr. Punch) says. There, my dears, after weeks of preparation and hours of waiting it is all over, and I hope you are satisfied, and not tired.

What John the Footman says to his Mistress (respectfully touching his hat). Yes, my Lady. (To Coachman, as he swings up on the box, anything but respectfully.) Shortest way 'ome—old 'ooman's orders.

What the Coachman says. That's the best bit o' news I've 'eard to-day.

What Everybody says. So tired; but it is quite the proper thing to do!

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENTS.

"Thou shalt not be found out" has turned the Decalogue into an Undecalogue from time immemorial. Mr. Punch holds the opinion that for each individual there is what may be called an Eleventh Commandment, suited to his idiosyncrasy. Thus—

Thou shalt not reveal the secrets of the prison-house. (MR. COPE, R.A.)

Thou shalt not spread scandal and retract it. (The Editor of the World.)

Thou shalt not invite Publishers to meet Poets. (The LORD MAYOR of London.)

Thou shalt not make Greek heroines of white porcelain. (MR. POYNTER.)

Thou shalt not smooth away sex, or turn womanhood to wax. (MR. LEIGHTON.)

Thou shalt not flirt with detrimentals. (The Belle of the Season.)

Thou shalt not speak evil of dignities. (MR. LOWE.)

Thou shalt not contrive more mysteries and surprises. (The PREMIER.)

Thou shalt not condescend to be Imperial. (The PRINCE OF WALES.)

A MAD MONTH, MY MASTERS!

WHAT mean these East winds, that so chill and parch?
Merely that May has on us stolen a March.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RANVILLE on Grave-yards (*Monday, May 15*). Scarcely the preacher one would look to for the handling of such a text. But he handled it well, in support of his Resolution, that it is desirable to give facilities for interment in parish church-yards, without the Church Service,—friends and relatives being allowed to conduct the funeral with such Christian and orderly religious observances as they shall think fit. The question at issue has been, indeed, so completely threshed out, that it is needless to add any of *Punch's* chaff to the grains of sound sense and Christian charity which may be winnowed out of the Lords' speeches. Most of these, indeed, are contributed by LORDS GRANVILLE and SELBORNE, who put MR. MORGAN'S strong case even more strongly. But it is something to hear a brace of Archbishops admitting that Dissenters have a grievance, and that opening the Church-yard does not mean shutting-up the Church. The BISHOP OF EXETER, too, not only spoke, but voted for the Resolution. Of course Archbishops could not be expected

to rush in where Bishops feared to tread, so we must not be surprised if, on the division, BISHOP TEMPLE was left in a minority of one, by his chiefs and brethren of the Episcopal Bench. Still the speeches of my Lords of CANTERBURY and YORK told rather for, than against, the Resolution.

The BISHOP OF LINCOLN, that highest and driest of prelates, can almost boast that he has found a higher and drier than himself in LORD SALISBURY, who drenched Dissent with a *douche* of mingled wrath and contempt that must have been as a holy oil to BISHOP WORDSWORTH. On the whole, however, both the weight of argument and the feeling of the House went with the Resolution.

It is plain enough now, if it was doubtful before Monday's discussion, that the opening of Parish Church-yards to all decent and orderly religious services is one of those foregone conclusions for which we may wait with

"Faith in time,
And that which shapes it to a rational end."

LORD GRANVILLE'S Resolution only awaits a little more spiritual and temporal resolution in the Lords. Till then, let all who fail to see the Church possess their souls in peace.

that the burial of Dissenters in the Church-yard with their own services is the death-blow of the Church. LORD CARNARVON brought in a sensible Bill, putting such checks on Vivisection as reason and science may join in approving. (*Commons*).—RYLANDS up on his hobby, "Economy," got by MR. HUME'S *Example* out of *Self-Conceit*. If Rylands-Resolutions could reduce Estimates, how cheaply we should be governed! But there is a kind of cheap Government not to be described except by the addition of a dissyllabic epithet meaning the reverse of nice; and some may think this is the kind of Government Statesmen of the Rylands order would be most likely to land us in. Flying CHILDERS made the running for MR. RYLANDS' Hobby, and galloped through the financial history of the last few years, having everything his own way, and showing to his own satisfaction that we were spending five and a half millions more than when last blessed by a Liberal cheese-paring Administration.

MR. WARD HUNT defended the Admiralty administration from the charge of waste. This, says MR. HUNT, is the way of it. The Liberals come in, pledged to save; so, to show a reduction in totals, they sell stores, starve establishments, let down stocks, and postpone orders till, when the Conservatives climb into office over their ruins, they have to spend heavily the first few years to repair the waste of Liberal savings. In short, your "Economist," says MR. HUNT, pares the cheese till the rind isn't thick enough to keep out the rats and the blue-mould; and so Penny-wisdom brings in his yoke-fellow, Pound-foolishness, and both together work their will on JOHN BULL'S establishments—Civil, Naval, and Military.

Suppose *Punch* puts into nursery-rhymes an unpractical night's playing at figures, fitter for children than grown men?—

AIR—"Robin and Richard."

REILLY and RICHARD were long-winded men,
They talked the House empty till close upon ten,
When up jumps BAXTER, "The sum 's far too high
That to Army and Navy we vote in Supply:
Here 's HARDY takes fifteen millions of swag,
And WARD HUNT comes after, not much less to bag."

AIR—"Mother Hubbard."

But kind MR. HUBBARD
Pulled out of his cupboard
A book of accounts of his own;
Which proved, he would swear,
Fleet and Army went bare,
And that waste there was really none.

AIR—"Taffy was a Welshman."

SAM was a financier, of calculators chief,
He pitched into RYLANDS, and chawed him up like beef.
Proved of all the nations, wheresoe'er you roam,
Least taxed and cheapest governed is JOHN BULL at home.

AIR—"Mistress Mary, quite contrary."

MISTER HARDY played the card he
Well to play should know—
Of hitches and sells, and changes tells
That cost on War-Office throw.
And FAWCETT whacks into Income-tax,
That to catch big fish spares little;
To which NORTHCOOTE tacks calculations lax,
That prove his own case to a tittle!

Tuesday (Lords).—In answer to LORD COTESLOE, LORD CARNARVON told the tale of the KING OF DAHOMY'S insolence to COMMODORE HEWITT; how that King had struck a British merchant, MR. TURNBULL; and how the Commodore, in retaliation, had struck—oil—five hundred puncheons, in the shape of a fine—which the King refused to pay, offering powder and bullets instead; and how it might become really necessary, if the blockade of Whydah did not bring his sable Majesty to reason, to march on Abomey, his capital, the scene of the most hideous abominations of the Abomey-nation, in the shape of bloody fetish rites, torture of slaves, and human sacrifices, put them down, and rase it to the ground. The sooner the better. Or, suppose COMMODORE HEWITT were to take Whydah instead of blockading

it, and if the King should ask, "Why da'?" answer him in the dialect of the Christy minstrel, "Cause *dat* JOHN BULL's plan of bringin' naughty nigger to him senses."

(*Commons.*)—By a natural law of association, LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, raising the question of Egyptian Finance (on which no light could be got out of CAVE, beyond the general caution "*cave*"), led up to SIR J. M'KENNA on Financial Panics, which he thinks—dear simple soul, he is so innocent—may be prevented by putting all sorts of checks and stoppers on bank deposits!

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declined to interpose between fools and their money. The parting of the two might be painful, but Parliament could not prevent it.

MR. BRASSEY, the Cassandra of the Merchant Service, spoke a weighty word of warning on the lack of sufficient training among Second-class Merchant Captains. He would like to see voluntary examinations in Modern Languages and Commercial Law (suppose we add Rudimentary Surgery and Medicine, while we are about it?) with inducements to Merchant Officers to study at the Naval College (suppose we insisted on a University Degree at once?)

The much badgered President of the Board of Trade said he found it quite difficult enough to get Merchant Captains through the Board of Trade examinations as they are, and altogether declined to aggravate the difficulties of the passage.

MR. BUTT moved to empty benches for leave to bring in a Bill for coupling the lean, young Catholic University, and fat old Trinity College into an Irish National University, Religion and Morality to be under a Board of Roman Catholic Bishops, and any extra Endowment that might be wanted to be drawn from the Irish Church Surplus! The proposition suits the weather, being more cool than seasonable.

Not a Liberal was visible above the gangway to hear MR. BUTT. The Irish Tub was left, *this* time, to stand on its own bottom.

MR. WALPOLE brought in the Cambridge Reform Bill. It is built on the same lines as the Oxford Bill of the Government, and is as good as a Government Measure. This Bill, too, contemplates a process of transfusion—to bleed fat Colleges for the benefit of a lean University. The scheme is to be worked by a Commission manned by four Senior Wranglers, a Bishop, a Lord Chief Justice, and a Professor of Divinity, with the mild wisdom of MR. BOUVIERE as Coxswain. Something like a University Crew!

Wednesday.—MR. COWEN wants the Licensing business turned over from the Magistrates to a Representative Board, elected by the rate-payers. SIR W. LAWSON supports him. He sees in MR. COWEN's Bill a step to his own Permissive Bill for shutting up Publics by *plébiscite*. Perhaps he thinks such Licensing Boards will make public-houses so intolerable a nuisance that people will sacrifice even their free agency to get rid of them, rather than maintain them at the cost of a corruption to which Municipal and Parliamentary corruption will be as snow to soot.

So argue SIR W. HARCOURT, SIR W. BARTHELOT, and MR. HENLEY. The change is asked in the name of the Representative principle. Better the J. P.'s than the L. V.'s with their hands on the tap; and that is what, in too many cases, it would come to, in all probability, with a popularly-elected Board to decide the question, "Licence or no Licence?" A great deal too much licence, we should fear, would follow the adoption of the change advocated by MR. COWEN, but rejected by the sound sense of the House, in a non-party division of 274 to 109.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD DERBY told the House about as much as the telegrams have told us already on the murder of the Consuls at Salonica, and the panic of the Christians at Constantinople. The agitation is allayed, and LORD DERBY hopes there is no danger. As to that, *Punch* can only say that LORD DERBY is constitutionally cool, and that London is a long way off Constantinople.

LORD POWERSCOURT asked a question about Knightsbridge Barracks.

EARL CADOGAN said they would be built according to the plans in the Tea-room of the House of Commons. Government had not yet taken tenders, but they meant to be tough in resisting the remonstrances of objectors, or suggestions of alteration.

(*Commons.*)—LORD H. LENNOX means to keep the Clock Tower-dial illuminated all night, whether the House is sitting or no, that early birds of artisans may know what o'clock it is, on turning out to their work. This is a very wise little bid for popularity of LORD HENRY. Considering how the face of Parliament itself beams upon "the working-man" (especially about election time), the face of the Parliamentary Time-keeper, outside the House, should look bright for him through the dark. "*Ex luce lucellum*" might be the motto under the clock.

England will be glad to know that MR. CROSS does not mean to allow the startling misfeasance, or mistake, of the Coroner at a late inquest into a mysterious death at Balham, to pass without remedy.

LORD SANDON laid the Government Elementary Education Bill on the table. Enough for the night is the Bill thereof. *Punch* reserves his opinion of the "blessed baby" till he and the Lower House

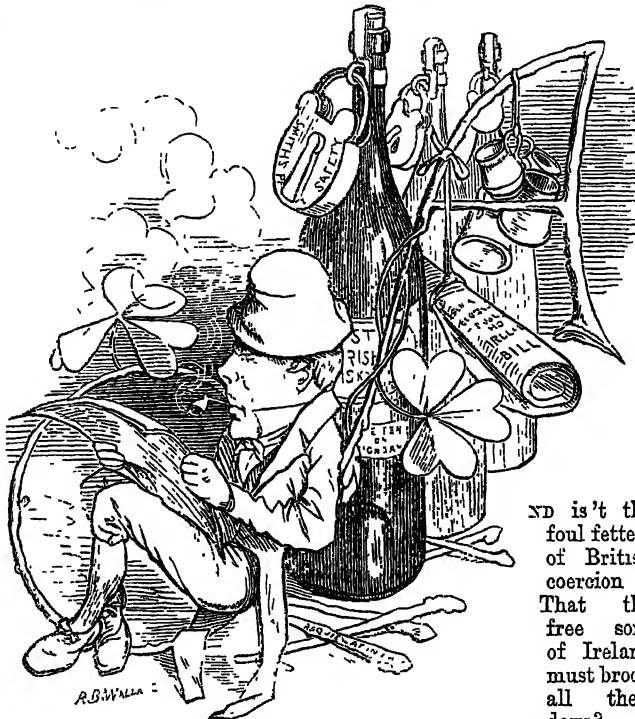
have had time to sit upon it. Meantime, he fears the babe looks *rather* rickety.

It used to be a question among the Schoolmen, how many angels could dance on the point of a needle? The House amused itself to-night with trying how many Economists could argue on the point of an Income-tax exemption—whether its limit should be £80 or £100—or whether the deduction should be £80 or £130 from incomes up to £300 or £400.

It is hard to see how, if the one of these alternatives be statesmanship, the other can be Socialism, Communism, or any other awful form of "ism." The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been ingenious enough to ease the screw on four out of five thousand contributors, while tightening it on the upper one-thousand, who have less weight in elections and make less noise about paying taxes.

Friday.—No House, nowhere—except at the Guildhall, and there a great house, with a greater crowd of guests, however, than it could well hold—old Guildhall and appurtenances, and new temporary ball-room together—for the City's welcome home of the PRINCE OF WALES.

TEMPERANCE IRISH MELODY.



ND is't the
foul fetters
of British
coercion
That the
free sons
of Ireland
must brook
all their
days?

No! Let's spurn the base bonds, with indignant aversion,
For the specious compulsion to do as we please.

'Tis ourselves that's determined to be our own masters,
And resolved to control one another alone,
By the holy decrees of our Priests and our Pastors,
For our neighbours' correction as well as our own.

Ah, mane is the slave that from Whiskey on Sunday
Is content with the lave for himself to abstain!
To shut all Shebeens in all faces that one day
From our tyrants to wrest the proud freedom we mane.

'Tis not the base Saxon this time that proposes
To quench wid could water the thirst of the free:
If it was, by the Piper that played before Moses,
What a hullabaloo the oppressor would see!

Wid a trumpet-like voice if the Saxon refuse us
Our demand to be ruled like gossoons at a school,
We'll denounce the black villains like bondsmen that use us;
The thieves of the world that deny us Home-Rule!

TITLE FOR THE PRINCE—OLD STYLE (*By a Loyal Stammerer*).—
Indo-per-errator!

THE QUIETEST OF RUBBERS (*with Punch's regards and respects to*
MR. MASKELYNE).—Two Psychos playing double dummy.



SAFE.

Sub-Lieutenant Bantling (in gasps). "AWFULLY—SLIPPERY—TAKE—CARE!"
Muscular Belle. "DON'T BE AFRAID! I WON'T LET YOU DOWN!"

"WANTED—A PRESIDENT."

It having become known that the Office of President of the Supreme Council to His Highness the KHEDIVÉ may be filled by a foreigner, the following Letters have recently been received in Egypt:—

(LETTER No. I. Marked "Important.")

Seven Dials (near Belgravia, South Kensington, and Eaton Square), London.

YOUR HIGHNESS,

PERMIT me very respectfully to offer myself as a Candidate for the post of President to your Council. For the last forty years I have had the greatest possible experience in borrowing, in all its branches—from a shilling up to £500,000. The latter sum was to have been paid to me in fully paid-up Shares; but (from circumstances beyond my control), as a matter of fact, neither money nor shares reached my hands.

Should you think well of my application, be kind enough to forward me £1,000 by return of post, to defray preliminary expenses. Failing this, I shall be happy to receive the sum of at least five shillings in postage-stamps.

I have the honour to remain,
 Your Highness's most obedient, humble Servant,

(Signed) JEREMIAH DIDDLE.

P.S.—Pardon me for leaving the postage of this letter unpaid. The paper and envelope, too, might have been better had I not been forced to borrow them (with the pen and ink) from a waiter to whom I happen to be under obligations of a pecuniary character.

(LETTER No. II. Marked "At Once.")

Lower Tooting.

MISS ROBERTHA HENRIETTA MANTRAP presents her compliments to the KHEDIVÉ OF EGYPT, and begs to say that she will be glad to accept the post of President to His Highness's Supreme Council. As the KHEDIVÉ says nothing about the sex of the holder of the office, MISS MANTRAP imagines that the fact that she has the honour to be a woman will not prevent her from holding the position she covets.

MISS MANTRAP considers herself well suited for the office in question, as she has a ready flow of language—a most important qualification, she believes, in dealing with Egyptian accounts. She points with pride (in support of her

assertion) to a meeting held recently at St. George's Hall, where Ladies proved, to the satisfaction of all present, that the art of talking is by no means confined to the soft sex.

MISS MANTRAP also believes that she will give satisfaction to the KHEDIVÉ, as she shares with His Highness a strong taste for what some people are pleased to term—useless finery. Under these circumstances she asks for the post she solicits with confidence, urgency, and determination.

(LETTER No. III. Marked "Confidential.")

Houndsditch, E., and St. James's Street, S. W., London.

YOUR HIGHNESS,

WE shall be happy to accommodate you with any amount up to £500 (at our usual rate of interest—from five to 1500 per cent. according to circumstances) on your simple note of hand, on condition that you make our senior partner President of your Supreme Council, and the other members of our firm Barons of the Egyptian Empire.

We are, Your Highness,

Yours very obediently,

(Signed) { MOSES AARON BROWN,
LEVI JONAS JONES, and
REUBEN ISAAC ROBINSON.

P.S.—Old Masters and cases of Champagne exchanged for all sorts of Foreign Decorations.

(LETTER No. IV. Marked "Immediate.")

Old Hoss, Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

IF you mean business, wire back. Make me President of your Supreme Council and I will guarantee to work Egypt from small potatoes into big pumpkins. Say "yes Sirree," and expect me to liquor with you by return mail.

Yours ready to do it,

(Signed) SAMUEL S. SLICKAWAY.

(LETTER No. V. Marked, "to be opened by nobody.")

YOUR HIGHNESS, *Hamwell.*

ALL hail. In you I recognise the greatest financier in the world. I wish to invest all my property in your loans. But stop. I must break off now as the keeper is coming through the ward.

Yours in the moon and stars,

Over the hills and far away,

(Signed) THE COUNT DE LUNA TICCO.

(LETTER No. VI. Marked, "to be opened by anybody.")

London, England.

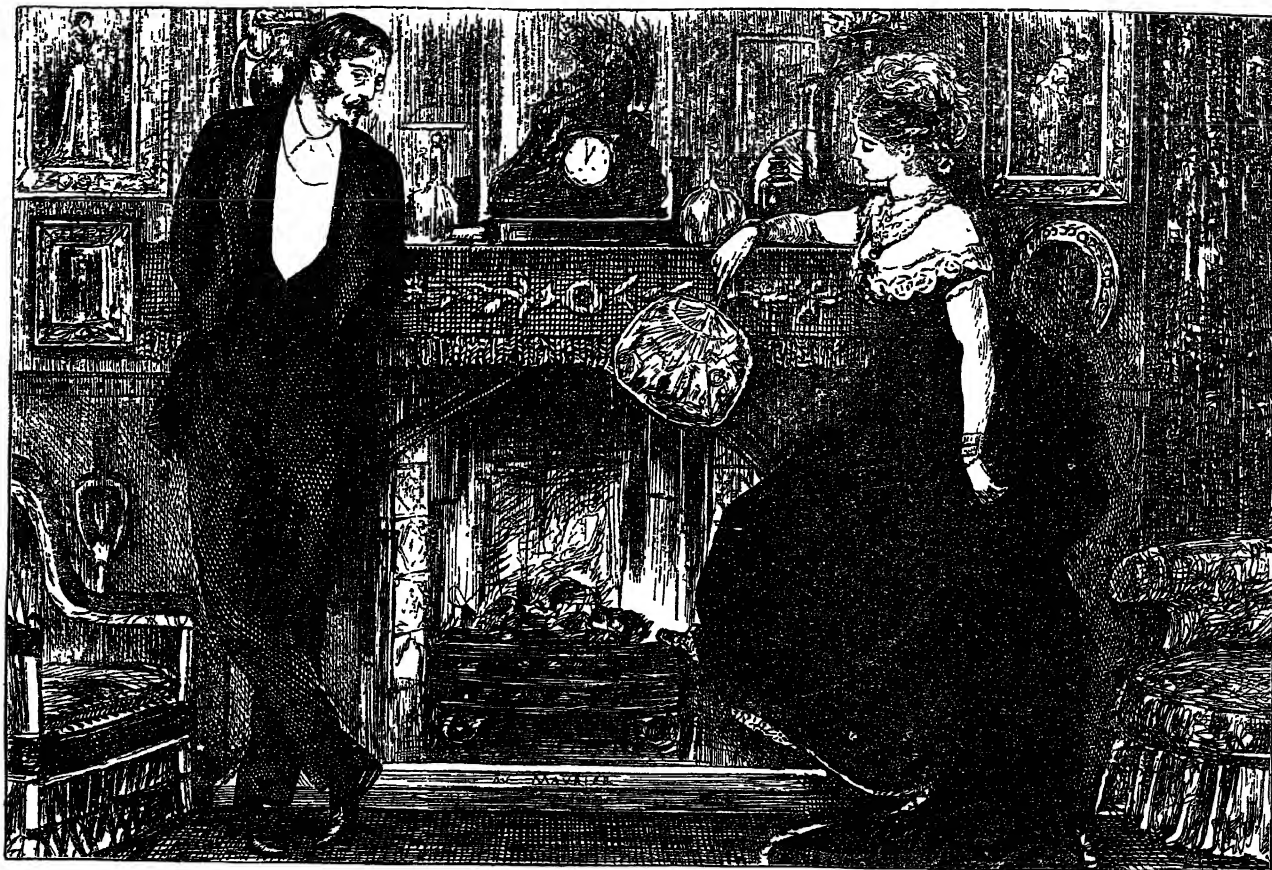
MR. JOHN BULL presents his compliments to the KHEDIVÉ, and begs to refer His Highness to his friend Mr. Punch's Cartoon of last week. MR. JOHN BULL considers Egyptian Balloons very dangerous play-things. *Verbum sap.*

THE SKIPPER'S SONG.

(AIR—Obvious.)

A DEATH on the Ocean Wave,
 And a grave in the rolling deep,
 For the Skipper whose owners save
 On a foreign crew, dirt—cheap!
 I've French, Dutch, Turk, and Greek,
 Swede, Fin, and Portugee—
 And all the lingoos they speak
 Are heathen Greek to me!
 So a death on the Ocean Wave,
 And a grave in the rolling deep,
 When I'm knived or knocked on the head,
 Some night, when no watch I keep.

For they all of 'em wear long knives,
 And some have got pistols too,
 And mine and my mates' dear livers
 Aren't worth a tobacco-screw!
 They will take us unawares,
 Like stuck pigs we shall die,
 With no time to say our prayers,
 And no chance to exchange "Good-bye."
 For a death on the Ocean Wave,
 And a grave in the rolling deep,
 Is the Skipper's whose owners save
 On a foreign crew, dirt—cheap!



DE GUSTIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM.

(AT LEAST NOT BY BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE OF EITHER SEX.)

Adonis (after his Guests have departed). "BY JOVE, MARIA, WHAT A HANDSOME WOMAN MRS. JONES IS! SHE LOOKS BETTER THAN EVER!"

His Wife. "AHEM! WELL, IT MAY BE MY BAD TASTE, BUT I OWN I HAVE HITHERTO FAILED TO DETECT THE BEAUTY OF MRS. JONES. NOW, MR. JONES IS GOOD-LOOKING, IF YOU LIKE!"

Adonis. "JONES GOOD-LOOKING! COME—HANG IT, MARIA, JONES IS A VERY GOOD FELLOW, AND ALL THAT; BUT I MUST SAY I'VE NEVER PERCEIVED HIS GOOD LOOKS!" &c., &c.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON.

Author's of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Stilly, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER XV.—What the Author says.

THE REVEREND THOMAS HASSECK was, apparently, as far that is as human sight could pierce, at well-nigh his last gasp.

"Oh, TOMMY!" BELLA wailed, "you're not going, are you? Oh! what shall I do here all alone by myself? Who will play the concertina to me when you are gone? And when nobody else will have me, there will be a strong likelihood of my remaining an old maid, if *you* are not at hand to marry me. Do not go, TOMMY, do not go! or at least stay here until it is perfectly certain you won't be wanted any more, when, as you might be rather in the way than otherwise, you can go to—wherever you like, and no one will care less than I! But at present, TOMMY, as there is no necessity for you to withdraw in order to make room for your Uncle,* I ask you, I implore you, I conjure you, to stay where you are!"

* "To make room for your Uncle." What the Editor said in a Letter to the Author's.—"A propos of this 'Uncle,' so suddenly brought in; we have never before heard of him in the story, and being afraid that it might either be a mere slip of the pen, or, which would be more grave, the sudden introduction of a fresh series of characters that might prolong the romance *ad infinitum*, we have written to ask you for information. Who is the Uncle? If necessary to the plot, why has he not been mentioned before? If unnecessary, why complicate matters now by bringing him in at, what we really thought was, the last moment?"

What the Author's says to the Editor.—"Is it not permissible to introduce an allusion to a popular modern lyric, and so crystallise what would otherwise be evanescent, and give immortality to what of itself is perishable,

Her excessive grief seemed slightly to annoy him—him who was already so far beyond all annoyance—for he raised himself with difficulty on the bed, and, with hands growing disobedient, grasped about darkly for his bolster: when he found what he sought, he lifted it as it were a great weight to him, and let it fall three times heavily on her bended, chestnut head. Then, as he sank back on his pillow, a smile of happy memories passed across his countenance—the recollection of the days when as a schoolboy he had excelled in bolstering matches in the dormitory.

Touched inexpressibly—forcibly touched—by this supreme effort,

without being obliged to develop the subject further? Do you understand me? Probably not. But you will take care not to alter a single line of this or any other remaining chapter. *I have seen my Solicitor on the subject. Prenez garde! If any one comes across my path, mind, it is war à l'outrance.*"

R. D.

What the Editor says in reply.—"Excusez. Not à l'outrance, as we have found in one or two of your admirable works, in which there is a refreshing peppering, a slight but relishing seasoning of Boulogne and its environs, but à l'outrance. This may be useful to you in future. As to the Uncle, let him pass, only don't let us hear of him again. Go on, and finish your admirable work."—ED.

P.S. (from Same to Same).—"As it was too late for you to make any alteration now, we have taken it into our own hands. You, dear Miss DENDRON, placed the REV. THOMAS in bed; after much deliberation, the Committee, including our Doctor and Solicitor—*und voce dissidente*, i.e. our Aunt—has decided upon retaining your third hero (you have three heroes to one heroine) in bed, *but*—to avoid all unpleasantness, and not to cut ourselves off from the drawing-tables of our most respectable subscribers, and the dining-tables of our influential friends—we have thought it better to perform one of the noblest works of charity—*vestire nuditatem*—and to keep your excellent reverend hero in bed (as you have placed him for effect), *but with his clothes on*. There was not time to communicate with you, and we had no doubt you would have no objection to the course taken when you should see it in print. Accept our compliments."—ED.



THE (HOME-) "RULER OF THE SPIRITS!"

BIDDY MALONEY. "AND IS IT SMYTH, THE SPALPEEN! AS 'UD BE AFTHUR SHUTTIN' UP THE SHEBEENS O' SUNDAYS? SHURE, THIN, IF THAT'S TO BE THE GAME, THE LESS WE HAVE O' HOME-RULE THE BETTHER!"

BELLA fell prone on the floor, her small, plump hands raised imploringly above her head, and moaned painfully.

His eyes wandered from her face to where in a corner the sun was going down, golden red as a glorious carrot.

"I'm like him," said TOMMY, with a gleam of the happiness of former days when conundrums were his greatest joy, "because I'm going down."

"Oh no!" exclaimed BELLA, blushing, "you must mean 'up,' not 'down.'"

He seemed a little worried by her not at once comprehending his meaning, and mildly corrected her.

"The sun is sinking—so am I. That is why I am like the sun. Do you see?"

Yes, she *did* see; and, stooping, she covered his hand with warm, passionate kisses, while, unseen by her, a smile stole over his placid face, and his right eye slowly closed and opened, re-closed and re-opened twice with an intense profundity of meaning.

"Tommy," she sighed, "tell me you are happy!"

Then the calm, gentle voice, interrupted by slight pantings, came to her ear again.

"I am: very happy, very, very happy," and once more he closed and opened his eye with slight exertion, and, as she bent over him, she caught these words, murmured indistinctly,

"I've gone—wrong—
For—the—sake—of—SARAH!"

the words of the tune he had last learnt on his concertina. Then he gave her a sweet smile—so sweet, it might have been lollipops for unorganised cherubs. She did not want that smile, and so she returned it. Like a Frenchwoman she had been "*coquette*," then "*prude*," now she was to show herself "*dévoûte*."

"Good bye, TOMMY!" she cried. "Dear old boy, good bye. You are going to Heaven, of course?"

"Of course, naturally," was the humble reply of this meek, dying saint. "I'm a very good person. There never was a better person: in fact, I am quite one of the best persons of my acquaintance. But," he added, always unselfish, "I shan't *really* enjoy myself anywhere till *you* are there. Of course out of politeness I shan't say so, but I shall scarcely know a soul in the place till you come, so don't disappoint me, will you? In fact, I don't think I shall go to regions of Fairy Bliss, unless you come too." Then he put his arms about her neck, and whispered, "I leave you—"

She listened eagerly. She knew he possessed a little property in the Venetian Asphalte Paving Company.

"I leave you—" he said, slowly, and with difficulty.

"What?" she asked, in a soft, anxious whisper.

The reply came in the same gentle tone.

"Alone. As I have always left you. As you have always asked me to leave you."

"But not now," she murmured.

"Not now?"

"No, dearest, truest TOMMY, my first, my best, my onliest, lovingest, and most lovedest love, I have been young and wayward, but I am so no longer. DUSOVER deceived me; ORLISS is gone; PERCY SHORTWYND has married VIRGINIA CREEPER. I would not have had either of them at the best of my time—for my heart was always true to *you*." Again his right eye closed, and opened, like a wild rose, with tender significance, as he pressed her closer to his bosom, and stroked the soft, luxuriant mass of warm, sweet-scented hair. "And I do not ask you any longer to leave me alone. Take me, oh take me, TOMMY, I am yours!"

A convulsive tremor passed through his slight, patient body, as he took her to his heart.

"Kiss me, BELLA, kiss me!" murmured this poor, fast-sinking, saint-like creature.

Without a word he gathers her up in handfuls, as it were, and for one heavenly moment they are bathed in the wild, tumultuous, throbbing, fierce, religious silence of an everlasting farewell.

Her sister JENNY enters the room, suddenly.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* "Like a Frenchwoman '*Coquette*, *prude*, *dévoûte*.'" What the Editor says.—"Excusez encore. A Frenchwoman might be coquette, also *prude*, but she never could be '*dévoûte*'—for the plain reason that there is no such word in the French language. She can be '*dévoûte*,' as a gentleman can be '*dévoûte*,' and '*dévoûte*' she can be, but '*dévoûte*' never. We think it just as well to mention this, there being so much French scattered loosely about in your charming works, and as you yourself would of course be the first to wish us to correct, or expose, what you might possibly set down to an error on the part of the printer."

Miss R. D. to Editor.—"Vous n'avez pas l'habitude de parler. In conversational French—and talking it, every day, abroad—as I used to do—the word '*dévoûte*' was far from uncommon; as also were several words and phrases, which you would not have recognised on paper. C'est une chose à dire, c'est bien une autre à écrire. Adieu!"—R. D.

EAST INDIA "COMPANY."—At the Guildhall, Friday, May 19.

SAYINGS FOR THE SEASON.

(Dedicated to SIR JAMES HANNEN.)



A LOVER in the hand is worth two Husbands in the bush. You may take an Adorer to the Conservatory, but you cannot make him propose.

When you are in Society you must do what Society does.

What is "Sauce" to the Husband is not considered "Sauce" by the Wife.

You cannot make a Lover out of an ugly Husband with money.

A Waltz is scarcely as good as a Supper.

One Flirtation makes many.

A Cup of Tea in time saves nine.

While the *Chaperone* is away the *Débutantes* will play.

It is a long Waltz that has no head turning.

Every Marriage should have a silver lining.

A Married Woman who Flirts has a Fool for her Lover.

Amongst Husbands the Bachelor is King.

A Wink is as good as a Nod to a Blind Husband.

From the Frying-pan of Engagement into the Fire of Matrimony.

What is one Man's Food is another Woman's Poison.

When the Milliner comes in at the door the Cheque-Book flies out at the window.

A Kiss is as good as a Smile, if not worse.

Matrons the Gods wish to render absurd begin to dance.

All is not diamond that glitters.

Skate before you Rink.

Half a Heart is better than no Head.

A Widowed Wife dreads the Divorce Court.

All crooked Roads lead away from Home.

Call "passion" by another name and you had better hang yourself.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

SHALL I be asked to the Ball at Buckingham Palace?

Can I afford to go to MADAME FRANGIPANE for a new ball-dress?

If I have a new one, what colour shall it be?

Must I go in my Court dress, altered?

Shall it be lower than last year?

Can it be tighter?

Will those odious SKODDY girls be asked?

Will CHARLIE or the Major be there?

Won't Mamma send our dresses to the *Morning Post*?

Will Papa grumble about the expense?

Must ANNE do our hair, or may we have LEOPOLD?

Will the *coiffeur* be in time?

Don't I want a little more hair in plaits?

Would a little colour be possible?

If I try just a *soupeçon*, shall I be found out?

Shall I look my very best?

Will any one be jealous?

And, finally, it is possible that His Royal Highness will ask me to dance?

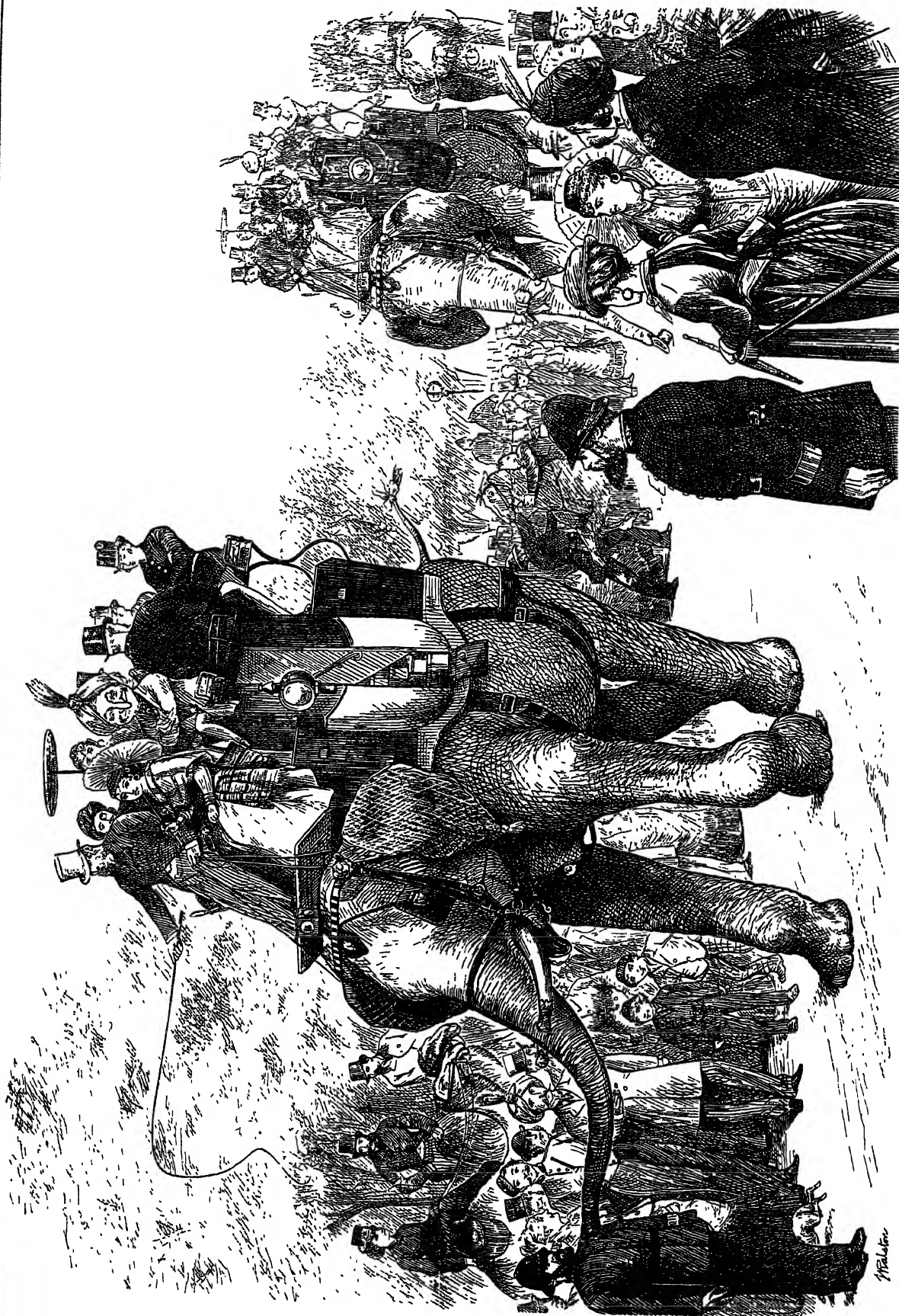
FROM LEGAL TO CULINARY (A TRANSLATION).

"COMMUNIS error facit jus." "*Potage aux erreurs vulgaires*." (Or you may, with the same material, make a hash of it, a broil, or a stew.)

OPPOSITES FROM THE SAME DIRECTION.

WELCOME arrival from the East—the Prince.

Unwelcome ditto from ditto—the Wind.



THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB CUT OUT BY THE ONE-IN-HAND CLUB (ON THE SATURDAY BEFORE THE DERBY).

WHAT MUST COME OF THE LATE FLETHORA OF PACHYDERMS IN THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS, IF *ELPHANTIASIS* IS CATCHING.



A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.

The new Cook (on receiving "short" notice to leave, with a hint that she has given a false Character). "AN' IS IT ME FALSE CHARACTER YE'RE AFTER CASTING IN ME TEETH! AS IF I'D BE BRINGING ME TRUE CHARACTER WID ME, TO LOSE IT IN YOUR DIRTY SERVICE!"

MRS. PARTINGTON PROTESTS.

"It is an honest grievance to our Nonconformist fellow Christians."—LORD GRANVILLE on the Law of Burial.

WELL, that's a good 'un! Does he mean as Methody turn-and-twistians, Including Shakers and Quakers, should be called "our feller Christians"? They'll bust the Church up, as sure as sparks flies upwards from the anvil, If they go follering the lead of dodgers like this 'ere GRANVILLE!

"Feller Christians," indeed! What next? I'm surprised at his impudence wentering To rank genteel Church-folks like us with low people that goes Dissentering: A mixing things up like that in a way to shock any decent Sexton! Why make arrangements in *this* world as must be changed in the next 'un?

Oh, surely wengeance is waiting LORD G. and his like to wisit; Wich in course there's only one Church, and in course the Church of England is it. Don't talk to me of patterns set by Turks, Chinamen, or 'Ungarians; We're bound to stand on our rights, and not knock under to sich barbarians!

But if we must look abroad for 'ints, *my* pattern would be the Spanish— (What d'ye say? I'm the werry party they'd be fust to burn or banish? Any way, you know where you has 'em—they speak out firm and manly: Better a straightfor'ard Don, I say, than an Anythingarian STANLEY.

There ain't no proper Church, only us. Them as steals our name is trying To steal our Church-yards too. All their lives they keep railin', and, after dying, They wants to git over *our* railings, for which all sorts o' dodges they wenters. "Feller Christians" ain't no name for 'em—a rubbishing lot of Dissenters!

Grievance, indeed! A pretty start! Pickpockets will next be feeling The arm o' the law a grievance, when it comes down on 'em for stealing. Which what I says is *let 'em* grieve—it's all their aggerawation. Leave 'em to me and SALISBURY, and both 'Ouses o' Convocation!

Them Bishops is too mealy-mouthed by 'alf. As to GRANVILLE, why his organ Just plays the werry same old tune we've 'eard from MIALl and MORGAN. The Church's Ark is bound to fall in the hands of the Philistians, If chaps like them, and maybe wuss, is to call theirselves "feller Christians"!

ALL AFLOAT!

At the second of the late Scientific Conferences at South Kensington the President, DR. C. WILLIAM SIEMENS, announced an astounding exploit performed by M. TRESCA, Sous-Directeur of the Paris Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, who had read the meeting an account of his researches into "the flow of solids." In proposing a vote of thanks to M. TRESCA, DR. SIEMENS said that "by his investigations he had thrown down the barrier between solids and liquids." A scientific achievement of overwhelming immensity; but what a confusion it must create in the nature of things!

ENGLAND VERSUS GREECE.

JUST now the Painter and the Bard
Are caught with this caprice—
That England's prosy, dreary, hard,
While beauty dwells in Greece.

Hence six-foot Atalanta's Race
'Gainst odds, and apples, heavy:
Hence laurelled Theban maidens pace,
And sing, a wax-doll bevy.

While Art seeks Greek ideals cold,
Mock-antique Bards indite,
And tales in LEMPRIERE's prose o'er-told,
In puling verse recite.

At nobler fruits high souls might seize,
Than those we're like to swallow
From BROWNING-ARISTOPHANES,
Or SWINBURNE-sham-APOLLÓ.

Far fairer were more native growth,
And pleasanter 'twould be
If Poetry and Painting both
Would work on what they see.

High in a place of power we stand
In an heroic time,
When there are doings in our land
For picture meet, or rhyme.

Greece painted Greece, and sang of Greece,
And cut Greek youth in marble,
And so won fame that shall not cease,
And glory none can garble.

England has sung of England too:
There's SHAKESPEARE, rivals scorning;
And glorious CHAUCER, tender, true,
Minstrel of England's morning.

REYNOLDS and GAINSBOROUGH keep in life
The Great Men and the Graces,
That guided England's public strife,
And wore sweet English faces.

HOGARTH on England's social sores
Used pencil scalpel-keen,
Whose vivisection to the cores
Of vice cut clear and clean.

Poet and Bard, use eye and brain
Like them on life around;
If true the picture, strong the strain,
You, like them, will be crowned.

If statelier theme be not at hand,
With humbler themes begin:
Try lyric of the Four-in-Hand,
Or idyl of an Inn.

Try English landscapes, women, men,
Till *Punch* shall thunder, "Cease!"—
Too poor for England, Brush and Pen,
Your weakness waste on Greece!"

HINTS TO IMBECILES.

(Calls, Dinners, and Dances.)

SAY that you are glad the Prince is back. If you have got cheek enough, say that he asked you to accompany him. Say that you think he is looking better for his trip. Be very particular about his personal appearance, as it will induce people, who don't know you, to imagine that you know him. Say how glad the Princess is, as nobody will be rude enough to ask who told you; if anybody does, by the bye, say it is only to be expected that she would be delighted at the return of her husband.

Leave this subject at once, and, before any one else has an opening, say, with the air of a RUSKIN or a Revelation, that you have been to the Academy. Every one will brighten up at this, and want to discuss the pictures. *Don't let them.* You can keep the game in your hands now, and gain fame as a holder of original views. Your friends will want to distil the criticism which they have obtained from the papers. *They will rave over the "The Daphne-phoria," and go mad over "Atalanta's Race;" they will extol "The Widower," and adore "Over the Hills and Far Away."* Well, so can anybody. But you will abuse these works; you will call their painters names, and say they ought to be hung with their pictures. Previously, however, learn the names of two or three very small "skied" pictures, by obscure artists, and say loudly and dogmatically that those are the gems of the Exhibition. If any one says they are not, shrug your shoulders. If any critic present disagrees with you, call him a hireling.

During the excitement caused by these latter remarks, you will have time to explain the plot of *Tannhäuser*. Say you heard it in Germany, and it was far finer than in England. If any one asks you in what town you heard it, call it quickly Cryptichonchoidsyphonostomata. Say Rossi is *Hamlet* from the Hanwell-padded-ward point of view. He is not, but people don't know. Give the pronun-

ciation of JANUSCHKEK—your own, nobody will know better. Say that "dear SALVINI" is back, and if your friends will stand it, give imitations of him.

Say that you have got to go. You may be sure that you won't be asked to stay. Having departed, you can repeat your entertain-

ment at another house, with the assurance that you will be looked upon in the light of an agreeable rattle.

WANTED.

Successors to the following Officers of State, and other Dignitaries:—

The Grand Pandrum. He has lost the little round button at top, and the gunpowder has run out of the heels of his boots. No Joblollies need apply.

The Clerk of the Weather. His conduct of public affairs is becoming monotonous. Even the few people who are fond of the East wind begin to exclaim, "*Tousjours per-drix!*"

Mumbo Jumbo. The present wearer of triple tiara, weary of GLADSTONE's tantararara, though rather too old to take a wife, would fain retire into private life.

The Green-Eyed Monster. Thoroughly worn out by Divorce Court proceedings, and by the rapid succession of sensational *Othellos*, English and Italian, this charming creature proposes to take retired lodgings in the Zoological Gardens.

The Last Man. Fatigued by waiting for the Last Woman, this important personage wishes to pair off with somebody else, and is willing to sell at a moderate price his unique ticket for admission to a private view of the End of the World.

Suspicious.

We read in a provincial journal—

FOURTEEN Gallons of MILK to DISPOSE OF daily. No objection to make it twenty if required. Can commence next Wednesday morning. Apply, &c.

"*Allonger la soupe*," is a French phrase for increasing the quantity at the expense of the quality. Is this a proposal to lengthen the milk on the same principle?



SURSUM CORDA.

First Footman. "UNCOMMON DULL SEASON, MR. CHAWLES!"

Second Ditto. "HAWFUL! BUT NOW 'WALES' IS BACK, I DO 'OPE THINGS 'LL LOOK UP A LITTLE!"

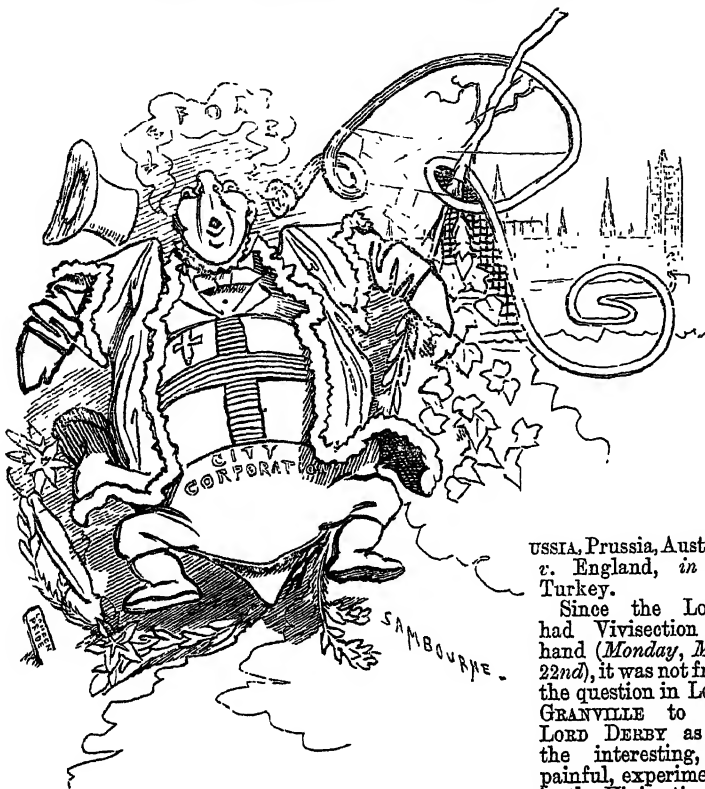


MR. CAPEL COURT AT THE DERBY.

Gipsy. "SHALL I TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"

Mr. Capel Court. "I WISH YOU WOULD. I DON'T SEE IT, AS THINGS ARE GOING!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



USSIA, Prussia, Austria, &c. England, in re Turkey.

Since the Lords had Vivisection in hand (*Monday, May 22nd*), it was not from the question in LORD GRANVILLE to ask LORD DERBY as to the interesting, if painful, experiments in the Vivisection of

Turkey now in progress, at the hands of the Northern Doctors. LORD DERBY was able to say that England had declined to join in them. (Everybody sees that the Sick Man can't get better; but we don't like to take part in killing him under pretence of curing. One thing seems clear. What between his diseases and his doctors, he can't recover where he is. The climate of Europe doesn't agree with him. Why not try change of air? Get him over to Asia, and come to a fair and open understanding between England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy, how the estate is to be managed for the good of the tenants, and not of the executors. That was what NICHOLAS proposed to SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, before the Crimean War, and we fought rather than entertain the proposal. And, after all, is not this about the best that it is coming to?)

Then came the smaller Vivisection question—on Second Reading of LORD CARNARVON's Bill, putting scientific curiosity into humanitarian handcuffs. *Toby*, on behalf of the canine creation—and the feline race in whom he is not above recognising a domestic poor-relationship—begs to thank the Government for exempting dogs and cats from the knife. Anæsthetics are all very well, but doctors differ in the importance they attach to them; and your Kleins and Schiffs evidently hold suffering dog-and-cat-theap, in comparison with discovery. (By the bye, what do the frogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and monkeys, on whom the burden of Vivisection now falls heaviest, say on the chapter of Exemptions?)

LORD SHAFTESBURY spoke warmly for the Bill, like a kind soul as he is, and the Costermonger's Donkey at St. Giles's would have brayed approval could he have heard him. The DUKE OF SOMERSET tried a little chaff, in his own style of cold-blooded common sense, but it did not take. Their Lordships are sportsmen; they are *not* physicians or physiologists, and though they don't mind sending away a bird with an ounce of lead in it to a lingering death, they hate cutting up anything alive. Vermin is one thing, and Game is another. Gentlemen must have their hunting and shooting: so field-sports must be respected, though, as savage amusements, they are beyond regulation. The laboratory is within the pale of Civilisation.

(*Punch* rejoices to know that henceforth the ardour of Science is to move in the leading-strings of common humanity, and that the knife is not to be put into the hand of every learner, to slash his way to knowledge through the nerves of the lower animals. If beneficial discoveries can only be made by sounding the well of life, let wise and reverent hands have the handling of the plummet. But *Punch* had always understood that England, even without law, had set an example of humanity to France and Germany in the conduct of physiological and pathological experiments on living things. How if the chief effect of this new law should be to drive our students to the French and German schools, where, with their physiology, they may learn other things not quite so desirable?)

(*Commons*).—MR. DISRAELI gave a full and considered answer to MR. M. BROOKS, stating *seriatim* the cases of the Fenian prisoners still in confinement, and the reasons why it would be a lie in the teeth of justice and policy, as well as reason,

to remit their punishments. This raised a storm of scurrility from MR. BIGGAR, whose offensive personalities provoked MR. BROOKS, for himself and the other Irish Members, to repudiate MR. BIGGAR! Altogether, if anything could open MR. BIGGAR's eyes to his own enormities, one would fancy this might. But no—he will be BIGGAR—the biggest of big—something, to the last.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER insisted on the petition for release of the Fenian prisoners, signed by 138 Members of Parliament. But MR. ANDERSON said it would not have been so numerously signed, at least among English Members, but for the understanding that no murderers were to be included in its prayer.

MR. PARNELL and MR. CALLAN denied the alleged misunderstanding, and MR. BUTT tried by special pleading to prove that murderers in law might not be murderers in fact, till the matter dropped in rather a confused hubbub of antagonistic Irish and English protest.

On report of Merchant Shipping Bill Amendments, several of the old battles were fought over again; and MR. PLIMSOLL scored one important win, carrying the absolute prohibition of winter timber deck-loading, against Government, by 162 to 143! Whereon *Punch* shakes hands with PLIMSOLL—SIR CHARLES a good deal "bustled" as usual.

One is glad to think that he sees the end of his Plimsoll purgatory at last. The Bill is to be read a Third Time on Thursday.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD GREY moved Second Reading of his Burials Bill, for easing existing difficulties by making new ones. LORD GREY proposes not to release the Clergyman from the obligation to perform the service when he feels a conscientious objection, but, on the other hand, he would not allow him to prevent somebody else from performing service. Just one of those sage compromises which please nobody. So it seemed, for nobody, not even its parent, objected to its being shouldered out, without a word or a division.

Several of their Lordships asked questions about the Continuous Brake experiments on the Railways.

LORD ABERDEEN said the Report wasn't ready yet. How should it be, with the break experiments still going on on so many lines, if not quite continuous, all but. Can't their Lordships wait for their brake until the Companies have done with their smashes?

A talk about Dover Harbour, which, it seems, is still under consideration. Their Lordships have a natural sympathy with piers in difficulties.

(*Commons*).—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, questioned by MR. CARTWRIGHT, said MR. RIVERS WILSON would have no objection to take a year's financial engagement under the KHEDIVE, if his place at home could be kept open for it. But it can't. So it is supposed RIVERS will flow back to native sources—of income. The Nile is all very well, but Egypt still wants RIVERS to carry out her financial irrigation scheme.

MR. JAMES (of Gateshead) called the City Companies over the coals, moved for a great many returns connected with them, and suggested that it was time they gave an account of their administration of their £500,000 of annual income in the City, lest a worse thing come upon them, in the shape of the heavy hand of Parliament.

The LORD MAYOR presented himself as a buffer between MR. JAMES's fire and the Companies. Nothing like a Cotton-bag to stop shot. His Lordship spoke up to his brief. The Guilds were private associations; their property private property. They accounted for their trust funds to the Charity Commissioners; and nobody had a right to call them to account for more. They spent £200,000 a year in charity, and the rest in the best possible manner. (Suppose a good deal went in dinners. Why not? Were they not good dinners? And did not the good Companies command good company?)

SIR G. BOWYER shot beyond the LORD MAYOR. Parliament had no right to ask for such information. If the Guilds were wise, they would refuse to give it. The demand was unconstitutional, and *pessimi exempli*. If there is still a Bowyers' Company, they are bound to make SIR GEORGE free of it; for truly he draws a good bow for the Guilds.)

MR. GLADSTONE was down on COTTON, and cut the string and blunted the shaft of BOWYER. It might not be wise to press for the information just now, when the Com-



DILETTANTISM.

TO THE TRUE CRITIC OF VOCAL MUSIC, ART IS EVERYTHING, AND VOICE IS ONLY A SECONDARY CONSIDERATION. IN FACT, HE WOULD AS SOON DISPENSE WITH THE LATTER ALTOGETHER, AS THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF A BEAUTIFUL ORGAN OFTEN CONSTITUTES A MATERIAL IMPEDIMENT TO THE SUBTLER AND MORE SPIRITUAL AESTHETIC SIGNIFICANCE OF REFINED EMOTIONAL INTERPRETATION—WHATEVER ALL THAT MAY BE.

panies were unwilling to give it, and Parliament not anxious to get it. But a time would come when Parliament might be determined to know, and then the Companies would find they had no choice but to tell. They would not always be able to put COTTON in the ears of either Parliament or the Public.

GOLDNEY and NEWDEGATE opposed the Motion. SIR C. DILKE supported it.

MR. CROSS was cautious. If any move was to be made in the matter, it was for Government to make it. MR. JAMES had not made out any case of mal-administration. Government did not mean to bring in a Bill, and had no power to insist on the information, so the matter had better be let drop. So it was let drop—for the present.

But *Koompanee-Bahadoor* had better set his house in order.

Wednesday.—MR. MACDONALD moved Second Reading of a Bill to make Employers liable for injuries to Workmen, even when caused by Managers' negligence.

All mining accidents are due to the neglect of Owners (say MACDONALD & Co.). All mining accidents are due to the carelessness of Workmen (say KNOWLES & Co.). Both contentions are false—the truth lies between them. MR. MACDONALD's Bill does not hit it.

CROSS, as *deus ex machina*, admitted the law was not what it ought to be. But MR. MACDONALD's Bill would only make a new injustice. The matter should be referred to a Select Committee, and the Government should undertake the framing of the Bill on their Report.

Thursday.—The battle of the Income-tax, fought out the other day, was all fought over again, under the conduct of MR. KIRKMAN HODGSON.

MR. FAWCETT struck a good stroke for the Commons, and against the Commons Bill. It does not protect the interests of the labourers, or provide against illegal enclosures. It leaves too much in the hands of the Enclosure Commissioners. In short, it ought to be called the Short Commons Bill; so little does it make adequate provision for protecting the rights of the millions in the uncultivated land of England. MR. SANDFORD, LORD E. FITZMAURICE, MR. COWPER-

TEMPLE, and MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, followed on the same side; MR. GOLDNEY and MR. KNIGHT against.

MR. CROSS maintained that the Bill took the right ground between the two, and that, under it, no enclosure could henceforth take place without sanction of Parliament.

On going into Committee a fierce fight over a motion to report progress, which lasted, rough-and-tumble fashion, till past two, when progress, having been impeded all this time, was reported!

M. OFFENBACH IN AMERICA.

(From Our Own Accompanist or Accompanist.)

SIR,

IN haste. The great Master of *Bouffes* has arrived at last. We had a rough time of it *en voyage*, and the eminent composer was unable to avail himself of my lessons in English, with the result of which he had (bless him!) intended to astonish Messieurs *Les Américains* t'other side of the water. He wishes me, however, to write at once to you, and express his sentiments of esteem the most profound—and all that sort of thing, you know. "*Le voyage était jusqu'à maintenant le diable lui-même*," says my Moosical Mossoo. We began (he wishes me to tell you) with the overture to *The Tempest*, and finished with *The Tempest* itself, which had an unprecedented run of eight days, with such a moving spectacle of a ship in motion as would have made the fortune of *L'Africaine* or the Master's own *Robangsong Crusoe*, that is, *en Anglais*, *Robinson Crusoe*. We were accompanied by the wind instruments in full force all the way, and the rôle of the vessel was most fatiguing. (I tried to explain this *jeu de mot* to the *maestro* when he was at his worst, and I looked in at the berth, and thought at first that I was in at the death. He didn't laugh, he didn't smile; all sense of appreciation of humour had quitted him. But to proceed.)

As for the passage, taken as a whole, M. OFFENBACH says, "I have never written a passage so difficult—*Jamais de ma vie*. From



DERBY COSTUME À LA CHRISTY MINSTREL.

(A VERY SLIGHT ADDITION TO ONE OF MR. WORTH'S LATEST PARISIAN NOVELTIES.)

the first bar (which we crossed on leaving) to the last, it was the worst thing I have ever come across. In fact, he never knew what a *Sea in alt* was till now.

"I am not myself at all," said the Maestro to me one evening, as the Steward was bringing him a nice basin of hot soup (but he couldn't stand the association of ideas, and so I ate it myself). "I'm not myself at all," says he; "and often wish I were back again."

I wouldn't lose the chance of an English *jeu de mot*, and gave it him at once.

"Ah!" says I; "you don't feel yourself; and you wish you were *often back* again."

I explained it to him, and he smiled. I am with him for the double purpose of writing an English or American Libretto, and teaching him English *à la*, so that he may grasp *our* idea of Burlesque. When he *does* grasp it, he'll be a wiser and a better man, or a bitter man.

Poor Composer! He had hardly a note of music about him last week, though he took several composing draughts, without effect. In spite of the stormy sea the boats, manned by Musicians, came out to meet us.

Up they went! Such a pitch! Trombones flying, ophicleide up in the air, the players holding on for their life to the boats, and OFFENBACH bending over the side of the ship—bowing, as they thought. It was a picture of the "*Heart bowed down*." The musicians tried to serenade him, but it wouldn't be serene, and they would soon have been beyond all *serenading* back, and awaited his arrival, which would be his first appearance on any American Landing-stage. How glad he was to touch *terra firma*! How he enjoyed the change of air, even though the air was Yankee Doodle. But for a while, after quitting the ship, he was a wreck; and though I sang him three of his own songs, I couldn't cheer him up. So when the people with flags, and lights, and music came to serenade him at the hotel (they're always serenading people with lights—I don't know how they treat people without lights—but that's neither here nor there), I just slipped on a false nose, and a pair

of *pince-nez*, and stepped out on the balcony. In a broken English voice I said, "*Sir, I thank you*," which was received with shouts and cries of "*Chantez, Mossoo! Chantez quelque chose*, out of your own darned works! *Allez, you cuss! Go it!*"

Then I gave it them. My rendering of "*Je suis, moi, le Général Doum!*" was magnificent. I heard poor OFFENBACH calling me to come in, but the people wanted me to come out.

However, in view of the future, I thought it better to bow and thanked me sincerely, and then went to bed. He is going to dine at the Lotos Club, and is learning from me "*porter et répondre aux toasts*."

Interested as you must be in everything musical, I am sure you will be delighted to hear of the *Compositeur's* doings en *Amérique*. When anything further turns up, I will write. I don't suppose much will turn up—except himself when he returns.

JACQUES you "*ses meilleures poignées de main*," as also do I, and am,

Yours ever,

MISTER L'ACCOMPANISTA DI PIANISTA.

P.S.—What boat ought OFFENBACH to voyage on? A P an' O boat. *Comprenez?*

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Come! Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell*."

CHAPTER THE LAST.—*What Jenny says.*

"My dear BELLA," I say, after we have left TOMMY's room—she first, and myself a quarter of an hour after—"he has given me a promise of marriage."

"To you, for me?" inquires BELLA, anxiously, with a tender trouble in the shady depths of her cool, green eyes.

"To me, for myself!" I reply, with quiet triumph, and giving an instance of the great common sense for which I have always been so justly celebrated. Then I add, "In two days' time we shall be married. Had he refused, I should have written to his Bishop, and exposed him."

"And what am I to do?" asks BELLA, with a mutinous pout.

"Good Heavens!" I reply; "send to ORLISS, or PERCY, or DUSOVER, or"—I add cynically—"some new fellow."

She pauses for a, sitting down at the table, she sends a telegram to ORLISS GWYNNIN.

In less than an hour ORLISS is at her side. He has come from the Antipodes, and travelled post-haste. The difference of time allows of his arrival here exactly two days and a half before the letter was written to which his coming is the answer. This, at another time, might have caused a muddle; it does not do so now. He is welcome.

The REV. THOMAS HASSOCK, dressed in white goloshes, and peering, happily, with little pink eyes through pale green spectacles, takes me, JENNY ST. JOHN VILLARS, to wife, marrying me himself, to save the fees. Then he puts on his surplice, and performs the ceremony for PERCY SHORTWYND, who has presented himself in the full uniform—now seldom seen as the Archbishop's coronation robes on the very stateliest of state occasions, and then solely and only when occurring on the first of May—of one of "*My Lords*;" while the LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER is a triumph of red and white flowers, of glorious gold and silver spangles, with a long bright ladle in her hand (presented to her as a wedding present by SIR GUY FOCKSDAY), in which to collect the offerings of the devoted peasantry. ORLISS GWYNNIN is the best man, and makes himself very amusing, appearing in his yeomanry costume (of white with red spots and stripes) of the Drollshire Merrimen, the motto on the cap being, in old Norman French, "*Nous voysy onghor!*"—while BELLA is the chief bridesmaid. Then BELLA is married to ORLISS, and my husband, TOMMY HASSOCK, acting upon my common-sense suggestion, takes the fees for this also; and, during the intervals and pauses, he plays appropriate tunes on the concertina, thus dispensing with the services of the organist, (to whose *honorarium* my husband became thereby entitled), while I, with great care, officiate as clerk, make the necessary reponses, and pocket the gratuities. The REV. THOMAS HASSOCK will bless the day when he married so experienced, so steady, so sensible a person as MISS JENNY ST. JOHN VILLARS, elder sister of BELLA, and hitherto a sort of Cinderella in the family. Sometimes I catch him in corners sighing, and then I make him give me a kiss on my sweet, soft, shy lips.

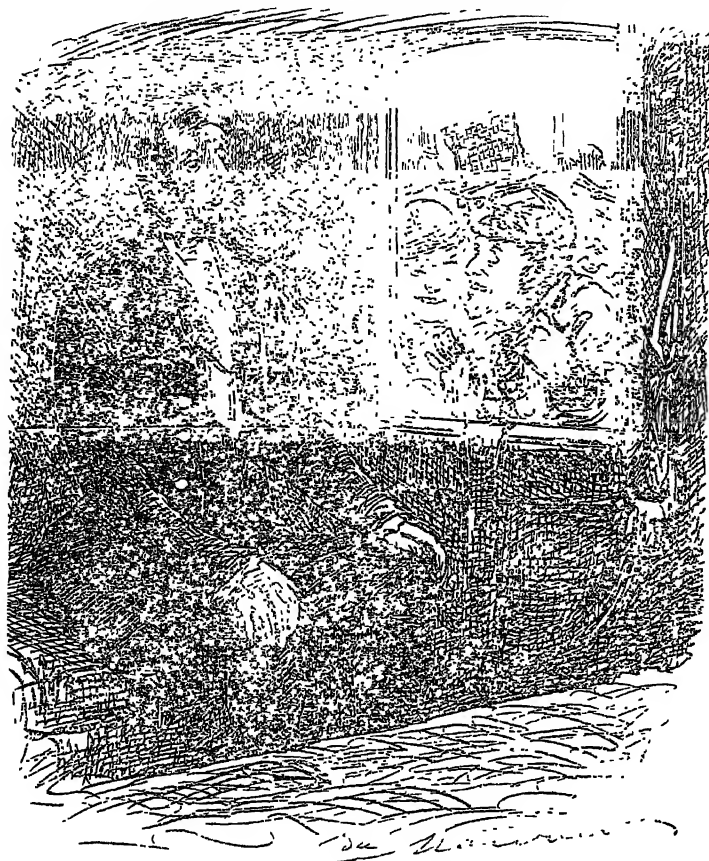
As for BELLA I believe she is getting on happily enough with ORLISS GWYNNIN; but, since our marriage, as my husband is very much taken up with parish work and visiting, and as I never allow him to go anywhere without me, we have been compelled to be "*out*" to the GWYNNINs whenever they have called. I don't think ORLISS is well off, and BELLA hasn't a farthing. They profess to



ANOTHER FALSE START.

Mr. P. (the Starter). "BOLTED AGAIN! THAT HORSE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN SCRATCHED LONG AGO!!"

ENGLAND on Cavalry. GERMANY on Empire. AUSTRIA on Diplomacy. RUSSIA on Aggrandizement. ITALY on Unity. FRANCE on Republic. TURKEY on Monarchy. EGYPT on Speculation.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

(A Reminiscence of the Great Bull at the Guildhall.)

Impudence (to Dignity). "YE'D BETTER LOOK SHARP, MY LORD, IF YER WANTS TO BE IN TIME FOR SUPPER! WHY, THE TRIPE-AND-ONIONS IS ALL GONE, AND SO'S THE LIVER-AND-BACON; AND BLESST IF THEY HAIN'T SENDIN' ROUND THE CORNER FOR ALL THE FRIED FISH AS THEY CAN LAY 'OLD ON!'"

live upon love, which seems to be a good investment, as I hear of her partner's new opera-box, her brougham, her victoria, her ponies. QUEEN is a cherubic and boyish as ever, and, being very fond of out-of-door sports, is, I am informed, constantly on the turf. I am glad to hear also, for my sister's sake, that he has obtained a lucrative situation at Monaco.

And so we settle down, somehow, comfortably, to the remains of the ST. JOHN'S WOOD VILLAINS family—and are heard of no more. *Voulez tout.*

L'Envoi.

What the Editor says—What the Committee say—What the Public says—What Everyone says.

At last we breathe again, freely. The novel is over. It was risky. But, guided by the eminent Committee, to whom the thanks of the *Reducteur-en-chef*, and of all interested in the work, are due, it has, at length, "*per varios casus et tot discrimina rerum*," come safely, undamaged and undamaging, into the most respectable haven of Matrimony. But before we have another novel from the same eminent hand, we do earnestly request her to *couper* the unnecessary details, to give us all round, young and old, experienced and inexperienced—*les jeunes gens et les ingénues surtout*—the opportunity of deriving a new pleasure from a fresh exercise of her undoubted power, a pleasure which shall leave us no unpleasant aftertaste, which shall not necessitate an extra lock and key, and which shall not have, so to speak, a blush in a whole hog's-head of it.

A propos of "hog'shead." Our Authoress has the wand of an enchantress, but is it good to use it as Circe employed her power? If the pearls are there to be thrown, will they, afterwards, be appreciated by readers so transformed? With these remarks, we consign to the Public the last instalment—and so the complete whole of one of the most powerful romances of modern days, which, under our paternal supervision, has appeared in these pages under the title of

"GONE WRONG."

THE RAIN AND THE RACES.

Cold, keen East winds o'er all the country blowing,
Set horses coughing, and prolonged a drought,
When, with delight, the watercock, high crowing,
Into the soft South-West wind sought about.

Then floated up the rain-clouds fat and oozy,
From o'er the bosom of the Atlantic main,
And shed their liquor until Earth got boozy,
As Earth could get, upon so mild a drain.

Erst hushed, the cuckoo set the groves all ringing
Once more; up trilled again the nightingale.
The blackbird warbled, glad, the wet was bringing
Out of their holes the savoury slug and snail.

The swain surveyed reviving crops delighted;
The fungus-fancier hailed the verdant ring,
Where, in the woodland glades, with hope excited,
He seeks the toothsome toadstool of the spring.

But O dear friends, and O beloved brothers,
Beside the fungi, fields, and crops, and flowers,
Down in the Downs, whose interests dwarf all others,
Are drenched in time with seasonable showers!

Not only might their verdure have been blasted—
The Turf had been for Sporting made unmeet,
If until now the lack of rain had lasted,
And hardened Epsom Course to Horses' feet.

Having had rain enough to lay the dust,
Those, not a few, who Road prefer to Rail,
Will not be forced from the grit-gathering gust
To guard their peepers with the azure veil.

Because it rains, it is not bound to pour,
For all that Sages and Divines may say:
Oh, may we find we've had enough—no more;
Enough, but not a drop too much, to-day!

Horrible Extravagance.

SIR,

I HAVE been much distressed to hear that to get to the Guildhall Ball, the other day, thousands went through the Bankruptcy Court. To what lengths will not ambition and extravagance lead the votaries of pleasure in the thin disguise of loyalty!

Yours,

CENSOR.

DERBY AND JOAN.

DEAREST PUNCH,

As a woman of very, very few words, I don't ask to occupy a great deal of your valuable space, but do, please, just let me offer you a seasonable suggestion, that's a good fellow. You have always stuck up like a trump for the Rights of Woman in the hunting-field, by representing them on horseback as fully equal and sometimes superior to men. Give us the same lift, old man, on the Turf. Advocate our claims to compete with mankind on the Racecourse. Stick up for the side-saddle. What reason is there why we should be excluded from employment as Jockeys? As it is, horses are often ridden by boys. Why not by girls as well? I'll lay you anything many of us would prove more than a match for the heavier sex. My cob with me outside him carries 6 st. 8 lb. I should like going in to win cups and plates. Now the utmost I can do is to make a book, not of any literary pretensions, but only of a sort that entitles me to sign my name,

Ever yours,

BETTINA.

Credit for Cannon.

ACCORDING to the *Politische Correspondenz* of Vienna, the Porte has just given a fresh and considerable order for cast-steel guns to MESSRS. KRUPP of Essen. Will this order for great guns be executed? The Porte is notoriously unable to pay its shot.

La Guerre des Femmes.

MR. PUNCH is informed that great satisfaction reigns among the Members of the Women's Rights Associations throughout the country, in consequence of the information received of a revolution having been effected at Constantinople by the "Softa" portion of the community!



PAYING TOO DEAR FOR HIS WHISTLE.

Donald. "E—H, SIR, YON'S A GRAN' FESH YE'VE GOTTEN A HAUD O'!"

The Laird. "OO, AYE, A GRAN' FESH ENOO, BUT I'D BE GAY AN' GLAD IF I SAW MY 'TWA-AND-SAXPENNY FLEE WEE' OOT O' HIS MOOTH!"

the world will be there, and you will disappoint the people in its millions if you do not smile upon them, even as the sun in its azure blue smiles upon the feathered songsters of the grove."

"Toby," replied *Punch*, severely, "you have been reading a leading article written by a word-painter." The Dog blushed. "And now what do you want?"

"It's the Derby Day, Master, and you ought to go to Epsom."

"I can't," said *Punch*. "I have declared I won't go."

"Which is the very reason why you *will* go. Come, Sir, it is the way of the world. Derby promises are made, like treaties—only to be broken."

"Oh, but I have done the thing so often," urged *Punch*. "I know what I shall see."

"No you don't," replied *Toby*, firmly, but respectfully. "I have everything ready, and I promise you that you shall enjoy a novel sensation. I am perfectly unselfish in the matter. I shall certainly turn my back upon the race while it's being run. I only care for the Dog's Derby—need I say that I allude to the Waterloo Cup? Come, Sir, you shall go."

Thus urged, the Sage arose, and having adopted a suitable costume, sallied forth.

"Where's the drag?" he asked, when he found himself in the road.

"Here, Master," replied *Toby*, pointing to a large hamper. "The lunch is the real Derby Drag—especially next morning."

Before *Punch* could reply, two charming young ladies seated themselves in the novel conveyance. One was a delightful brunette, with a pure Italian skin, and shining, hazel eyes; the other a handsome blonde.

"My dear girls," exclaimed *Punch*, "I really don't think the Derby is quite the place for—"

"For us!" interrupted the Brunette. "My dear Sir, don't you know that the highest Ladies in the land patronise the race now-a-days?"

"And you forget Woman's Rights," put in the Blonde. "Surely, after the meeting at St. George's Hall, you *must* be convinced that Ladies having claimed the deference paid to weakness, ought to enjoy the privilege, until now yielded to strength and power?"

Punch would have argued this point, had not his attention been attracted to the strange "steeds" that were being harnessed to his hamper. Four large lobsters composed the team.

"Dear me!" cried the Sage; "where did you get *these* from?"

"Not from the Westminster Aquarium," replied *Toby*, promptly. "After the race you know, Master, a raw lobster very often carries you back to Epsom."

"Yes!" murmured *Punch*. "But surely night-mares should be kept for the Oaks."

"And if lobsters take you to Epsom after the race, why shouldn't they hurry you there before it?"

And then the strange conveyance started. *Toby* had promised his Master a new view of the road; and the Dog of Dogs kept his word. Instead of the thousand carts and carriages that usually appear on the Queen's highway on the Derby Day, scarcely a vehicle was visible. *Punch* noticed there were a very large number of foreigners making their way to Epsom. A swarthy Gentleman, wearing a cap, strongly reminding him of a Tam o'Shanter bonnet, plus a tassel, particularly attracted his notice. This swarthy Gentleman had two silent companions in attendance upon him.

"Ah, *Punch*!" said he, "here we are safe and sound in England! Better off than the peasants I left under the turf in Spain, eh? My staff—Oh, don't be frightened; they won't hurt you: at least, they didn't hurt *me*! Allow me to introduce *Monarchy* and *Fatherland*."

"Impostors!" exclaimed *Punch*, as he left the would-be regal Spaniard and his companions in the distance, "*Monarchy* and *Fatherland*, indeed! He should have said, *Self* and *Treason*."

And now a very tall man indeed neared *Punch's* conveyance. The very tall man had a long moustache, and looked like the Cousin-German of an Irishman.

"Surprised to see me at the Derby, *Mr. Punch*?" he said, with a smile. "Why should you be? You and I are the wisest men in the world; and *you* are here. Besides, you must remember that I am ubiquitous. I should have been here last year, hadn't that fellow *ARNIM* kept me tied to Germany."

"What *PRINCE VON BIS* —"

"Silence, my friend! I wish to preserve my *incognito*."

"Well, your Excellency, what are the odds?"

"About five to one against the Em-

PEROR'S Aggression—gone up very much lately; one hundred to one against the KAT-TER'S Diplomacy; and any price about the SULTAN'S Mounting, and the KHLIDIVE'S Bankruptcy coupled."

"And you go in for?"

"Oh, the old horse, I suppose—Blood and Iron. I may declare to win with another animal, but the other's the best of the two. *Entre nous*, what do you think of DERBY'S Caution?"

"That it's safe enough, if it can only stay!"

And now *Punch* found himself on the course. Certainly it was a novel sight, and yet there was nothing new. As he looked from his hamper he noticed that there were a number of horse-leeches in his neighbourhood. *Toby* shouted to him the latest odds.

"Why, what are these, *Toby*?" asked *Punch*.

"Why, Betting-men, to be sure, Master," replied the Dog of Dogs.

"You know, Sir, that I like to call things by their right names. I caught up the habit from you. But you see, Sir, that they do not always pluck the pigeons they attempt to ensnare."

And then *Punch* observed that, thanks to COLONEL HENDERSON, those worst of horse-flies, who throng the turf whereon races are held, the London Roughs, were kept well in check by those most useful of Blue-bottles, the Police of the Metropolis and he noticed that the tops of the sporting papers were easily recognised as the dirtiest of bubbles, and he saw that the delights of the Derby were the most toothsome of food and the driest of champagne, and he would doubtless have seen a great deal more had there not been a cry of "They're off!"

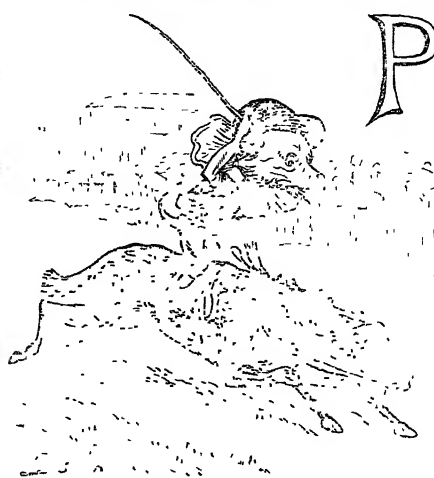
Down rushed the horses in a little cloud of colour. For a moment they were seen and then they disappeared. But they came again, and amidst most tremendous excitement and cheering, the judge announced the number of the winner!

"Who has won?" cried *Punch*, eagerly.

"Why, I will tell you," replied *Toby*. "The winner is——"

And at this point the Sage of Fleet Street awoke—*Punch's* dream of the Derby was over!

STRAIGHT-TIP FROM THE STARS.

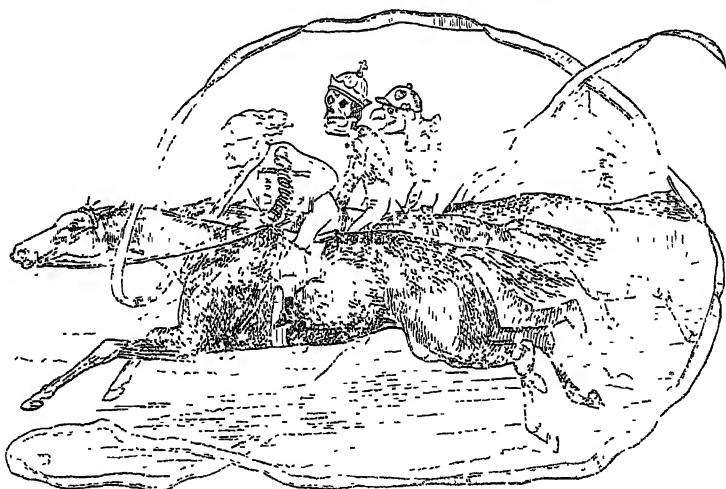


Coltress an abstract Horse appears;
Wild Tommy ne'er a Tamer fears.
Thus speak the Planets in their courses!
Now lay your wagers on the Horses.

*P*ETRARCH'S laurel crown will shine:
Mineral Colt of wealth be mine:
All Heart beat, while Skylark soars,
Forerunner runs upon all fours.
Great Tom his peal of triumph sounds;
Hardrada no hard road confounds;
To Julius Caesar what approacher?
Braconnier's a noted poacher.
On Ambergris the scent lies strong;
Buy Wyndham—wind him. Nothing wrong!

A PLEA FOR EGYPTIAN INSOLVENCY.—"Ex Nilo nihil fit."

THE WINNING CARD.



A charger on the battle-field,
A courser o'er the plain,
In chase the Hunter beareth he;
The Warrior in campaign.

'Tis a sight to see the generous Nag,
As he flies in full career,
Or to watch the team that whirls the Drag
Of the lofty charioteer.

But a downier view the Sporting Man
Of the Noble Creature takes;
Though no Hippophagist, his eye
Is still on Horses' stakes.

With a view of the furthest point whereto
In the betting he's like to go,
The odds on a Horse are all he cares
About that Horse to know.

He scans the Steed with no vain regard
To his form, his leaps, and bounds,
But values him as a playing card
For a prize of sterling pounds.

Then sing hey for the Noble Animal!
And the Noble Sportsman also!
And for milking, pulling, and hockussing,
And all plants on the turf that grow!

Anatomy of the Turf.

THE Egyptians adored the Bull, and multitudes of us English are devoted to the Horse. A thinking young man remarked that the Derby is the great annual Festival of Horse Worship. His companion, a Medical Student, said that Horse Worshippers commonly spoke with veneration of "that ere oss." The object of their worship seemed to be the os sacrum.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Is the *Mineral Colt* a descendant of the "Iron Horse?"

WHAT TO DO ON THE DERBY DAY.

"I think I shall go down to Hampton Court and play tennis. As it is the Derby, nobody will be there"—*Sybil*, by B. DISRAELI.

SURELY the Premier's suggestion is worth a thought. Quiet is hard to find in this country, it may be discovered on the Derby Day. It is the very time to do a little useful business. *Exempli gratia*—

You may call on LORD DERBY at the Foreign Office, and find him ready to listen to your views about the Herzegovina. You may, in like manner, enlighten SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE on the difficult question of Egyptian Finance.

You may look in at the Stock Exchange, and show its Chairman the immense importance of reforming that influential establishment.

You may have a quiet day of study at the Reading-room of the British Museum, with that polite Gentleman, the Principal Librarian, in constant attendance upon you.

You may pass a happy hour at the Academy in front of MR. POYNTER'S picture, calculating how long it will take MILANION to fall on his nose.

You may climb to the gallery of Saint Paul's, and look down upon a deserted City.

You may have a river steamer all to yourself from London Bridge to Richmond, and dine in delightful isolation at the "Star and Garter."

You may travel by Rail without the least fear of being in a carriage with an unprotected and aggressive female.

You may walk along Pall Mall, and not see a human being you know.

You may drop in upon MR. DISRAELI with a dodge; and he will reply, *τίς γλαῖκε Δέηρας ἡγάγε*;—"There be coals at Wallsend."

You may bring radiant Epigrams to MR. PUNCH. *Toby* will be found at home, and in a fierce temper, because he does not go to the Derby. *Cave canem!*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UMPH! Nothing to yield a drop of Essence in the Lords on Monday, May 29.

(Commons.)—MR. CALLAN means to move for a Select Committee to subject Bubble Companies to the same pricking as Foreign Loans have gone through. Emma Mines, Lisbon Tramways, and similar swindles, promise a rich crop of revelation under the operation of JAMES'S Powders. But one hardly dares to hope there *can* be any legal punishment for "financial enterprise" that has robbed to the tune of millions.

The writ for Norwich is to be suspended, till that borough has repented in its native crape—if not in sackcloth and ashes. The same Bill will disfranchise the scheduled voters for Boston.

MR. MITCHELL-HENRY moved a Resolution declaring that no financial arrangements can be satisfactory which do not relieve Ireland from a burden of taxation, beyond her ability to pay, as compared with Great Britain. As the taxes levied in the Green Isle and the rest of the United Kingdom are the same—except the Assessed Taxes, from which Ireland is exempt—it is not easy to say where the injustice lies. But PADDY is at liberty to fit the burden to his own back. Let him drink less whiskey, and he will contribute so much less to the Imperial Exchequer.

MR. HENRY did not venture on a division.

In Committee on the Commons Bill. As the law stands, if a Lord of the Manor and the Commons agree, a Common can be enclosed without sanction of Parliament. This leaves out of sight the public interest in the enjoyment of Commons, which does not constitute a legal right.

MR. SHAW-LEFEBVRE tried in vain to press an enactment that henceforth no enclosure of a common, town or village green, shall be legal, except under the statute. "Propputty, propputty!" was trotted out against him by MR. CROSS.

(Happily Commons are growing more wide-awake than of old, and there is less prospect of the lord being allowed to have his own way with the waste than there used to be. The great point is to give us Enclosure Commissioners who understand the importance of protecting open spaces

wherever they are wanted for public enjoyment, health, and recreation. That the Bill, with all its shortcomings, will forward. It might be better, but it is good as far as it goes.)

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD DONOUGHMORE moved Resolutions for the amendment of the Irish Grand Jury system. The DUKE OF RICHMOND had little to say against them but that they must be embodied in a Bill which must originate in the House of Commons. The LORD CHANCELLOR admitted that the discussion had shown the need of an amendment of the law: so the Resolutions, though withdrawn, were not moved to no purpose.

A conversation about Foreign Titles conferred on English subjects elicited from LORD DERBY the rather startling admission that there is no legal penalty for the assumption of a title to which a man has no right. (*Punch* never assumes his Foreign Titles in this country, much as *Judy* has pinned to be presented as LA MARCHESA DE POLICINELLO, and recommends his friends of the Upper House to follow his example.) His Lordship confirmed the startling news of the deposition of the SULTAN. (ABDUL AZIZ—as some hundreds of his indefatigable correspondents have already taken care to inform *Mr. Punch*—is now ABDUL as was. The Softas have settled the revolution in the softest style. MOURAD THE FIFTH is now Commander of the Faithful. May the elevation not invest him with another title, already familiar to Eastern story—MOURAD THE UNLUCKY. We are informed that he passed the four weeks previous to his accession in a cellar. He may yet regret even that calm and secluded retreat. On the time-honoured principle that "When things are at their worst they'll mend," the change must be an improvement; which, no doubt, accounts for the jump up of Turkish Stock from nine to fourteen on receipt of the telegram, and the general rejoicing which seems to have hailed the news, at Constantinople and elsewhere.)

(Commons.)—After this stirring news had been confirmed by MR. BOURKE, the House was recalled from its excitement by MR. DISRAELI's curt Motion for adjournment over the Derby Day, on which SIR WILFRID had his usual innings. He scored his first laugh by claiming the Motion for a Party one—"supported by the party of sentiment and opposed by the party of sense." He must have meant the Amendment. He denied that he had been seen at the Derby in a scarlet coat and a green tie. He quoted from the *Daily Telegraph* a summary description of Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, as "the grandest assemblage of blackguardism on the face of the earth," with the comical comment, a few lines further on, that "the sight is one of the prettiest in the world." He asked for votes against "a proceeding which was somewhat inconvenient, slightly mischievous, altogether childish, and thoroughly contemptible."

MR. BROMLEY-DAYENPORT said he had not gone to the Derby for twenty years, and did not mean to go to-morrow; but the Derby was a general holiday, and he did not see why Members should not have the chance of enjoying it. When he was at Hyde Park Corner, in the evening of last Derby Day, he saw a carriage pass with a gentleman in it, rather dusty, and apparently very cheerful, bearing a most remarkable resemblance to the Honourable Member, and carrying a doll in his hat.

MR. ASHETON deprecated jocularly. He denied that the custom of adjourning over the Derby Day was either good or old. He believed the time would come when people would wonder that so late as 1876 the House of Commons in its busiest time adjourned its proceedings for a whole day to see a horse race. (*Punch* hasn't a doubt of it, by the time when cakes and ale are things of the past.)

MR. BRIGHT followed MR. ASHETON's grave lead, and gave the House a weighty lecture on the evils of horse-racing. He believed that the character of the House would stand higher in the country, and wherever their debates were read, if they abandoned the custom the Right Honourable Gentleman proposed they should follow now. (So does *Punch*, with one qualification, however—that the sense and morality of the country shall have grown *pari-passu* with that of the House. In the meantime, *Punch* fears that a taste



POPULAR HYMNOLOGY.

Mistress (with a Ritualistic turn). "AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE FESTIVAL SERVICE, MARTHA?"

Martha (from the Country). "LOB', MUM, IT WERE BEAUTIFUL! THERE WAS A LOT O' MEN AND BOYS A-MARCHIN' ROUND AND ROUND THE CHURCH WITH FLAGS, AND A-SINGIN' 'ONWARD, CHRISTY MINSTRELS!'"

THE APPEAL OF THE PIOUS FOUNDER.

'Twas the Ghost of a Pious Founder stood
By COTTON's couch, in the night-watch dim,
Above his brow it seemed to brood,
Then thus did make appeal to him:—
"Oh sturdy champion of civic right,
Yet a little let reason give thee pause,
Provoke not a more than doubtful fight,
Nor valour waste in a hopeless cause!"

"We built, you inherit; and all our aim
Was within the ring of the Public Weal.
Time changes. You seekers of civic fame
Have with other duties and days to deal.
Make not our names mere snares to trip
The feet whose progress we sought to speed,
And let not Prerogative's jealous grip
Minister only to pride and greed!"

With wrath COTTON's hair stood up, but—"Nay,"
Quoth the mild Shade, "pray, be not wroth!
You're all of you hon'rab'le, I dare say,
But why to the proof of the fact so loth?
'Tis clear public purpose bars private right,
Of that truth though you and BOWYER are scornors;
Be wise; up windows and let in the light,
Cobwebs may lurk in some odd corners!"

"Where Craft, Commerce, Charity, Culture you aid,
What need for striving inquiry to muzzle?
But are you quite sure no duties unpaid
Are given to the joys of glare and guzzle?
I've heard of feeds—but *verbum sat*.
Do you plead a *per contra*? You've done your best?
Then put it to proof. No escape from that.
The public trust waits the public test.

"Better meet the friends you call foes half way,
Ere the cry you gird at waxes louder.
Gird loins for the duties of to-day,
Proud as you are, you may then be prouder.
Great GRESHAM & Co., to whom you'd appeal,
Send the word, 'Still forward!' across the border:—
Guide you, as they guided, the City's weal,
Light ne'er comes amiss to a house in order.

STREET SONG, AS AMENDED FOR CONSTANTINOPLE.—
"Uncle, make room for your Tommy."

for the Derby will continue one of the many points in which the House of Commons represents the lower propensities of the country.)

MR. POWER declared that if any Irish Member dared to oppose the adjournment, he would cut him—an awful contingency!—and that if Ireland had her native Parliament, on Palace Green, it would adjourn over every Derby Day in the year.

Finally, the House declared it did want to go to the Derby by 118 to 207. SIR WILFRID's minority is on the rise.

A long discussion on the case of a Sub-Inspector of Irish Constabulary dismissed in 1867. SIR M. H. BEACH promised to look into the case. There is some "justice for Ireland," after all.

MR. TREVELYAN, in a House of not much over a dozen, moved two Resolutions: one for Equalisation of the Borough and County Franchise; the other for Redistribution, with a view to more complete representation of the electoral body. His reasons for, were better than MR. LOWE's against; and MR. BRIGHT backed him up in the best speech he has made this Session.

MR. DISRAELI rode off on Redistribution, and the House (which had filled for division and to hear BRIGHT) followed him, throwing out the first Resolution by 264 to 165, and the mover withdrawing the second. *Quid plura?* Time will be: Time is not now.

Thursday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR introduced his Bankruptcy Bill. The old Act, in handing over arrangements in Bankruptcy to creditors, had too often handed over bankrupt estates to the trustees. The new Bill will empower creditors to appoint committees of inspection, who will nominate the trustee and look after him; and estates won't be allowed more than two years for liquidation. After that they must be handed over to the Court. As it is, they are left in trustees' hands till they get liquidated in the original sense of melting away altogether.

(*Commons.*)—On Commons. CROSS held his own against all amenders.

CROSS introduced his Prisons Bill—to put our gaols on a more uniform footing as regards diet, discipline, and cost; and to that

end empowering Government to take into its own hands the whole cost, control, and management of prisoners from the date of their committals. This, it was calculated, would save £392,000 to Local Rates, if it added £285,000 to Imperial expenditure. A balance of some hundred thousand to the good; to say nothing of the improvement in prison discipline and administration. Bravo, CROSS! Another point scored to your credit.

Oxford Soothing Syrup.

(For Quieting noisy 'Varsity Dabbers. From the New University Receipt Book.)

To every score of noisy Undergraduates add half a dozen prettily-behaved young Ladies—should be well dressed. Mix well together, and serve at next Commemoration.

Those Evening Belles.

"THE Bells have grown old," MR. IRVING repined.
"Don't 'ring in' with their old drawing force."
"Then the Belles," said MISS BATEMAN, "must, after their kind, Have to Stratagem speedy recourse."

Right Again!

KISSEE won the Derby. Thus prophesied *Punch*:—

"Mineral Colt, of wealth be mine."

Explanation is unnecessary for those who know, and on those who don't would be thrown away.

THE HOSPITAL FOR LADY-STUDENTS TO ENTER AT.—The Middle-sex.



AT THE HORSE-SHOW.

Elhel (to Papa, who has been to Luncheon). "You've NOT MISSED MUCH, PAPA. THERE HAS ONLY BEEN ONE MAN IN THE BROOK, AND TWO TUMBLES AT THE HURDLES!"

DERBY STAND-POINTS.

It is perhaps needless to remark that *Mr. Punch* has received an enormous number of descriptions of last Wednesday's race. From the great mass of such contributions *Mr. Punch* has selected two, which he presents to the public, that they may strike an average between them:—

SIR,

NEVER again! I have now seen the race several times, and on every occasion I have vowed it should be for the last time. Yet this year, on Wednesday last, I found myself in a hansom with WALLIS—WILLIAM WALLIS—and a hamper. Never go to the Derby in a hansom! In the first place, you have no room for your legs; in the second place, if you ride (as we did) four miles behind a van, your cab will become a receptacle for a sufficient amount of peas to provide soup for the whole British Army; and, thirdly, it is ten to one that your companion will (as mine did) want to smoke strong cigars the whole way down and back. I need hardly say that WILLIAM felt thirsty at an early period of the day, and insisted upon opening the hamper, when we of course discovered we had no corkscrew. A blow from the Cabman's whip soon got over this difficulty, though if the incident had taken place anywhere except in front of my partner's villa at Clapham, I should have been better pleased. The Press gentlemen, who are paid for it, always rave about the beauties of the road. I have never seen anything except scrubby hedges, Cockney villas, and an unconscionable amount of dust. Also the spectacle of several thousand ramshackle vehicles with their more disgusting occupants, is not one to raise the mind to good and noble thoughts.

We got to the Downs, had some lunch, and left the hamper in care of the cabman. I soon lost my friend, and had to wander about by myself. Good heavens, Sir! what does a man go to the Derby for? If he enjoys having his coat brushed against his will; being pestered by tawdry women thrusting decayed vegetables in his face that may once have been roses; hearing the inanities of minstrels whose natural dirt one would think would have rendered burnt cork superfluous; being invited to spot the king or to point out the little pea; being sworn at for getting in the way of those idiots who are shying at coconuts; being grilled alive by a fiery sun, and narrowly escaping being run over by the drags of a bloated aristocracy—if, Sir, he enjoys all this, he is fool enough for anything; and if he doesn't enjoy it, he is ten times bigger fool for not being comfortably at home. Just before the race, I started to run down the hill. In my haste I dodged under a carriage. "That's him! Stop thief! hold him tight!" were what I heard; and then next moment I was seized by two policemen, and accused of having stolen a bracelet! In vain I protested; I had been seen to do it; and if it had not been for the arrival of another policeman with the real offender and the bracelet, it would have gone hard for me. As soon as I was released I heard a yell, and, on turning round, saw the number "7"!

What! The Race over! I had not seen it; and *Kisber* first!

On the drive home I will not dilate. BILL was, as he put it, "on," the Cabman (as he put it) had "copped the brewer"; both of them (as I put it) were in a hopeless state of intoxication. The usual amenities of the road took place. Suffice it to say, that as, at half-

past eight, we drove up Grosvenor Place, my companions only capable of being used as illustrations to a lecture on the Ghastly Results of Intemperance, and I with my clothes covered with flour, my face a mass of soot, and my hat bashed in with a cocoa-nut, I saw on a balcony a lady to whom, during a sat-out dance on Monday, I had, in my most *blasé* manner, declared the Derby only fit for boys. *She saw me!* The Cabman asked more than the appointed fare, and, on my refusal to pay, did, at BILL's instigation, hit me in the eye.

Sir, in conclusion, the Derby Day is a humbug! the House of Commons, for adjourning, is a humbug! and you, Sir, are the greatest humbug of all for encouraging in Cartoon, prose, and verse, an effete and exploded idioecy.

Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO BACKED PETRARCH.

BELOVED PUNCH, June 1, 1876.

WHAT a days you are having! Oh the Derby! I drove there in one "drag" with twelve of my countrymen. Such larks! My wife in Hungary. The school Misses—I could have married them all by the dozen. The country superb. The finest horses and carts I ever saw in the whole of life. Some had four horses, some one donkey. We sang "*Tommie, make rooms for my Uncle*" the whole possible way there. We had a fine place, and saw the race noble. When my country's horse won, I threw my hat (white) in the air, and never saw it again. After lunch we had larks. I got a jolly blow on my head from a man playing Aunt Silly. A Swell threw lobster-salad over me. I talked to several *grandes dames* in carriages, who gave me champagne. It was not good, but the English nobles are not so high exclusive as peoples say. We had great fun back with squirts and pea-shooters. I took my coat off and fought a man, and was knocked down stunning. Hurrah for the Derby. I shall always go. Next year, with my wife—in Hungary of course. I saw twice so many carriages go home that went down.

You "tipped" the Winner. I drink your very good healths.

Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO BACKED KISBER.

TO JUNE.

EGAD, 'tis a good derivation,

With beauty and power, if not truth,

For the East wind is forced to cessation,

And the year 's in its lusty hot youth.

We are gay, and our sons and our daughters

Delight in the calm plenilune,

And wander on Whitsuntide waters

'Mid glory of June.

Comes music from many a villa,

Where they dance on the tree-shaded grass:

The swan leads his cygnet-flotilla,

And hisses at boats as they pass:

Save Hesperus, twilight is starless

In the light of a fast-growing moon,

As we loiter awhile, not cigarless,

In silence of June.

Let politics, business, annoyance,

Away to the Zephyrs be flung:

Accept the fair season's soft joyance;

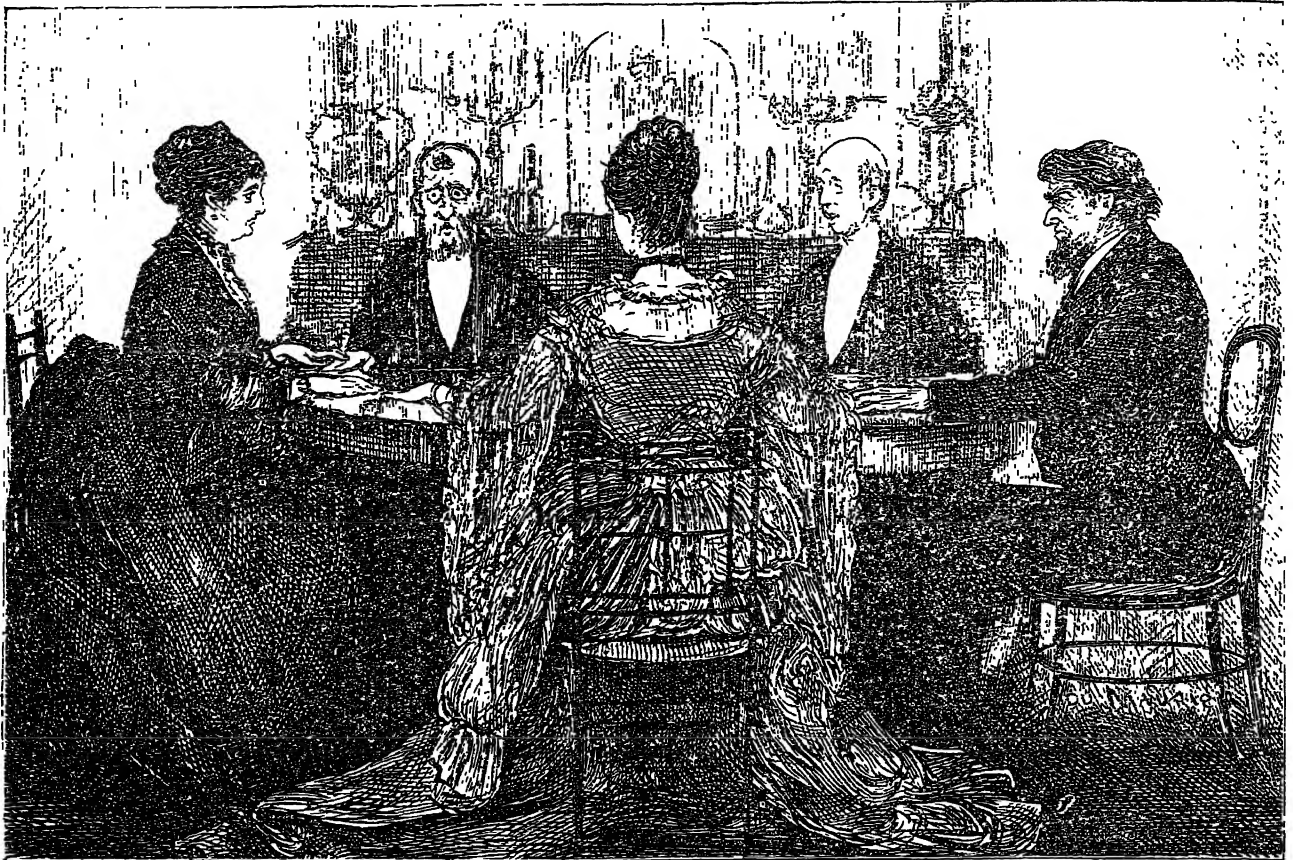
In the breath of the youth-month grow young.

The call of inflexible Duty

Will break up our holiday soon,

So enjoy, as you laze amid beauty,

This fragment of June.



LAST NEWS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

Medium. "THE SPIRIT OF THE LATE MR. JONES IS PRESENT."

Jones's Widow (with emotion). "I HOPE YOU ARE HAPPY, JONES!"

Jones (raps out). "FAR HAPPIER THAN I EVER WAS ON EARTH!"

Jones's Widow. "OH, JONES! THEN YOU MUST BE IN HEAVEN!"

Jones. "ON THE CONTRARY!"

THE SCIENCE SHOW, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE following Notes are extracted from a Catalogue found by the Police in the Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus, now open at South Kensington. There is no name in the Catalogue—"Puffing Billy" scribbled on the title-page appears to refer to a venerable steam-engine—but the owner was evidently a man of an independent and original mind, disposed to view the instruments in the Collection in novel aspects, and not tied and bound to any preconceived scientific theories, or overridden by narrow intellectual assumptions. Certain of those who have had the privilege of examining this Catalogue and its marginal Notes, seem to think that some at least of them may have been made without the writer seeing the objects they refer to—a question of considerable importance, on which we should be glad to receive the opinions of learned bodies and distinguished men of science both at home and abroad.

Notes.

"Slide Rule." As this instrument may be applied (among other purposes) "to find areas," no Policeman, who has a proper regard for his own comfort and happiness, ought to be without one.

"Napier Bones." Mysterious, dismal, chilly. To which of the many celebrated NAPIERS did these bones belong, and how is it that they are not in their natural resting-place?

"Instruments of Precision." Invaluable to those innumerable vague persons of both sexes, who are totally unable to detail what they hear, read, or see, in any accurate, clear, or intelligible manner. But can they be taught how to use these instruments?

"Plotting Scales." Harmless enough here, but likely to arouse suspicion in countries fertile in conspiracies, secret societies, and revolutions.

"The Wealemeffna." What can this be? A new patent medicine, or hair-dye, or a strange wild animal from India, would clearly be out of place in a Collection of this character. Perhaps it is another sewing machine.

"Measures of Capacity." What a boon to constituencies choosing

new Members, masters and mistresses engaging fresh servants, youthful persons of both sexes selecting partners for life, and parents determining on the future career of their progeny!

"Delicate pressure Gauge." By the aid of this ingenious instrument, a diffident man will be able to estimate exactly the amount of encouragement he may derive from the "delicate pressure" of his hand by the beautiful being who is the source of all his thoughts, dreams, schemes, hopes, fears, and palpitations.

"VON JOLLY'S Spring-balance." The mere title puts one in spirits for the whole of the day. We forget the lateness of the season, and the North-East wind, and the Eastern Question, and everything else that is uncomfortable and depressing.

"A 12-mile Protractor." Consult PAYSON WESTON, or some other eminent pedestrian, as to the uses and advantages of this instrument, before going into training.

"s. GRAVESANDE'S Apparatus to demonstrate the Theory of the Wedge." There is something irresistibly fascinating and provoking to the curiosity about that initial "s." Does the Theory of the Wedge apply to the whole, or only the thin end of it?

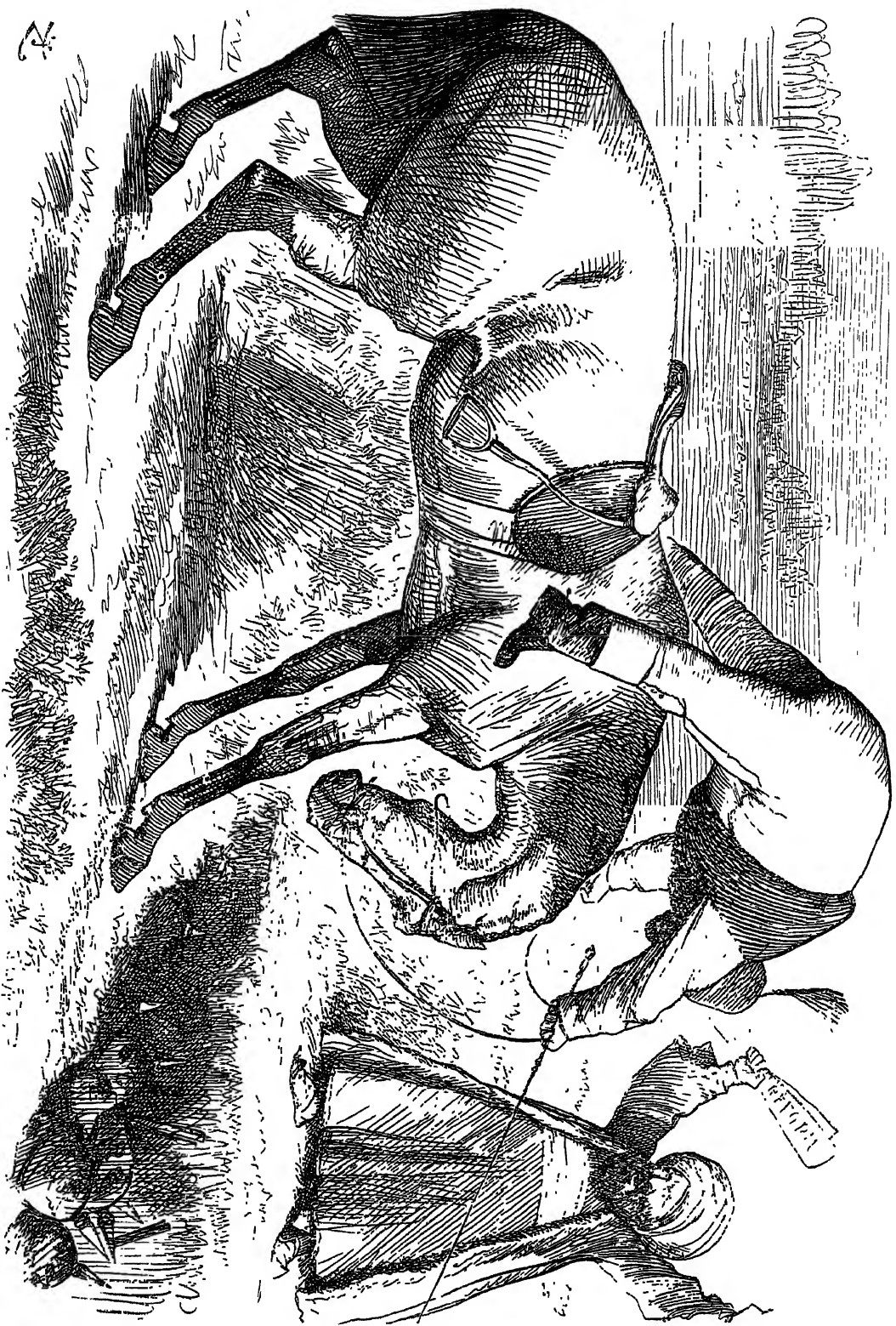
"Soldier Experiment." Strongly recommended to the notice of the Horse Guards and War Office.

"Revolution Indicator." Must be of the greatest possible service in countries, where Revolutions occur with a frequency to make some sure warning of their approach invaluable to those inhabitants who are wise enough to sell out of the Funds and change their residence.

"Whistles for producing Shrill Notes." Any one who has the misfortune to live near a railway will condemn these as a superfluous and terrible invention.

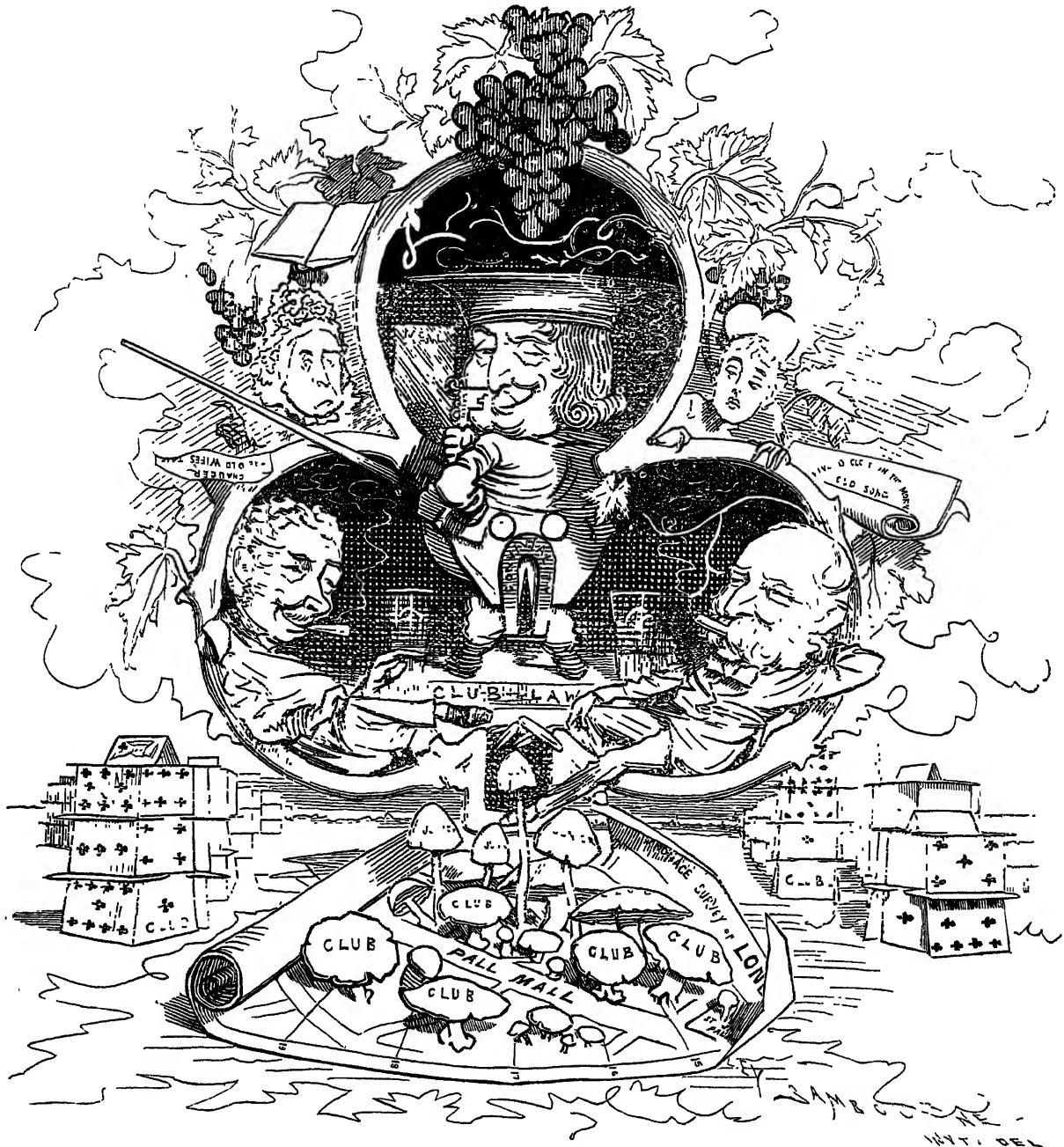
"Set of Vowel Forks." The attendant, on being asked why this set was incomplete—there being no Consonant Knives—was mute.

"Siren," and "Double Siren" (see HOMER'S *Odyssey*). Sure to draw enormous crowds. Except, perhaps, a Mermaid, the originators of the exhibition could not have sought and obtained a greater attraction. (They are perfectly harmless.) With the ample material at their disposal, the Committee might arrange a most telling concert. The Sirens, of course, would be the principal vocalists, the



AN "AWFUL CROPPER"!

CLUBS! CLUBS!



"In the name of the Prophet, Figs!"
 When the Caireen higgler cried,
 'Twas from sublime to ridiculous
 Rebuked as a sudden stride.

But our cry is now, through all classes and
 crafts,
 From senators to subs,
 Tory swells to Radical working-men,
 "In the name of the profit, Clubs!"

Such virtue in Co-operation is,
 Such advantage in prime cost,
 Invest upon Club principles,
 And your money can't be lost.

From London's hotbed cryptogamous
 Club-moss may be said to grow:

We have streets of Clubs, and squares of
 Clubs,
 Big and little, high and low.

Like mushrooms, they want little root;
 Strange food they seem to swallow:
 At the game of the day you must follow suit,
 And "Clubs" is the suit to follow.

Are you a Swell? You must have your
 Club;

That you're not a Snob to tell.

Are you a Snob? You must have your
 Club;

To show that you are a Swell.

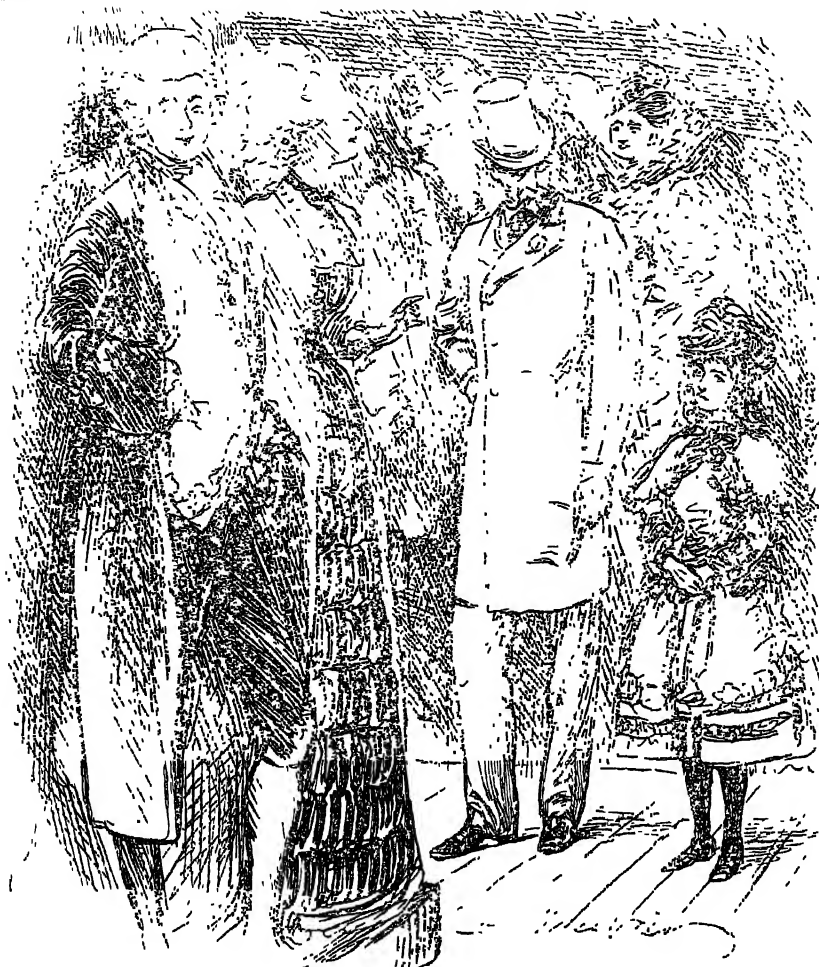
And in this universal suit,
 In spite of snubs and rubs,

You'll find each thinks the Club he
 holds
 The highest card in Clubs.

Till one may say, that High or Low,
 Jack, Game, all round the ring,
 Each, if asked to give his Club a name,
 Of Clubs would call it King.

And if the Ladies had their rights,
 And petticoat-Clubs were seen,
 The Ladies all would be pulling caps,
 Each of Clubs to prove hers the Queen.

There's only one court-card in Clubs
 That I fancy all would waive;
 So suppose we started *that*, and called
 Our Club of Clubs the Knave!



AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

"OH, UNCLE GEORGE! DO THEY KILL THEM BEFORE THEY STUFF THEM!"

IMPORTANT OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

MR. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT'S insinuation that SIR WILFRID LAWSON visited the Derby last year, and returned "somewhat dusty, very cheerful, and with a doll in his hat," induced *Mr. Punch* to institute an inquiry as to whether the Honourable Baronet went to the Derby this year. The following is an abstract of the evidence taken:—

A Gentleman could almost be positive that the Honourable Baronet sat opposite to him in a train going to Epsom, but his face was partly concealed by a newspaper, *The Morning Advertiser*, which he was intently perusing. Could not swear that it was SIR WILFRID.

A Purveyor of Refreshments said that a Gentleman answering to the description of the Member for Carlisle called for a bottle of Champagne, and drank it all himself. He observed it was a great shame that Champagne-bottles did not hold an imperial quart. After he left, some one said it was SIR WILFRID LAWSON, or SIR WILLIAM DAWSON: could not be sure which.

A Gipsy Fortune-Teller said she fancied she knew the "pretty gentleman." He crossed her hand with silver, and was very funny. She asked the first letter of his first name, and he said "W." She then told him that if he would be serious, and there was nobody else in the world, he might some day become a great man. This seemed to affect him greatly. Hardly thought sixpence enough for such information. Perhaps some other pretty gentleman would cross her hand. She thought she saw a gent in the chair who liked to "kiss a pretty girl in a corner." (*Ordered out of the room.*)

A Chemist of Epsom gave evidence that a Gentleman came into his shop on the afternoon of the Derby Day, and asked for something to cure the "hiccups," which he said were the result of imprudently drinking some cold water. The Gentleman could stand quite steady by holding on to a chair. Thought it might have been the Honourable Baronet, because he fancied, while he was mixing the draught, he heard something like "WILFRID, my boy (*hic*), this is very (*hic*) bad form."

A Hansom-Cab Driver deposed to having driven a Gentleman answering the description from Epsom, and on arriving in town he was told to drive to the House of Commons. The House was closed, and the Gentleman, who seemed pretty comfortable, said, "Of course, yes; I forgot. Never mind; better luck next year." He was discharged at Westminster Hall. The next day he found a pocket corkserew, with the initials "W. L.," in his cab.

Finally, a person gave evidence that the Honourable Baronet, or some one very like him,

wound up his watch in St. James's Park the next day after the race, and set it by the Horse Guards' clock.

Mr. Punch does not consider the above evidence sufficient for him to come to a decision upon, but must ask the public to form their own conclusions on this most important matter.

PROPERTY AND COMMONS.

NEVER mind scenery,
Foliage and greenery.
Plants with machinery
Raise in their lieu.
All but utility
Deem imbecility,
Dotage, anility,
Scorn and eschew.

Commons, what use on 'em,
Save to the goose on 'em?
Cattle run loose on 'em,
Vagrants abound.
Village brats play on 'em,
Jackasses bray on 'em,
Going astray on 'em,
Clapped in the Pound.

Sweep gorse and heather, all,
Off them together, all,
Break them up, whether all
Good land, or no.
Build over wild and waste;
Once flowery paths effaced,
With smart new streets replaced,
Terrace and row.

Our Regulation Bill,
Scarce Conservation Bill—
—Slight Limitation Bill,
E'en let it pass,
And not at least impede,
If not enclosure speed,
Soon may no Common feed
Or goose, or ass.

Not common lands would we
Keep, as Conservers, free,
But claims of Property
Gainst them uphold.
Let sentimental swains
Weep for their silent plains,
Lone glades, and glens, and lanes,
Woodland and wold.

Let the tall chimneys rise,
Let them begrime the skies,
While they regale our eyes.
Old England may
Grow, as her face they blur,
So bards and fools aver,
Richer and uglier
Every day.

Nothing Like Lucidity.

THE subjoined piece of excellent advice is extracted from the *Belfast Newsletter* of May 25:—

"BOTTLED CLARETS OF 1874 VINTAGE.—This Vintage is so superior it is worthy the attention of all large consumers. Any gentleman buying now and laying past him will find he has a Wine that could not be purchased a year hence except at nearly two-thirds of what he can do so now. Be careful in buying nothing only classed Vintage Wines."

MRS. MALAPROP ON FISH CULTURE.

MRS. MALAPROP presents her compliments to MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, and begs to know if any of the big sea-monsters in his Fish Museum have been captured by the claws of the Habeas Porpoise Act.



UNANIMOUS ALL ROUND.

Kind-hearted Parson. "DEAR ME! TAKE CARE! SUPPOSE—I HOPE HE WON'T HIT YOUR FINGERS!"
Gigantic Navy. "SO DO HE TOO, SIR! YOU MAY DEFEND"—(with meaning)—"HE'D BETTER!!"

PRaise FROM THE POPE.

"The English is a highly religious nation, and, as far as the Reformation permits, a religious nation . . . The Anabaptists were burnt alive by QUEEN ELIZABETH . . . The Arians were burnt under EDWARD THE SIXTH, and the writ *De Hæretico Comburendo* lasted a long time . . . Religious indifference was never tolerated."—*See L'Osservatore Romano.*

In the City Eternal the POPE's own journal
 Strange praise of England soundeth;
 That it once was a place of Christian grace,
 Which, in some things, still aboundeth.
 Once we prisoned and fined to enlighten the mind
 Of Dissent, just as Orthodox men do:
 And conformitè enforced with a *De*
Hæretico Comburendo!

ELIZABETH, so history saith,
 Was of heresy pupil aptest;
 But even in *her* good deeds occur,
 For she roasted the Anabaptist:
 And though EDWARD THE SIXTH was graceless, he
 Did what Rome would fain again do—
 Made the Arians see the meaning of *De*
Hæretico Comburendo.

Let us swallow the praise; for in these dull days
 Though none are with thumb-screws tortured,
 Or burnt at the stake for Piety's sake
 With wood from the nearest orchard,
 Church Suits there be—and when folk see
 The strange things that saintly men do,
 They feel there should be a new writ, *De*
Lunatico Inquirendo.

FESTIVE ECONOMY.

THE "Centenary of ADAM SMITH" was celebrated on Thursday last week, being the Hundredth Anniversary of the publication of SMITH'S *Wealth of Nations*, by a dinner at the Pall Mall Restaurant, Waterloo Place, MR. GLADSTONE in the Chair, presiding over a large number of noblemen and gentlemen, politicians, statesmen, and philosophers, additionally regaled after their banquet with a doubtless genial address by MR. LOWE. This dinner was given by the Political Economy Club. Some curiosity, therefore, may be felt as to its *menu*. In connection with the wealth of nations illustrating the wealth of individuals, that, of course, was not limited to work-house fare, but might it not, on principle, have included *Skelligolée à la Mèlasse* and *Potage à la Gardien des Pauvres*, otherwise *Soupe Maigre à la Maison d'Industrie*? These delicacies may have been untasted, but there is no accounting for tastes; and some enthusiastic political economists may possibly, all the rather if personally economical as well, prefer the lighter soups abovementioned to turtle, either thick or clear, and even for themselves.

A Contradiction in Terms.

In his Seraglio prison
 ABDUL-AZIZ sighed, too late,
 "The Softa is my downfall,
 The harder is my fate."

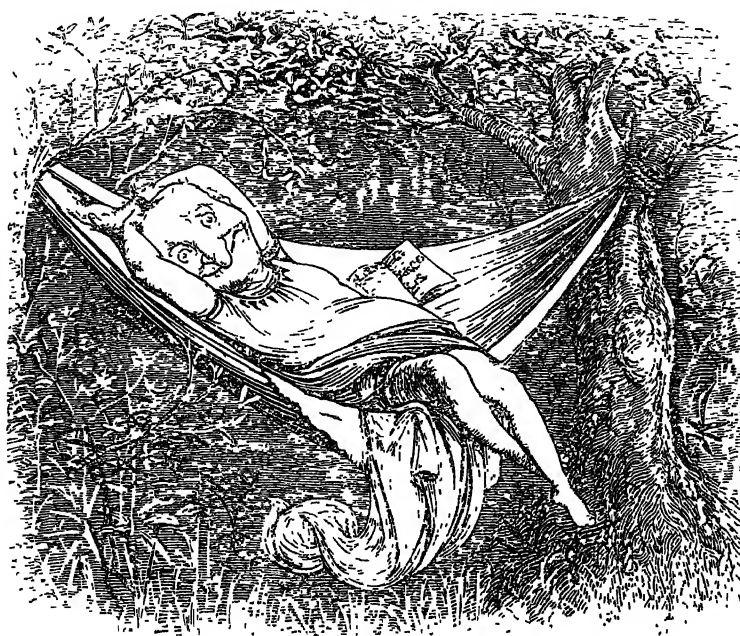
CRUELTY TO OUR KIND.

IN case the new Vivisection Bill becomes law, will it protect the higher as well as the lower animals? Does it contain any clause forbidding people to cut their friends, or restraining literary gentlemen from cutting up one another!

A SELLING RACE (dedicated to the Supporters of Petrarch).—The Derby!

MOTTO FOR THE DETHRONED SULTAN.—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

SONNETS FOR THE SEX.



We idolise the Ladies. Are they fairies,
Who make delicious this slow world of ours—
Or from Olympian hotbeds happy flowers—
Or choice cream-cheeses from celestial dairies?
No matter: sweet are they, and their vagaries
Charm care away, and give us joyous hours,
And multiply our pleasures and our powers,
Provided that they don't turn missionaries.

We like the lady who rides, rows, or rinks,
But not the lady who makes pious fuss,
Or she-philosopher who thinks she thinks,
And studies Sanskrit or the Calculus,
Or hunts 'mid *Polypi* for missing links.
When these appear, we ask why this is thus?

O MISTER DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI!
O MISTER ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE! *Punch*,
Having now ended a poetic lunch
With two fair girls both as pretty,
Swears your *Faustina*, *Imogen*, *Fanny*, *Hetty*,
Are just lay figures with no bones to crunch,
And he, the giant of the comic hunch,
Greatly prefers a bouncing Devonshire BETTY.
He knows, which you, it clearly seems, do not,
Where, in the maddening whirl of this wild planet,
With statesmen solid, sonnet-scribblers shady,
How to discover men who know what's what,
How to detect the gem amid the granite,
How to find Earth's first flower—a lovely Lady.

Well, just another sonnet, Ladies fair:
Punch loves to see your exquisite soft ways,
To watch you in the summer's happy haze,
To braid poetic roses in your hair.
Only he says to younger men, "Beware!"
The old Philosopher whose length of days
Would veteran METHUSALEH amaze,
Laughs at these boyish wooers, void of care.
Ladies prefer brain and backbone and power,
The easy strength that makes a joke of toil,
The hand that masters either sword or pen:
So, youngsters eager for a glorious hour,
Learn that the rapier's stronger than the foil,
Love Ladyhood, and live the life of men.

THE BRAND OF CHAMPAGNE TO BE AVOIDED AT
ACADEMY DINNERS.—Ruinart.

ADVICE GRATIS TO THE RUSSIAN GENERAL VENTOU-
KOFF.—Take a Lozengue.

PARISH RELIEF.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

SURELY SIR THOMAS BROWNE, had he lived in these days, would have included amongst "Vulgar Errors" the common idea of the duties of a "Relieving Officer." This mistake, dear Sir, you may observe made in a communication from "A COUNTRY PARSON" to the *Daily News*. It is one which Clergymen in general, as a class, mostly labour under—a peculiarly clerical error. The "COUNTRY PARSON" airs his fallacy in the following anecdote:—

"A case lately occurred in my parish that bears out what I say. A poor man was suffering from an abscess in his neck, and the Doctor ordered, or rather 'recommended,' a certain quantity of mutton liver, day which the Doctor told me, 'he ought to have.' The Relieving Officer, however, did not think so; but gave only what he thought proper; awaiting leave from the Board, that met ten days later, to give the full amount of relief recommended by the Doctor. I remonstrated with the Board, telling them in truth that a sick horse or a sick cow would fare better in like circumstances, but to no purpose; they would screen their officer from all blame."

He then wrote to the Local Government Board, but the Local Government Board screened the Board of Guardians. The Board above upheld the Board below. Of course. He invoked the aid of an influential Peer who shared his misconception of a Relieving Officer's functions—but in vain. The noble Lord was too busy to attempt an unwise interference.

The "COUNTRY PARSON" prefaces his case, as above stated, with a perfectly true remark:—

"It is needless to say that . . . when a sick man has to wait nearly a fortnight ere leave from the Board can be obtained for the administration of relief ordered by the Doctor, the poor sufferer has time to wait and to die without it."

Certainly. There is not the slightest need for saying what is obvious. Equally unnecessary are the "COUNTRY PARSON'S" subsequent comments on the misery and suffering which the circumstance that "the Relieving Officer is not allowed to obey the Doctor's orders as regards relief to the sick, without leave from the Board of Guardians," entails on "the sick poor." Of course, a system essentially penal entails misery and suffering—if it works as it should.

The "COUNTRY PARSON," and most other parsons—and persons—imagine that the Relieving Officer's duty is to relieve the poor. His

duty is to relieve the poor no more than he must. He is the Parish Relieving Officer. His office is to relieve the parish. He has to do that by administering the *minimum* of relief to the poor. Relieving Officers, too many of them, if left to themselves, would too commonly be weak enough sometimes to take the vulgar and clerical view of their business, and fly in the face of parochial philosophy. It would never do to allow them to execute the orders of doctors at their own indiscretion. Doctors, in their ideas of what the "sick poor," as they are called, ought to have, are apt to be quite as extravagant as parsons. The Guardians have to guard the ratepayers' pockets. Happily they know how.

As to a "sick horse or a sick cow," how absurd comparing valuable stock to paupers! There are indeed horses and cows corresponding to the "sick poor" closely enough; but we can relieve ourselves of them without any other Relieving Officer than the Knacker. Parish Guardians are unable to relieve the parish more directly than they can through a Relieving Officer whose negative office is limited to the partial negation of relief. No bread at all, not any other food, would be very much better than half a loaf—to say nothing of superfluous "nourishment" ordered by the Doctor—completely to answer the purpose which Relieving Officers are intended for, and ought to serve. That would be at once a true economy of both human suffering and of the rates. By economising the latter, dear Sir, we economise the former to the extent of putting an absolute end to a very great deal of it; and I am sure you will allow that there is no more efficient Relieving Officer than our old friend with the scythe and hour-glass. A "draught of his sleepy wine" is a more perfect anodyne for "them vicious paupers," as *Mr. Bumble* called them, than anything the doctor can order. In relieving them, it relieves the parish of them, and of having to support them—at some cost even upon nutriment not more expensive than

SKILLIGOLLEE.

A Problem.

A WINS of B a bet of 100 to 20 against the *Mineral Colt*.

A goes down to the Derby with a barouche and four, which he persists in paying for on the strength of his luck.

A gives a dinner to twenty friends at the Lucullus Club; B never pays up.

If A's winnings = x , what does he lose?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



WHITSUNTIDE holidays!

"How sweet is Rest by honest Labour won,
Pause between work to do, and work well done:
Such rest as, by the leave of Whitsun weather,
Brings Prince, and Premier, and *Punch* together,
To quaff cool cups, and crack the genial joke,
And watch, serene, life's troubles end in smoke.
That *Punch*, and Prince, and Premier are blest,
Whose lines have fallen in the pleasant West:
'Gainst you no Powers combine, no Softas plot;
For you friends wax not cold, insurgents hot.
No midnight *felvah* hurls you from your states,
Nor darkling Death on Deposition waits."

In other words, Whitsuntide holidays in St. Stephen's are a very different thing indeed from Whitsuntide horrors in Stamboul—whether for Prince, Premier, or Philosopher. You see what a pleasant picture the one makes in the pages of *Punch*. Who could bear to see faithfully painted the intolerable iniquities of the other?

But holidays *will* come to an end, and the pleasantest the most quickly. Ere *Punch* had fairly inhaled his fill of midsummer air, scented with hawthorn, he finds himself back again, a busy-bee,

extracting Essence from the flowers of Rhetoric and the fruits of Legislation, in the Parliamentary parterres of Westminster.

Thursday.—Back to the Commons—the very thing for the Commons, one would have said, unsated with their short Whitsun-week's holiday. MR. SHAW-LEFEBVRE, backed by MR. FAWCETT and LORD E. FITZMAURICE, made a gallant struggle to get a fixed *minimum* of reservation from the waste for recreation-grounds or field-gardens. MR. CROSS maintained his ground, that it was better to avoid *maxima* and *minima*, and let the amount of reservation in each case be settled on its own merits.

The misfortune is, that if "*De minimis non curat lex*," it may be feared the Commissioners will be often too like the law they administer, and go on not caring either.

In answer to MR. FAWCETT, MR. CROSS explained how he meant to deal with the thirty-four Commons now scheduled for enclosure. The schemes are to be reported upon by one of the Commissioners—MR. CAIRD—and a gentleman appointed for the purpose; and on their report the arrangements are to be reconsidered.

The County Courts are to have jurisdiction to prevent local enclosures; but MR. CROSS declined to accept a clause moved by SIR



IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

Nurse. "I WANTED TO GO INTO TOWN THIS AFTERNOON, IF YOU COULD SPARE ME, TO GET A NEW BONNET. AND—I ADMIRE YOUR TASTE IN BONNETS SO MUCH, MUM, I WAS A-THINKIN' I COULDN'T DO BETTER THAN GO TO THE SAME SHOP!"

W. V. HARCOURT, declaring illegal enclosures of Commons public nuisances, and so abateable by anybody. This, *Punch* cannot help thinking, would have strengthened the back bone of the Bill.

A discussion on the congestion in the West End arteries, caused by the plethora of traffic at Hyde Park Corner. LORD H. LENNOX contemplates an operation of his own for relief of the pressure, different from the ones proposed by DRs. DENISON and ADAM, and by the collective wisdom of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

London will be thankful to know something is to be done.

MR. SOLATER-BOOTHE brought in his Bill for preventing the Pollution of Rivers. One set of its provisions is meant to stop solid refuse; another to dam out sewage; a third to exclude manufacturing filth. Conservancy Boards are to be created for river basins; sanitary authorities are to make bye-laws for manufactories, and County Courts are to enforce the penalties of the law on offenders. A very pretty scheme. But will it work! *Punch* has seen so many pretty schemes, and still the filth goes into the rivers. If MR. SOLATER-BOOTHE succeeds where his predecessors have failed—

Mr. Punch his misgivings with pleasure will sooth,
And hold up his hands and bless SOLATER-BOOTHE.

MR. CROSS brought in a Bill to shut off a see of Cornwall from the see of Exeter. A munificent individual—worthy to be called a pious tin-founder—has promised £1,300 a year; the BISHOP OF EXETER is to ladle £800 out of his see into the Cornish, and a considerable sum has been collected besides in driblets, so that there is hope that the see will not lack the see-water—*aurum potabile*—required to float a Bishop.

(Friday.)—The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition humbly asked for any information the Leader of Her Majesty's Government would be pleased to vouchsafe about the Eastern Question. The Leader of Her Majesty's Government could not exactly lay any papers on the table. But the House would be glad to know that the Berlin Memorandum had been withdrawn—he thought he might say *sine die*. The Porte had offered the insurgents an armistice. All the Powers agreed with us in thinking no pressure should be put on the new Sultan; and all had concurred in clapping

a muzzle on the Dogs of War in Servia and Montenegro (for which animals and their Russian "Bill George," see *Mr. P.'s* Cartoon).

A waste of time over the imaginary grievances of MR. HENWOOD, disappointed naval architect. Ditto over the well-ascertained rule of each House not to refer to debates in the other, such debates having no authorised organ. Everything depends, as MR. DISRAELI pointed out, on the rule being evaded, as it must sometimes be evaded, in a proper Parliamentary and Pickwickian manner—"in fact, as I do," intimated the Right Honourable Gentleman.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL urged the necessity of somehow combining under one and the same recruiting machinery a short-service system for home, and a long-service system for India. MR. HARDY didn't see his way to it; and we don't wonder.

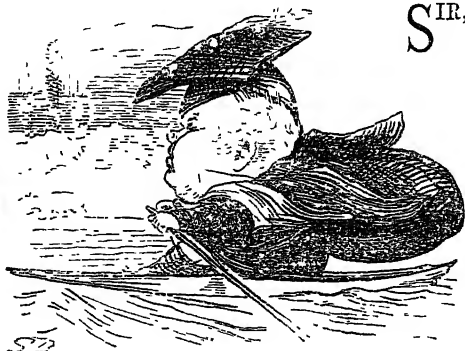
A good deal of talk, but none to much purpose, on the Army Estimates, which included £17,000 for the rebuilding of Knightsbridge Barracks, and a vote for the Martini-Henry Rifle, which brought up the old controversy on its merits as a service-arm; showing the old and irreconcilable Doctors' differences, which leave lay-people satisfied that our rifles are very well as they are.

LOGICAL DEMONSTRATION.

THE Temperance Demonstration on Whit Monday in Hyde Park was a very numerous one. This is gratifying. Its numbers have multiplied since, no doubt. CARDINAL MANNING is reported to have said that every one who turns a Temperance-man makes three other Temperance-men. Turning Temperance-man is your way to promote Temperance. Such demonstrations as the Hyde Park Temperance Demonstration demonstrate that Temperance, and not drunkenness as fabulists assert, is on the increase. It is reasonable to hope that Temperance will go on increasing amongst the masses, as it has increased among the higher orders, until it prevails. Temperance *farà da sé*. Monster Temperance Demonstrations prove in the meanwhile that, inasmuch as the people are fast taking to Temperance of their own accord, there is not the slightest reason whatever for trying to make them sober by Act of Parliament. Success to Monster Temperance Demonstrations!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT CAMBRIDGE

Visits the ancient University on the very important occasion of conferring a Musical Doctor's degree on an eminent Composer, and reports.



SIR,

As a son of the soil—as, I mean, a Member of the ancient University of Cambridge, both of us, of course, couldn't be absent on the recent most interesting occasion of conferring degrees. If you, Sir, couldn't go, I was sure to be at my post. To the Cam! Cam away!

It had been all arranged pre-

viously. My influence with the dear virtuous old Vice did it. By "old Vice," of course, I mean my good old friend, the Vice-Chancellor, bless him!

"Don't mind me," I wrote to him, in answer to a question of importance, "I'll come in for anything or nothing. But give Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN a Doctor's degree. What have you got to spare? A second-hand gown, and a flat muffin cap will do the trick, and three-and-sixpence for the loan of them for the first hour, and half-a-crown afterwards will meet the requirements of the University Chest, and my illustrious friend can stand it. He's the man in all England to be a Musical Doctor. Do it, dear Vice, do it, and shed a lustre on your term of office."

From the Vice to your Representative.

"Good. *Senatus omnis ibi.* Fees no object. What will you take, eh? Yours, V. C."

From the Former (Me), to the Latter (Him).

"CHEER, V. C.,

"As I said, 'don't mind me.' But since you *do* ask me what I'll take, I reply, I'll take a 'D.C.L.' or 'L.L.' (KINAHAN'S), with a taste of water, cold. Nosugar—though, perhaps, *entre nous*, mild Scotch is safer. If you want me to take anything else—well—I'll take my oath, if you like, just to show there's no ill feeling between myself and the University Authorities, in the Senate House, *coram populo*, as we call the residents in Coram Street.

Yours ever.

P.S.—Have the flags out, and the band. The Composer will arrive in my care. Sound the trumpets in Trumpington. Beat the drums, and jingle the College quadrangles. Sir, it's a great day for Cambridge."

Once more the Vice (DR. PHEAR) wrote "Good. Mind you come." To which I wittily replied, "No Phear,—I'll be there."

Well, Sir, it was a magnificent spectacle. We alighted and proceeded, amid a perfect ovation, ("ovation" is of Latin derivation, and in its origin has something to do with eggs—so to give a person an ovation means "to salute him with eggs"—to get into our fly as quickly as possible, pull up the blinds, and tell the man to drive, like beans—or "old boots," whichever he liked—by the back way into Trinity. It turned out subsequently—and all's well that ends well—that we had been mistaken for some one who had recently done something very unpopular, and who was consequently execrated—or I should say *eggseparated* by the Undergraduates.

But no matter. The Composer in the fly (which was a trifle damp and smelt of hay), looked ruefully at me and said, "What shall I do with these fireworks?" for he was carrying a packet with Catherine Wheels, and mottoes and inscriptions of "Long Life to SULLIVAN!" "Vote for the Musical Doctor!" "No more Prescriptions! Take Notes," and so forth, with a transparency the size of five red silk pocket-handkerchiefs (old style), representing Britannia and myself crowning the Composer, pictured in his Doctor's gown and cap.

"Keep them, my dear friend," I said, "till it's dark. I'm sorry I can't offer to carry them for you myself, but I know so many people here that it wouldn't do."

Well, Sir, we drove on a perfectly royal progress, with the blinds up. Suddenly, as we turned into the Market Place, where the Martyrs' Memorial—the beautiful Town Pump—stands,* we were

* There appears to be some slight confusion here. The Martyrs' Memorial used to be at Oxford. But we admit that our memory is not absolutely infallible, and our Correspondent, being in every other respect trustworthy, we feel bound to take his word for the details of a locality he has so recently visited.—ED.

recognised. I mean, the crowd found out *who we weren't*. And then you should have heard the cheers.

"You must give 'em *largesse*," said I to the Future Musical Doctor, who couldn't just then get at his pockets; and I added, "to save time, I'll chuck out the shillings and sovereigns, and then we can make out the account, and you can settle with me afterwards."

In a moment, Jupiter-like, I descended in a glittering shower on the Danaes of the crowd. Never was popularity at such a height as was the Future Musical Doctor's at that moment. And to think that, afterwards, he disputed my account of it, and said I couldn't have thrown away thirteen pounds ten like that. But he is a *noble cour*. I make it a rule to speak well of a man *till he pays me*. Then,—but no—*Trinitas*—*Trinitas* shall I say one word against my dear old friend ALTHAM S. THIRTEEN-POUNDS-TEN, Mus. Doc., Cam.

We went over the backs of the Colleges, which are looking lovely at this time of year. OLD TOM of Christ Church (you recollect OLD TOM?), who is still the Porter at the Lodge, bless his grey hair, is as gay and as lively as ever.

"You remember me?" I said to the old boy.

He did, and replied quickly,

"And you'll remember me, won't you, Sir?"

I turned with a moist eye to the Composer, and hummed "*Then You'll Remember Me*" (BALFE), and I pointed out to him what was the custom from time immemorial.

He gave him a note—from his chest; my Composer never gives less—and such a note!!

Well, Sir, we crossed Peekwater, and came out at the back of Trinity Hall, by the Bridge of Sighs, near Joan of Arc's College, where we saw many of its members—hence called Joanians. How beautiful!! What an interlacement of foliage and architecture!!

But I must come at once to the business of the day.

A Procession was formed in this order:—

One of the Pokers (the other came later), the Shovel, and other University implements, signifying respectively the four terms of the year:—Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Then the Proctor, in an ancient Roman chariot, attended by two Junior Proctors armed with *fusces*. These were hooded. Proctors always are. Then came as fine a show of University bill-dogs, for which breed you know this place is famous. Short-legged, strong-jawed, wicked-eyed. Cheered immensely. They were in leashes, and attended by the V.D. Professor (Veterinary Doctor), in his robes. Then came the Ladies affiliated to the University, headed by the Margaret Professor, the town band playing *Marguerite's "Jewel Song"* from *Faust*. All the caps and gowns were of Cambridge Blue, shining in the sun, with fringed silver tassels. Then the leading Noblemen of the University, in their splendid uniforms and armour of the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH. Then came alone the Public Orator, carried away by his own eloquence. Received with acclamations. After him DR. Goss, playing on a beautiful organ drawn by three fawn-coloured sprinters, with two men as Tritons blowing. Then came the Chancellor on horseback. The DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, carrying a pot of the cream of his own native land as an offering. This is an old custom, but, as I whispered to the High Steward, "It's an old custom, but it's all *rite*." He roared, shouted, kicked, but he was obliged to get on, as the University Poker (red hot, of course), was behind him. The Mace looked quite spicy. The Commissary, MR. FORSYTH, came next in uniform. His office is to run on errands for the Heads of the Colleges, and a fine berth it is, with a long vacation of four months and a half. Then came, as stately as possible, the *Sex Viri*, faces blacked, white hats with black bands, long-tailed coats, and gigantic white chokers and collars. Then the various Professors, each carrying his own tripods and a square bit of carpet. The *Auditors of the Chest*, flashing their bright new stethoscopes, made a fine show, and were much cheered. The two Moderators walked together, with their wicks half turned up, and their *abat-jours*, or

* "Interlacement of foliage and architecture?" It seems to us to be a muddle of names and places. Peekwater is in Christ Church, Oxford, and "Old Tom" is the name, we had always understood, of a vulgarian drink much in vogue at the lower order of taverns; while "Tom" at Oxford is certainly not a man—more like, if we may be allowed the harmless jest, a *belle* than a *beau*. As to Joan of Arc's College, we fancy that there must be some mistake here. Still we *may* be wrong, and we admit that *Trinitas* and *Trinitas*, and the Universities have so changed their characters, that what was the peculiarity of the one, may now have become part and parcel of the other. Yet, on second thoughts, when our Correspondent appeals to us for corroboration, and says "You recollect OLD TOM," we are bound to admit *that we do not*. Yet, if he exists, and if he recollects us, what can be said, except after a personal investigation on the spot, which there is not now time to make. In future, we must adopt a new and more stringent plan with Our Representative. We say this for the security of the Public.—ED.

† Surely our Correspondent must mean "jennets." A spinnet was an ancient musical instrument. We print it as written, because, as he was on the spot, the name might have been spinnets after all. But they never did this sort of thing in *our* time.—ED.



HOW TO TREAT PICTURE-STEALERS.

(Hint to the Police.)

shades, well spread out, as proud as peacocks. It is odd, yet a sign of strong University Conservatism, that, though gas has been introduced everywhere, these two ancient Moderators should be still retained on the establishment. The celebrated PROFESSOR LIGHT-FOOT (Doctor of Dancing, as his name implies), was received with acclamations. The Professor of Astronomy wore his stars, a new cocked hat, and walked along looking at nothing particular through a brand-new telescope. The Daring Professor of Medicine was got up as DR. DULCAMARA, and attended by the conventional Jack-pudding, with the usual big pill-box, drum, and old jokes, which fell flat. The Botany Professor was distinguished by a sunflower in his button-hole, over the Arabic by his Bedouin costume. Altogether it was a grand, I may say, an exceptionally grand spectacle.

Then we came. When I say "we," I mean that I, of course, was apparently a mere subsidiary—a mere super, while, as was right and proper, all the attention was centred upon *Le Jeune Compositeur*, who, as pale as milk, but with a calm step and one unflinching eye (the other being on the other side, I cannot give you any account of it, and I will not invent), marched onward, occasionally turning to press my hand, to ask me how he was looking, and to beg me not to forget to prompt him in the Latin reply which he would have to make to the Public Orator, and which, though he'd been up all night learning it—(we were up together, and I was hearing him. We awoke in our chairs about four A.M., "οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ γὰρ αλλὰ," as the great scholar Porson said, and as I feel I should have said, had I only had the great scholar Porson's opportunity, —*tout est là*), he was obliged to repeat over and over again, as he walked along, with, I admit, a proud step and an erect bearing, towering above all heads, the observed of all observers.

I attended him as the Minstrel's best man. White waistcoat with Camelia in my button-hole, primrose gloves, but I refused to black my face, positively. Behind us and winding up the procession—but we couldn't see behind us, and I scorn to invent.

With a flourish of trumpets we entered the Senate House by the Sheldonian Gate, where we were received by all the great Dons of Brasenose, whose privilege it is on these occasions to wear the brazen insignia of their college; the effect is striking, and is at first like a family of golden-nosed Punches. The galleries were full; all seats taken; a first-rate house. No paper; all genuine; there were a few foreign orders; and I gave a few orders myself, but it was

to the boys, in front, to get away from the railings. The military bands played (outside) through the proceedings, so that, to put it theatrically, we "spoke through music."

The Public Orator advanced. "By Jingo!" he exclaimed.

"*Quid est?*" I asked in a whisper.

"*Perdidi orationem meam!*" he exclaimed.

"*Quid faciesne?*" says I. I haven't spoken Latin since I was in Hungary, campaigning, and I own that I wasn't quite sure of my "ne" and my "num." But when I was campaigning, and out all night, my knee was numb—as I said to the Regius Professor, who told it to the Hulsean Professor, and they went off, behind the Vice Chancellor, in suppressed shouts. My! or as we say here, "*Meum!*" it was a scene.

"*Da mihi verbum,*" says he to me.

"*Volo,*" I replied.

"I say," whispered my dear friend the future Musical Doctor, "for goodness sake, let me hear him my speech."

"*Compte sur moi!*" I returned, and creeping up inside the Public Orator's enormous gown, I begged him to keep his arms down: then I put out mine under his, and did the old trick. He spoke, I did the action, occasionally giving him the word when he stuck. The effect was admirable, and the encore was enormous and enthusiastic. It was as much as I could do not to step from underneath the gown, and bow my acknowledgments. However, I didn't wish *dare gaffam ad ventos*. This is in brief the idea of the speech:—

"*Dominus Vice-Cancellarius, Magister, Domina et Domini, Magistra et Magistri!*"—

Here he paused, and I prompted him. He was getting dreadfully nervous. "*Salvete!*" said I, in a whisper. "*Salvete!*" says he, out loud. Which got a round of applause, and he was a little abashed. Again I prompted him. "*Permettez-moi—I mean,*" for I had made a mistake, you see. "*Omne rectum! I caput!*" I whispered: and recklessly he plunged into it.

"*Habeo magnam delectationem introducere ad vestram considerationem mazimum et cleverissimum Hominem Componentem quem presens ærum vidit. Non solum componitur, hic mazimum et cleverissimum Vir Componens, in ista, ut 'Revidens,' 'Obvia mihi unum tempus iterum.' 'Vita quæ vivit ad te,' 'A rupe ad rupem.' 'O pulchra Columba! O amans Columba!' Sed præcipue, et super omnia et opera sua, est magnum opus per quod, hic vir illustrissimus et valde doctissimus descendet ad posteritatem admirantem, ego volo dicere et nominare illud opus melodiosissimum et jocosissimum,' ('Quod composuit,' I put in, 'cum alio cleverissimo viro qui scripsit librettonem,') 'Corus et Borus' (immense cheering and waving of handkerchiefs) 'ex quo nunc ego unam parvam rem cantabo.'*

Cries of "No, No!" "Don't!" "You've no voice!" "Cut it!" &c., &c. In a whisper I prevailed on him not to waste his sweetness on the galleries, but to give it us afterwards in the Common Room.

Then amid deafening cheers our Composer knelt down before the Vice Chancellor, and at his hands received the emblem of the Doctor's Degree, an ancient Medicine Bottle (one of those big glass things with coloured fluid inside, and a hieroglyph outside—our ancestors, mediævally, always took medicine in those quantities, and "that's how they never got beyond the Middle Ages"—as I said to the Medical Professor and Clinical Lecturer, who went into shrieks and had to be led out by the Proctors), a plaster (adhesive on one side, with the University Charter and the terms of his degree on the other side, away from the skin—this is only worn in full dress), and a tuning-fork to be used at banquets. It is this last which distinguishes this degree, i.e., the Musical, from the ordinary Medical, or Doctor's Degree.

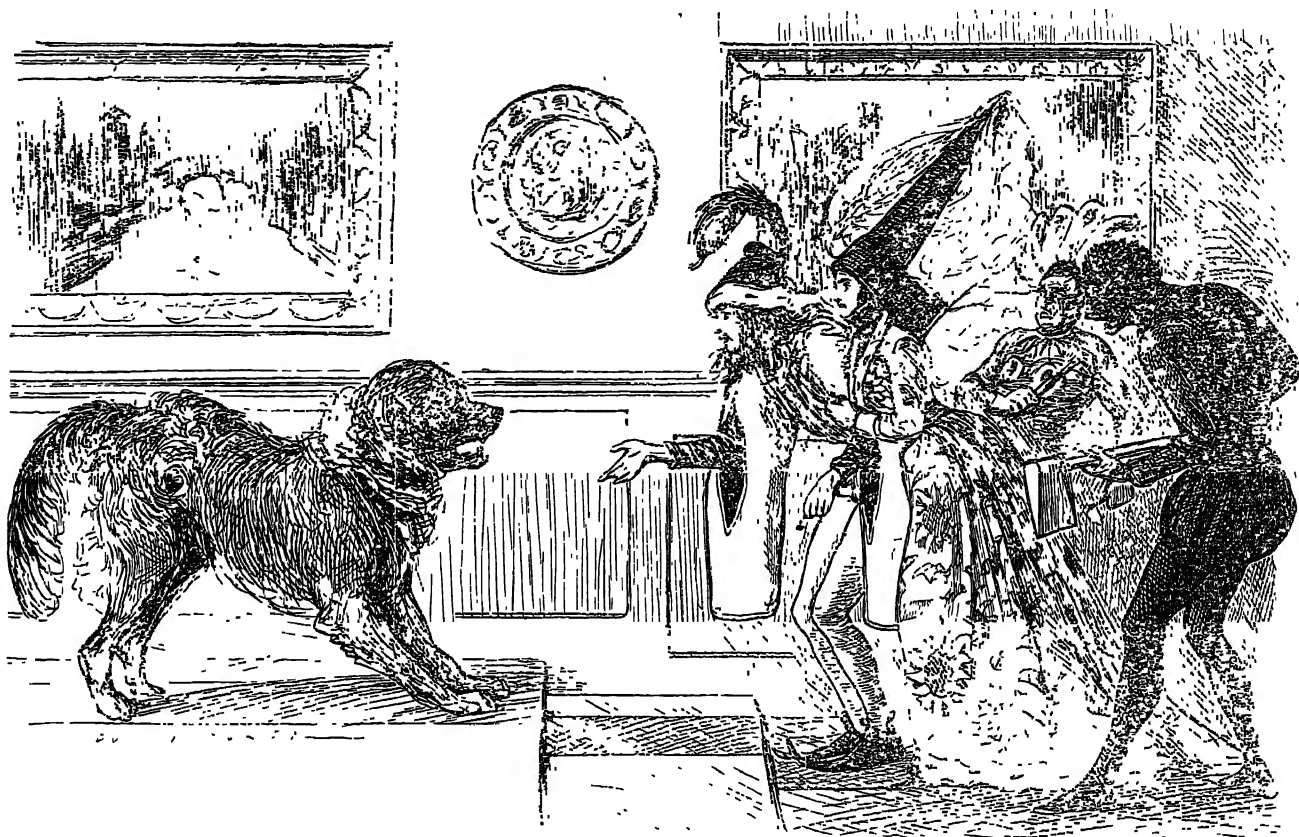
Our Composer sang his reply, which was admirable. Words by—well, I won't mention names, but he's not fifty miles away from Your Representative at this present minute. Music by the *Il Dottore Maestro* himself. I will just give you the chorus—emphasis strong on the *am in viam*, the *vi* very short, and eliding the vowels when required:—

"*Hanc viam militares habemus,
Viam navitantes habemus,
Viam in Varsitate et habemus,
Sic dicimus nos omnes!
Sic dicimus nos omnes!
Sic dicimus nos omnes!
Hinc vi-am militares, &c."*

Sir, the whole *Senatus Consulti* rose as one man. The *hymnus* was taken up frantically, and a lot of Undergraduates were taken up frantically afterwards,—subsequent proceedings in the Town Hall, at which his Worship the Mayor, &c., assisted.

I brought our new Mus. Doc. back again safely, muffin cap, gown and all (which had to be returned by next train), and there only remains my little account to settle, and *this* little account to be given to a generous Public, by one who is ever most faithfully

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



A FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

THE ROBINSONS RETURN HOME FROM THE GREAT FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE, IN COMPANY WITH A FRIENDLY RED INDIAN OF THE PRAIRIES AND A WARM-HEARTED MEDIEVAL EXECUTIONER, TO WHOM THEY HAVE OFFERED THE HOSPITALITY OF THEIR SUBURBAN ROOF. UNFORTUNATELY, "TEAR'EM," A GIGANTIC, SHAGGY, ROUGH-COATED, BLACK-MUZZLED MONSTER OF THE NOW FASHIONABLE ST. BERNARD BREED (WHO HAS BEEN LEFT IN THE HALL TO WATCH OVER THE HOUSE IN THEIR ABSENCE) DOES NOT RECOGNISE HIS MASTER AND MISTRESS, AND ALTOGETHER FAILS TO UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION.

WHY THEY GO TO ASCOT.

Lady Upperten's reasons.—Because it is really quite the thing to do. Because sweet ANGELINA will be sure to meet dear LORD EDWIN there. Because a judicious lunch often leads to a good proposal. Because the girls have set their hearts upon it, and have ordered their dresses.

Captain Rook's reasons.—Because young PIGEON is going, and will be sure to play *écarté* afterwards. Because long odds are always to be found if you know where to go to get them. Because the Tailors dun a good deal before they leave Town for the Seaside, and the country is consequently to be preferred now to London. Because something good may be picked up, and no harm can possibly come of it.

Sub-Lieutenant Pigeon's reasons.—Because old Rook has promised to go. Because the luck at *écarté* must turn if you only play long enough. Because you like to see your money won for you by the horses of your choice. Because it will be so jolly.

Mrs. Redpaynt Flirtington's reasons.—Because business of importance will keep MR. R. FLIRTINGTON in Town. Because she is sure to be amused. Because the children at home are such a bother. Because in her new dress she will look six-and-thirty.

Mr. Tentofour's reason.—Because there is nothing to read in the papers, and nothing to do at the office.

Mrs. Tooting Smythe's reason.—Because the CLAPHAM DE BROWNES are going, and it would *never* do to be cut out by those odious creatures.

Mrs. Clapham de Browne's reasons.—Because the TOOTING SMYTHES are sure to be there, and it would be *too* absurd to be outshone by those vulgar persons!

Le Marquis Château de Pomme-Frite's reason.—Because he is a thorough "gentle-mans-ridere" and loves the "high-life" English.

Mr. Romeo Montague's reason.—Because *she* is to be there!

Miss Juliet Capulet's reason.—Because *he* said he was going!

Mr. Samuel Shoddy of New York's reason.—Because he may as well take Ascot on his way to St. Petersburg, *via* Paris, Vienna, Malta, Rome, and Constantinople.

Mr. Capel Court's reason.—Because the Betting-Ring is getting less dangerous than the Stock Exchange, and because a day's holiday in the country is worth a week's work in the City.

Mr. Punch's reasons.—Because Ascot is one of the prettiest sights in the world. Because to the good all things are good. And lastly, because if he likes to go, who shall dare to say him nay?

Mottoes for the Times.

For the Softas.—"Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re."

For Le Follet.—"Est modus in rebus."

For the Coaching Club.—"A Four in the hand is worth two in the ditch."

For Polemical Writers.—"Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam."

For a Gentleman-Help in love with a Lady ditto.—"Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori."

For United Spain.—"Fuero fuerit."

For SIR WILFRID LAWSON.—"You may take a House to the water, but there's no making it drink."

MARITIME RIGHTS—OF WOMEN.

THE Right of BRITANNIA to rule the waves, and have a Man-of-war called "*she*."

CAPTAIN SHAW'S WORD OF COMMAND.—Go to Blazes!



THE DOGS OF WAR.

BULL A 1. "TAKE CARE, MY MA, IT MIGHT BE AWK'ARD IF YOU WAS TO LET 'EM LOOSE!"

ECHOES FROM THE PARK.



LOCKED UP IN JUNE, 1876.

What an Habitue says. Arm-chairs tuppence, Sir; all the others a penny.

What a Dandy says. Yes, dear ANTIQUITY is to be married to dearest LORD CHARLES in August. And I can't help thinking (you know how very sharp mothers' eyes are, dear LADY SNOOKS, now don't you?) that GOVERNMENT and the BILL—But there—I mustn't say anything more—I positively must not.

What a Member of Parliament says. Well, you must know that to my intense surprise, Sir, the Government actually accepted my Amendment! It was carried.

Sir; and, by Jove, Sir, if it isn't thrown out in the Lords (which it won't be), I don't know what we shall do. Give you my word, Sir, I don't know what we shall do!

What a Young Lady says. Oh, isn't it a sweet dress? But I can't say much for the wearer. I hate straw-coloured hair and washed-out blue eyes! Don't you, Major?

What an American says. Yes, Sir, I have come to see your Europe. I arrived yesterday, and did London last night. I'm off for Paris to-morrow morning.

What an Elderly Maiden Lady says. Oh, yes, we girls are all going to Ascot. My brother will take his daughters and myself. We shall have such a merry party! You must meet us there!

What a Young Gentleman from Aldershot says. I assure you, old man, we are being bucketted all over the place. Nothing but the precious Long Valley all the week! Never get up to town before Friday night, and then have to be back again by Monday morning! Haven't had my hair cut for two days—give you my word I haven't!

What a Traveller says. Oh, I didn't do very much. I only trotted through Africa, and had a look at Asia. Africa was rather interesting; but Asia, you know, had been seen before. Think I shall go to the North Pole in September, to get some fishing.

What an Owner of Horses says. I have it on the best authority that the jock knew nothing about the plant, and was as much surprised at the result as the public themselves. Dear me, what a pity! If you had only come to me before the race, I could have told you the whole story, and saved your money for you!

What a Very Young Man says. The Park's fallen off awfully—not a bit like what it used to be in the days of my youth.

What a Very Old Man says. When I come here, my dears, it quite takes me back to the days when I was courting your grandmother. Now, I remember fifty years ago. What? You are quite right, my dears. I have told you the story before!

What a Disagreeable Young Woman says. Yes, I have been to the Academy, to both Operas, and to all the theatres.

What a Youth of Fourteen says. Now, CHARLEY, let's make our ponies race. Never mind the Peeler. If he joins us, his old screw of a horse will be placed third. Now, then, off we go!

What a Nurse says. Shall I take you to the Barracks, dears, to have a look at the pretty Soldiers?

What a Policeman says. There's really no danger, Mum; it's perfectly safe. The carriages won't come until I gives 'em leave to.

What Everybody says. Two o'clock already! How the time flies in the Park! Such amusing and interesting conversation, too! Well, it can't be helped—we must go home to lunch!

MORE PANICS.

THE Milliners and Modistes are in a state of panic, because while this cold weather lasts they cannot sell their summer costumes.

A panic prevails among a number of Match-making Mammals, who fear they will be left with their daughters on their hands, through the dullness of the season.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES and several of his pals are experiencing a panic, through a rumour which has reached them that Policemen on night duty, instead of their noisy, heard-afar-off boots, will in future wear goloshes.

A panic is beginning to set in among our Cooks, who fear the badness of trade generally will reduce the price of Kitchenstuff.

There are symptoms of a panic among Foreign Hotel-keepers, lest MESSIEURS BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, and many hundreds of their countrymen, who have been hard hit by "Turks," should find they really can't afford their usual tour next autumn.

MR. JOHN THOMAS is in a dreadful state of panic, through a report that some two thousand carriages have been given up this season, and a doubt whether ere long he may be reduced to walk.

ADDRESS TO ANIMALS' FRIENDS.

THE work of Legislation asks the guidance of reflection. Consider what you mean to interdict as "Vivisection," A cruelty to animals revolting to morality; The cutting of a thing endowed with sentient vitality?

Firstly, what is a living thing, defined in sense contracted, Within the meaning of the Bill proposed to be enacted? Are fishes living things, trout, eels, cod, salmon, skate. John Dory? Live reptiles, frogs, toads, tadpoles too, in live thurs' state? y?

Do molluscs, and *Annelidæ*, with all *Articulata*? Or is your measure only to include the *Vertebrata*? Must beetles and cockchafers still continue unprotected, E'en without a pain-assuaging anæsthetic v-i-v-i-f-y?

Next, what call you Vivisection? Simply cutting things with life in 'em?

Don't you reckon lacerating full as bad as putting knife in 'em? Is not shooting them for pastime Vivisection, and, in fact, is Not hunting them to death an as objectionable practice?

Are crimping cod and skinning eels alive not on a parity With any Vivisection for the matter of barbarity? Live lobsters what of boiling, too, with purpose, for apology, No better than experiments of use in physiology?

In a movement of pure sympathy with brutes against brutality Not for a moment fancy we the slightest unreality? But hear we not an outcry of a special indignation 'Gainst that mode of Vivisection which subverts investigation?

'Twould seem there's an impulsive and emotional alliance Amongst the men of sentiment against the men of science. You talk of the atrocities committed by Professors. Are Gun Club "Swells" less heinous, more excusable transgressors?

What of live bait impaled on hooks—old IZAAK WALTON's habit? Is it crueller to cut up a live guinea-pig or rabbit? And do we owe a duty to our lobworm and our gentle, Which we can only violate by torts experimental?

'Gainst Vivisection legislate—but not without improvement On the limited intention of a too specific movement. Give all animals from cruelty all possible protection; Don't merely try to hamper scientific Vivisection.

A QUIET DAY ON THE THAMES.

(Dedicated to the Thames Conservancy.)

9 A.M.—Got out my boat, and made immediately for the centre of the stream.

10 A.M.—Spent some three-quarters of an hour in attempting to avoid the swell of the City steamboats. Within an ace of being swamped by one of them.

11 A.M.—Run into by a sailing-berge. Only saved by holding on to a rope, and pushing my boat aground.

12 NOON.—Aground.

1 P.M.—After getting into deep water again, was immediately run into by a coal-berge. Exchange of compliments with the crew thereof.

2 P.M.—Pursued by swans and other savage birds. Pelted with stones thrown from the shore by ragged urchins out of reach of my vengeance.

3 P.M.—Amongst the fishing-punts. Lively communication of opinions by the angry fishermen. Attempted piracy.

4 P.M.—Busily engaged in extricating my boat from the weeds.

5 P.M.—Disaster caused by a rope coming from the towing-path.

6 P.M.—Look-keeper not to be found. Daring and partially successful attempt to shoot the rapids.

7 P.M.—Run down by a steam-launch travelling at express-rate speed.

8 P.M.—Just recovering from the effects of drowning.

9 P.M.—Going home to bed!



FANCY BALL VANITIES.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN ARE ASKED TO THE FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE, AND ARE KIND ENOUGH TO INVITE THEIR LESS-FAVOURLED FRIENDS TO A PRIVATE VIEW OF THEMSELVES BEFORE DEPARTING FOR THAT GORGEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. IF ANYBODY HAD SUGGESTED TO MR. BROWN THAT HIS BROWNED AND MANLY CHEEK MIGHT BE IMPROVED BY THE "LEAST LITTLE 'SCOURFON' OF ROUSERS," HE WOULD HAVE FLOURED THE IDEA WITH SCORN. YET HERE HE IS, NOT ONLY SUBMITTING TO THIS DEREGRATION (FROM THE LATE-VALUED FINGERS OF A FINE NEIGHBOUR), BUT ACTUALLY ENJOYING THE PROCESS!



"A SETTLER."

Hairdresser. "AIR'S RATHER THIN ON THE TOP, SIR. WE CAN 'IGHLY RECU—"

Customer (gaily). "YES. CAN YOU RECOMMEND ANY STUFF WHICH WILL—
AH—REMOVE THE R'MAINDAR!!!"

[Operator tacet.]

THE CITY CHIMES.

(For *Bad Times*.)

"THE Turks haven't a shilling!"
Said the Gate Bell of Billing.
"And then Russia wants all!"
Said a Bell near Millwall.
"And poor France has no power!"
Said the Bell of the Tower.
"And that Egypt's a sweep!"
Cried the Bell of Eastcheap.
"And there's Spain—a great sell!"
Said St. Lawrence's Bell.
"Oh, we've had a nice ride!"
Cried the Bell of St. Bride.
"And are ground in the Mill!"
Moaned a Bell near Cornhill.
"We must wait for high tide,"
Mourned the Bell of Cheapside.
"It's a regular hitch!;"
Clanged the Bell of Shoreditch.
"Shall we really lose all?"
Asked the Bell of St. Paul.
"We should much like to know!"
Tolled the big Bell of Bow.

The History of a Sensation.

Monday.—A whisper at the Clubs.
Tuesday.—A murmur in the Park.
Wednesday.—A paragraph in the Papers.
Thursday.—A Question in the House.
Friday.—A leader in the *Times*.
Saturday.—A Government inquiry.

AN UNDISPUTED OPINION.

Bill Sikes (reading his paper, *loc.*). What! Increase the taxes for the Prisons? Well, now, that's what I call fair and reasonable!

A LITTLE LOGIC.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MEN say that we women are illogical creatures. Now listen to me, there's a dear old thing, and I will prove to you that a girl can draw an inference—I believe that is the phrase—which all you male wisacres seem to have missed. Everybody is grumbling about the dulness of trade. The papers are full of it, and Papa makes it, as usual, an excuse for certain small parsimonies, in the matter of milliners' bills, which *spoil* pleasure, and I'm quite sure cannot benefit business. But there is, says the *Daily News*, one exception to this almost universal dulness, and that is the *Artificial Flower Trade*!!!

There now! Do you see the inevitable inference? I dare say not. Men are quite obtuse as regards all the *nicer* processes of reasoning. Does it not prove *beyond question* that, if men would give up spending their time and money upon hideous Iron-clads, horrid monster guns, Foreign Bonds, and Stocks, and things, all which seem to involve *wickedness* and *waste*, and go in for the cultivation of *lovely* and *harmless* trades like artificial flower making, these periodical attacks of commercial doldrums would never attack them at all? Papa adjectivises the milliners dreadfully, especially after reading the "City Intelligence" in the morning. Now what could be more illogical? Nothing! I have tried to prove that to Papa by a close-knit chain of reasoning which he pooh-poohs, but cannot, or at least *does not*, refute. Perhaps if he sees it in *Punch*, he will pay more attention to it. Here it is. The more well-dressed girls there are, the more milliners will flourish; the more milliners the more artificial flower makers; the more artificial flower makers, the less dulness in trade. Q. E. D. (This means that Papa's argument is quite easily demolished! At least, my brother Tom tells me that is the signification of those letters!) In fact, if *all* were artificial flower makers (though that, of course, would be inconvenient, for flowers are useless without bonnets to put them on), there could be no dulness in trade at all!

There! If that is not logic, I should like to know what *is*! Even Tom admits that; says it is a very choice specimen of the logical process known as *Reductio ad absurdum*, or "rendering a little duck ridiculous." I cannot quite see the appropriateness of the name myself, but, after all, the *proof's* the thing. Please, dear Mr. *Punch*, do print it, if only to show Papa that Superior Wisdom does not pooh-pooh his little girl's logic.

And eternally oblige

Your devoted devourer,

FLORA.

OPEN BRIDGES OR OPEN SPACES?

No doubt the Tolls on those Bridges at which they are levied in a great measure upon the working classes going to and from their employment ought, by all means, as the Select Committee on the London Bridges' Tolls report, to be abolished. But will it be for the public good also to abolish the Tolls on suburban bridges, whereof upon the Surrey side there are very few workmen, and whereat the Tolls are taken chiefly from pedestrians and other excursionists crossing them on their way to and from the bit of country yet remaining on the Surrey side of them, still allowing the enjoyment of pleasant and constitutional rambles, and got to by Putney and Hammersmith Bridges in particular? These Bridges are at present approaches to comparatively Open Spaces, which, if all the Bridges' Tolls are abolished, will very soon be covered with bricks-and-mortar, to the destruction of their utility to Londoners at large, and to the benefit chiefly of the speculative Builder. Would it not be a pity to go to the expense of taking the Tolls off these Bridges? This, at any rate, is an Open Question.

BEST LIFTS FOR HOSPITALS.—Hospital Saturday and Hospital Sunday.

A PERSONAGE IN ST. PANCRIDGE.



ERY considerable alarm has no doubt been created among the more economical portion of the Ratepayers of St. Pancras by the following verdict of a Coroner's Jury.—

"That the deceased died from suffocation consequent upon want of fresh air; and that it having been elicited that the lying-in ward had been left in charge of a thoroughly incompetent person, and was constantly so left, the Jury recommend that the Guardians should take immediate steps to provide Miss PLATT with properly qualified assistants."

According to the report above quoted, the deceased was an infant a few days old. Miss PLATT is the Midwife at the St. Pancras Workhouse. She deposed that she left the ward in charge of one of the pauper helpers, "as the Guardians allowed no qualified assistant." When she came

back she was told the baby was dead, but found it not to be, although dying. According to the pauper-helper's evidence, at a quarter past nine, "the mother said the child was cold and going black." Witness "took it to the fire for ten minutes, and then thought that it was dead, and put it on a bed and covered it up with a sheet. She did not call the Doctor as she thought the child was dead." The Doctor stated the cause of the child's death—"asphyxia, from overlying." He said "it was the duty of the pauper-helper left in charge of the ward to send to him when she found the deceased dead or dying, and added that:—

"He felt convinced that Miss PLATT was considerably overworked, and Miss FOLLETT, the Lady Guardian, had tried to induce the other Guardians to provide a qualified assistant, but without effect."

The St. Pancras Ratepayers will probably not elect another Lady Guardian. They cannot, however, be sure that clamour, consequent on a Coroner's Jury's recommendation, will not presently drive the colleagues of Miss FOLLETT to go to the expense which that Lady could not prevail upon them to incur, and "provide a qualified assistant." One point remains to be stated; the remarkable coincidence of the unqualified assistant's name and nature. It sounds like a hoax; but there the name is in the *Daily News* of Monday last week, and no mistake, recorded in unquestionable print. The name of this truly typical specimen of a "Pauper-Helper" is actually SARAH GAMP. This is one of the St. Pancras "Pauper-Helpers"—so called perhaps because they help paupers "over the stile." No doubt there is at least another of them who, if not named, might worthily be named ELIZABETH PRIG.

"BENEFITS FORGOT."

MR. PUNCH has received a number of communications on the subject of "Benefits," but can only find space for the following:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HOPE you will excuse my troubling you with this letter. The fact is, that I am in great trouble. I am an old Banker's Clerk, and have been literally before the public for nearly fifty years. My income has been small, and my family large. I have the highest testimonials as to ability and integrity. Sickness and other misfortunes have, however, pulled me down, and it occurred to me whether I could not somehow or other take a "benefit." Do you think it could be managed? I don't understand these things. Can you give me any advice or help?

Yours respectfully,

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Bleak Cottage, Wantage, June 7, 1876.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,

I AM a Professional Man, and have struggled through the best part of my life with many incumbrances, but have managed to keep myself and family independent. Now, however, in consequence of the dulness of business and the overcrowding of my profession, we are likely to be sold up unless I can get some temporary help. My wife suggests my taking a "benefit;" but how, when, and

where? Of course, it would be distasteful to my feelings, but it would take a mighty load off my mind if I could realise two or three hundred. Do you think HER MAJESTY would lend me her Theatre?

Yours, despondingly,

Compo Lodge, Loam Lane, N.

PATER FAMILIAS.

DEAR PUNCH,

I SUPPOSE you don't know me? Very few people do. I have, however, made my living for many a long year by wielding the brush, and selling "pot-boilers." I have kept out of debt, and preserved my position as a Gentleman. Old age, and a glut of the market have, however, brought me to a stand-still. I do wish some one would get me up a "benefit."

Yours, faithfully,

ARTIST.

P.S. I thought of asking some of my friends to open an Exhibition of their paintings on my behalf; but they all paint so wretchedly, I fear it would be "no go."

DEAR OLD FELLOW,

YOU remember my coming into my money five years ago, don't you? Well, I've run through it, and spent most of it on West-End Tradesmen. Oughtn't they to get me up a "benefit"? I haven't a rap. Dropped my last "Fifty" on the Oaks,

Yours ever,

Half-moon Street, June 8, 1876.

GERALD GOLIGHTLY.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE held a living of £150 a-year for forty years, and reared a large family. My health is bad, and I must employ a Curate, and I know not where to turn for a little help. Do you not think I might take a sort of ecclesiastical "benefit" at some well-known church, and get a Bishop or two to perform for me?

Yours sincerely,

Barebones Vicarage, June 9, 1876.

CHURCH MOUSE.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY—JUNE 18.

(Anniversary of Waterloo.)

THEY whisper that some touch of shame
Should rise at mention of the name
That once could set all hearts aflame—

That England, on her lonely shore,
Hears in the nations' sullen roar,
"You fought once, but can fight no more:

"Your strength is gold—and gold is weak;
Wisdom in policy you seek,
And safety in your 'silver streak'!"

To-morrow we'll that charge debate;
To-day the Ottoman may wait,
Our own "Sick Man" is at the gate.

For this one day we'll rise and show
We're not unlearned to strike a blow
Against an older, stronger foe.

Our brother's woe, disease and pain,
King Death and all his ghastly train,
These cry—and may not cry in vain.

"Money lies idle." Let it rest
No longer idle; in the best
Of all securities invest.

Give freely, London, of thy store,
And know "High heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-reckoned less or more."

Thus *Punch* the Jester—like BIRÓN
For glib moments to atone—
Muses beside sick beds, alone.

A CASE OF WATER ON THE BRAIN.

WHEN MRS. MATERFAMILIAS insists upon taking the Children to the sea-side.

BAD BEGINNING (for the *New Turkish Régime*).—Sending round the Imperial Hatt!

NATURAL EJACULATION OF KISBER'S FOES.—Pesth take the Mineral Colt!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ERE *Punch* asked what is the Parliamentary Privilege *par excellence*, he would say the Privilege of every Member who has a turn for making himself ridiculous to try and induce the House to follow his example. For latest illustration, see the discussion on Privilege

raised by SIR W. FRASER (*Monday, June 12*), all about a letter from the Secretary of the Political Committee of the Reform Club, calling MR. RIPLEY over the coals for some too free and independent votes of his, and threatening that, if he chose thus to throw over the Party, the Party would bring the Party's big Club down, sharp, over his knuckles.

This is scarcely the stuff for our Collective Wisdom to waste its time on, even though it give the PREMIER a peg for ten minutes of solemn chaff, or lead up to a smart sparring-bout between the lively Londonderry Chicken and the phlegmatic Devonshire Pet—a heavy weight, with whom the Chicken, however quick on his pins and sharp in his hitting, has, as yet, no chance.

To be sure the House was glad of any excuse for diversion, feeling that it had before it the dreary job of flogging the dead horse of the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, which not even the combined "persuaders" of DISRAELI, VERNON HARCOURT, and HENRY JAMES together can galvanise into the ghost of a gallop.

The debate on the Second Reading of the University Bill was a little livelier, thanks to the hopeless antagonism of its friends and foes. The Bill nominates Commissioners to readjust the *nexus* of cash payments between rich Colleges and a poor University, with a view to see how far the transfusion of that life blood of learning—as of most things—£ s. d., from the veins of the one to the other may be carried, so as to strengthen the University without fatally depleting the Colleges.

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN wants to have the Commissioners' hands more tightly tied by the Bill.

MR. CLIFFORD—Fellow of New College—owning New College the greatest abuse of the University, and himself the greatest abuse of New College—wants to have the Commissioners' hands made stronger for their work of reformation.

LORD F. HERVEY, on High Conservative considerations, would not have a penny transferred from the Colleges to the University.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT LOWE maintains that the sole good done by Oxford is the making a provision for those non-resident youths, the only hard-working sons of Alma Mater, whom LORD SALISBURY has christened "idle fellows," and that every farthing handed over from the Colleges to the University, will be money perverted from the maintenance of industry to the support of laziness. The University is nothing but a noun of multitude meaning the lot of Colleges whose funds are best employed as sinews of war for hard-headed young men in their first battle of life. Hang research—look out for results—and when found, make a Fellow of. To endow research would be, in most cases, to find snug berths for some of the grossest humbugs of the age—to cumber the High with perambulators, and

make "the Quads" unmusical with babes. Then who and what were the Commissioners? REDFORD, a block. SELBORNE, a bigot. BURGON, a fanatic. MOUNTAGUE-BERNARD, a High-church Fire-brand. MAINE, an *umbr*a of LORD SALISBURY'S GROVE, a judge with no time to spare. RIDLEY, a nobody—and as such, no doubt, a model Commissioner. Altogether the RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT presented what may be called, in every sense, a LOWE view of the Commission, Research, the University and its work. But LOWE withstanding, the Bill was read a Second Time with the understanding that the further ventilation of the utterly unworkable views of its foes and friends should be kept for Second Reading of the Cambridge Bill next week.

Tuesday (Lords).—Their Lordships reassembled after their Whitsun holiday, and threw themselves into their work of Third Reading of Trades' Unions Amendment and Salmon Fisheries Bills, with a cheerful alertness, which showed how much their Whitsun rest has done to repair the ravages of hard labour on their venerable frames.

(Commons).—First Morning Sitting of the Session, on Poor Law Amendment. A clause to give Irish Paupers English settlements by three years' residence, was all of a sudden made general: another step—taken, *Punch* is bound to say, without the least premeditation—in the direction of an end that must be reached—the end of Settlement.

MR. SERJEANT SIMON—one would be tempted to dub him Simple SIMON on this occasion—made an unadvised attempt to prohibit all workhouse separation of husband and wife. As it is, pauper couples of more than sixty are left together. This is as much as can fairly be asked, supposing a reasonable latitude left to Guardians of relaxing the rule where man or wife is between fifty and sixty.

In the Evening Sitting, the Report of the Royal Commission on the (infamous Fugitive Slave Circular was laid on the table. Its recommendations amount to a decent burial, under a proper salvo of circumlocutory blank cartridge, of the stupid Circular, and a practical restitution to our Naval Officers of the discretion which should never have been interfered with.

LORD ELCHO moved Resolutions—*first*, that Metropolitan Municipal Reform deserves the attention of Government; *second*, that such reform should be worked through a single body. He travelled the old round; showed up the confusion, inefficiency, and wastefulness of our present higgledy-piggledy systems in drainage, scavenging, street management, markets, paving, gas, water, &c.; described how he would have the pale of the Corporation enlarged to take in the four millions now left to the untender mercies of more than thirty Vestries and District Boards. SIR G. BOWYER declared that, so governed, the Capital would become a Country, its council a Parliament, and its Lord Mayor the President of a Republic, which might ultimately threaten the existence of the Monarchy. The RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE gave himself the great pleasure of running a-muck among the Vestries. He painted a repulsive picture of the British Vestryman, on a principle the reverse of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S, *all shadows*; and with the same vivid vitriolic colours which he had used the night before for the portraits of the Oxford Commission. MR. CROSS, admitting that London needed better local government, criticised LORD ELCHO'S plan, but declined to commit himself for the Government to that or any other scheme.

(Why not meet me, my dear MR. CROSS, and let you and me settle a plan for the government of the Metropolis between us? I may tell you in confidence that I have one cut and dried; and I feel sure, from the sound sense you show on all matters you take in hand, that you and I should understand one another. My plan embraces all the good points of LORD ELCHO'S, and meets all your criticisms. *Verbum sap.* I am always at home between nine and twelve.)

LORD ELCHO, having served his purpose by his speech and the discussion, withdrew his Resolutions.

LEWIS the Indefatigable made a desperate attempt to get more of his say than the SPEAKER would stand on the further adjournment of the adjourned debate on the Strangers' Exclusion Resolution. What unlucky outsider has been touching up MR. LEWIS on the raw?

Wednesday.—SIR WILFRID'S annual field-day. The well-known old deer, "Permissive Prohibitory," was

turned out, started, and run down, after a gallant burst. Our ancient friend is still fresh and game, though, perhaps, he hardly afforded the sport he has given in former years. Parliament is still stubborn (by 299 to 81) in its determination not to allow two-thirds of the householders of a place to shut the public-house doors against the other third; not to make a rough division of the population into those who never enter a bar, and those who can't enter one without making beasts of themselves; and not to fling the country into an annual ferment, with the beer-distributing interest all on one side.

SIR WILFRID, who has to face his annual Parliamentary *cold douche* hot under the Turkish bath of his Exeter Hall Meeting, packed with his friends, and steaming with the fervid feverheat of their somewhat intemperate temperance. But Russian constitutions, they say, can stand the transition from their hot baths to the snow—and SIR WILFRID seems none the worse for the shock. He always comes up smiling after his annual knock-down.

Thursday (Lords).—A little talk about Turkey between LORD DELAWARE and LORD DE LA PAIX should be the interpellator on that subject just now, so peaceful does all look of a sudden, but the Dogs of War have been checked—and pretty sharply—if not securely chained up yet.

(Commons).—Second Reading of LORD SANDON'S Education Bill.

MR. MUNDELLA, who moved an Amendment, LORD F. CAVENDISH, DR. PLAYFAIR, and MR. DIXON, took up the cudgels for compulsion.

MR. RIDLEY, MR. ONSLOW, MR. BIRLEY, MR. PELL, MR. A. MILLS, and MR. WALTER thought the Bill went as far in taking the horse to the water as it was safe to go. (*Punch* agrees with them. It won't do to strain even the cords of love too tight.)

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU showed himself off in the characteristic attitude of an opponent of the Bill and the Amendment both—abused School-Boards, declared the Bill would interfere with labour, strike at religion, and, if it did not "fill the butchers' shops with large blue flies," would tend to make England for all reasons and in all respects a land not worth living in.

LORD ROBERT'S abuse of the Bill ought to secure its acceptance with rational folks. The debate was adjourned till Monday; but the Bill will be carried, and so it ought to be, for it seems a good Bill as far as it goes, and satisfies those sensible people who are content to put up with half-loaves in this Vale of Compromise.

Friday (Lords).—Nonessential business.

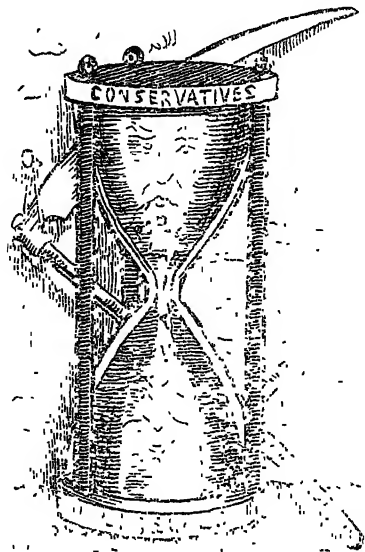
(Commons).—Heavy business. A Monster Petition, said to bear 102,000 signatures against any further grants to the Royal Family was lugged in with some difficulty by MESSRS. BURT and MACDONALD (only ex-working man would have "hefted" the huge roll, and deposited it behind the table). If opinion is to be weighed, such a petition ought to count heavily. Then came Questions (*Punch* is glad to know we are not going to make a present of Heligoland to Germany. If we gave it up to anybody, it would be to Denmark, from whom we took it), and Sensation (MR. DISRAELI was unable to inform MR. BRIGHT of the real motives for the wholesale murder of Ministers at Constantinople.) Miscellaneous Friday-night talk finished the evening.



OUT IN THE COLD;

Or, the Parliamentary Peri.

"I believe it is a rule in Parliament never to be logical in legislation."
MR. DUNSTON.



POOR Logic, like MOORE'S
Peri, at the gate
Of proud St. Stephen's stood
disconsolate.
She heard the wordy war-
fare waged within,
The critic cavil, the dogmatic
din,
The keen discordant strife of
Ins and Outs,
BIGGAR'S rude railings, hot
O'GORMAN'S shouts.
Sighed she, "Where 'heed-
less Rhetoric's soathome,
Her poor precisian sister
scarce may come.
They mocked my champion,
MILL, and I can see
That, now he's gone, they'll
not make room for me.
To dull logomachy, profuse,
sophistic,
They sacrifice the sweetly
syllogistic:
To them the chase of the
abstractly true is
Poor sport to personal ques-
tions raised by LOGIC."

They flout keen FAWCETT, and they fain would rob
Me of the partial homage of my Bon.
Oh, scene of babblement and crass confusion
Where Premiss ne'er foregathers with Conclusion!
And yet, would they admit me—"Here loud laughter
Rang through the spacious hall, from bench to rafter.
The Sphinx—an oracle of such high station
Need scarcely stoop to ratiocination—
The Sphinx, unmindful of that listener sad,
Gave Hope her *coup-de-grâce*. Too bad! too bad!
"In shaping laws, mere Logic should be dumb.
She rules not here; our rule's the Rule of Thumb!
We play at dialectic, point and edge;
But Truth's straight thrust were—breach of privilege!"
The Peri drooped, and dropped a woeful tear.
"Abandon Reason all who enter here!"
Sighed she, "should be inscribed above this portal.
The Statesman's dread of Syllogism's mortal.
Farewell! Alas!" She said, and veiled her face,
And fled to—shall we say—"another place"?

A PARLIAMENT OF LONDON.

LORD ELCHO has had his annual innings, and has assured the House of Commons that it is much pleasanter to live in Paris, in Manchester, even in Bradford, than in London. No doubt he is right, though in the minority: but what a pity he doesn't go and live in Paris or Bradford, and leave us unhappy Londoners to our fate! The air of great cities does not suit small men. London is a city of anomalies, but they are historical, and not to be removed in a day. Its Mayors have been the friends of the Kings of England: it is, in fact, an epitome of England.

Mr. Punch argues not against Reform, which is as fashionable as Rinking and Cockle's Pills: but, as Eternal Member for E.C.—the Eternal City—he takes leave to defend its institutions and officers. There may be a more luminous intellectual centre, in Paris or Rome or Berlin or New York, than No. 85, Fleet Street; if so, Mr. Punch would like to know the address. There may also be a grander gateway than Temple Bar, or a nobler obelisk than ALDERMAN WATTHMAN'S, —but on these points Mr. Punch is not anxious for information.

Other Cities may perchance have wiser and more powerful journals than the Times, but Mr. Punch is quite satisfied with that periodical. And in its comments on LORD ELCHO'S annual Motion, he finds and approves this remark:—"Within the House of Commons there is a vague feeling of apprehension that a Municipality of London might attract some of the attention now paid to the proceedings of Parliament." It might, indeed, if recent occurrences are any index. Did not the LORD MAYOR, only the other day, say that the Stage has taught us as much as, if not more than, the Pulpit? Such utterances never startle the calm arena of the House of Commons. Did he not actually tell the Artists who ate turtle

with him last week that "Genius ought to be in comfortable circumstances"? That demoralising declaration has already been sufficiently exploded by all the philosophers of the Press. Genius comfortable! What next? Theologic hypocrisy and Stock Exchange theft make their own comfort; but Genius is a mere out-at-elbows, disreputable being, and positively ought not to be comfortable.

If Lord Mayors go about saying this sort of thing, it must be obvious to the House of Commons that a Parliament of London would never do. Such utterances are revolutionary. LORD MAYOR CORTON became Member for the City on Conservative principles; but what are we to say of a man who prefers SHAKESPEARE to the Bench of Bishops, and thinks that Genius deserves its rumpsteak and pint of stout? No; if such are to be the Members of the possible Parliament of London, LORD ELCHO'S Motion was wisely resisted.

WHAT A LADY SEES.

At a Race Meeting.—Plenty of dust. Some poor part of London. A number of pretty villas. A great deal of stucco. Country fields and country lanes. Little villages. Small towns. Glare and shadow. Gipsies. Crowds of roughs. Very good company. Plenty of drags. A collection of carriages. A lukewarm lunch. And, to conclude (if she is very observant), a horse-race in the distance.

At a Cricket Match.—A road crowded with carriages. A narrow gate. A large number of men, belonging to every profession, in a state of unusual excitement. A good deal of hand-shaking. A large amount of head uncovering. A mysterious board, upon which appear constantly changing figures. Thousands of dresses of azure and dark blue silk. A forest of parasols. Plates of lobster salad. Dishes of cold fowls. Piles of rolls. Heaps of cakes. Quarts of Claret and Moselle cup. Dozens of Champagne. And possibly (if she is very fond of the game) the out eleven changing positions at the cry of "Over."

At the Zoological Gardens.—A number of trees. A thickly populated lawn. A refreshment-house, open "to *bona fide* travellers only." The last masterpiece by WORTH. The sweetest things in bonnets. The most daring contrasts in colours. The Heroes of the House. The Loungers of the Clubs. The Prides of the Studios. The Ornaments of Literature. All her friends. Most of her enemies. And (if she has time to inspect them) a few animals in cages.

At a Fancy Dress Ball.—The inside of a carriage. A Policeman attempting to keep back a satirical mob. A hall. A crowded staircase. A melancholy Charles the Second. A jocular Hamlet. A modest Henry the Eighth. A retiring North American Indian. A bashful Executioner. A regiment of Militiamen. A Clan of Highlanders. A dozen Louis Onzes. Twenty-three Marie Stuarts. A Charity Girl. A score of Matrons (a very long way) after GAINSBOROUGH. And (if she manages to reach the drawing-room) Ivanhoe, Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Jane Shore, Macbeth, Anne of Cleves, Robespierre, and an eccentric representative of Snow, attempting to dance the Lancers in the centre of a crowd of historical celebrities.

At Church.—A sedate Pew-opener, who receives a bribe with dignity. A very magnificent display of bonnets. A popular Author. Several "Men of the Time." And (as a matter of course) her Prayer-Book.

At Home.—Her husband and her children; and if they are not enough for her, why, the Lady must be difficult to please. At least so thinks Mr. Punch, who is a model of domesticity.

GREENGROCERS v. BUTCHERS.

TALK of cause and effect Mr. Punch car's a diskivery i cutt hout. a yuro Fashnoble Cotrumpory of the connectshun 'tween—

"VEGETARIANISM AND TEMPERANCE.—A Vegetarian and Temperance Congress was opened yesterday at Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, by a paper by MR. C. C. GROOM NAPIER, F.R.S., who related many cases of the cure of various ailments through adopting the vegetarian diet."

MR. NAPIER 'cordin' to the Post hallso said as a merriean Physician, docter TURNER, had cur'd a Thousand drunkards by only perswadin of em to take to a vegetarian diet, and 'was a goin' for to come over ear for the puppus of preachin' the "vegetarian cure of intemperance" to the Facklety. Ereby ang's a Tail for sir WILFRID LAWSON and the Benighted Kingdum Alliance for to catch old on to bring in a Haet o' Parlimint for to Shut up not only the Publichouses, but the Butchers' Shoppes, Witch it wud be sum Compen-sashun far your umbul Hadmirer, Latinnerant Dealer in Wegebels, Greens, Tummts, Carriots, Spinnidge, hand Sparrer-grass.

SAM. CORSEBEE.

Suggestion by Sairey Gamp:

(Vide Last Week's Punch.)

A DESIDERATUM AT ST. PANCRAS WORKHOUSE.—A Bottle of "Kid Reviver."



"O WILD WEST WIND!"

WALKING ABROAD IN ONE OF HIS LOFTIEST MOODS, AND SEEKING FOR INSPIRATION ON A LONELY HEATH, OUR YOUTHFUL POET COMES UPON A LAUNDRY-YARD, AND SEES UNDER-GARMENTS OF ALL SIZES FLAUNTING IN THE GALE.
[Lest the susceptibilities of the more refined should be shocked, we hasten to state that the habiliments depicted above belong exclusively to the Male Sex.]

THE SCIENCE SHOW, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

WE now resume and conclude our extracts from the MS. notes contained in a copy of the Catalogue found in the Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus, and which, strange to say, still lies unclaimed. The disconsolate owner can have it on application at the Office of this Journal; but, that we may be satisfied he is the rightful claimant, and endowed with the profound scientific knowledge which it is clear the writer of the Notes must have possessed, it will be requisite that he should submit to an examination in two at least of the following subjects treated of in the Catalogue:—Kinematics, Molecular Physics, Biology, and Crystallography.

"Punching Instrument." Quite superfluous. There is too much "punching" going on already. (See the daily papers.)
 "The Original Traversing Lifting Jack." Very delusive. Visitors who come expecting to see "JACK" perform some extraordinary feat of pedestrianism, or lift enormous weights without any apparent effort, will be greatly disappointed. At least we saw nothing of the kind even attempted.

"Mule for Spinning Cotton." Naturalists, Zoologists, and others, should compare the Hydraulic Ram, the Steam Donkey Engine, the Bulldog Clam, the Skeleton of a Rhombohedron, and, in MR. FRANK BUCKLAND'S interesting collection, the Telescope Fish.

"Skew Mitres." The attention of the Episcopal Bench is respectfully invited. The same competent authorities are also requested to examine and report on the "Series of Temples (20 in number)."

"Three Models of an Eccentric Circle." There are so many eccentric circles both at home and abroad, that without more precise information as to the particular circle here indicated, all conjecture on the subject would be as impertinent as it would be idle.

"Lazy Tongs." Obviously the set is incomplete, wanting both the lethargic poker and the listless shovel.

"Whirling Table." What Spiritualist sent it?

"The Original Copper-Zinc Couple." Almost as great an attraction as the Sirens. Believed to be unique. Beware of counterfeits.

This is the original copper-zinc couple. No other is genuine. "They have always kept themselves respectable, and never had parish relief."

"Glass Digester." Invaluable to persons troubled with dyspepsia.
 "Aspirator." Equally invaluable to persons troubled by the letter H.

"Self-recording Machine." An honest and conscientious use of this instrument cannot fail to make us all better men and women and domestic servants.

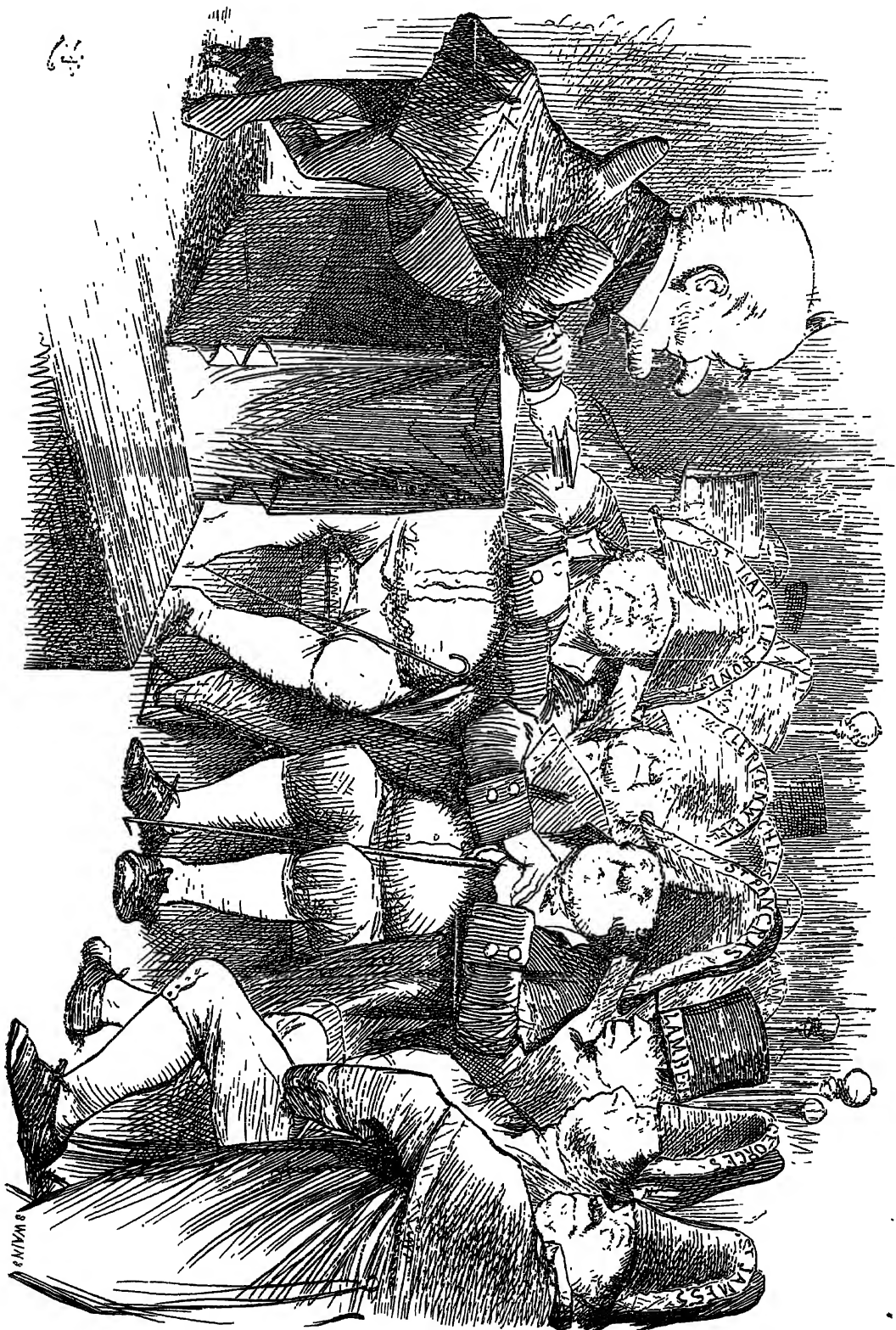
"New Levelling Instrument." It is understood that the Leaders of the Conservative Party are about to enter a protest against the public exhibition of such a dangerous machine. The Committee of the Carlton Club have the matter in hand.

"Skeleton of Gibbon." Alas! what a Decline and Fall for the Great Historian of the Roman Empire! Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays free; other days sixpence! Ought to have been placed near "NAPIER'S Bones."

One word at parting. Do not yield to the impatience and impetuosity of friends, do not quit the Exhibition before you have visited the "Dioptric Holophote," the "Pair of Undemagnetizable Coils," the "Attracted Disc Heterostatic Station-Electrometer," WEBER'S Synamphophthalmoscope, and the "Sphygmodynamometer"; and rest assured that you will never cease to regret your error, if you mingle again with the outer world and go back to all the conventionalisms of this hollow existence, without standing face to face with "The first Instrument used to electrify the Ink Bottle of the Syphon Recorder."

A Slap at Sceptics.

MGR. DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, has written a pamphlet arguing that, in consequence of the triumphant progress of Atheism and Materialism, society and religion are in the greatest peril. This essay is entitled *Whither are We Going?* A better title for it would be *Where do You Expect to Go to?*



THE METROPOLITAN "BUMBLE-BEE"!

EXAMINER. "HAVING COMPLETELY BROKEN DOWN IN 'GAS,' 'WATER,' AND 'PAVEMENT,' LET ME NOW ASK YOU TO TRY 'REFORM'!"

A COOL ASCOT IDYLL.



Cool as the wind over Ascot Heath,
Where much is sultry and little shady,
Looked her raveny *sacree*, as she smiled beneath
A sunshade, *couleur de rose* like its Lady.

Cool was the blue of her sky-touched eyes,
Cool her way to each gay new-comer:

'Twas a manner which said, without disguise,
Is it not best to be cool in summer?

Cool was he who to greet her came,
Cool his get-up, for Ascot proper,
Coolly he took his ancient name,
And just as coolly his recent "cropper."

Cool was the hundred he had dropped—
The wrong thing for the Biennial backing;
And cooler the question he had popped,
Since all in his case, save love, was lacking.

Cool was the clasp of their meeting hands,
Less cool the heart, her white hand's ruler;
But she was the woman to understand
Hot love will cool ere cool grow cooler.

Cool was the welcome given by Mamma
To the uninvited detrimental;
And cool was the shoulder that Papa
Turned on him, with prescience parental.

Cool, in fact, as iced champagne
Was that penniless pair thus spooning together:
But—pass me that Cider-cup again—
Cool drinks, and spoons, are the things for hot weather.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Why and a Wherefore—Notes—On Memory—Diagnosis—Medical Inquiry—Advice—Result.

OBSERVATION, Preliminary.—For weeks and weeks past, now running into months, I have been compelled to make my notes—for my progressing work, *Typical Developments*—getting on excellently—myself in full correspondence with MESSRS. POPGOOD AND GROOLLY, about the binding, and the advisability of bringing it out in parts—with a pencil, on slips, in small books, on my wristband—(*Happy Thought in itself.*—A small work on Society generally, entitled *Writings on a Wristband. Another Happy Thought.*—Copyright the title, and do it.)—and, failing a pencil, to trust my memory. Memory I look upon as a last resource. (*Note for a Future Occasion.*—"Considerations concerning Memory: a Blessing or not? If a Blessing or not, why, in either case?" Think it out.)

I have been compelled to these shifts (don't like this word, but "expedients" is too grand for the occasion; and Somebody's rule—JOHNSON'S, I think, because it's so characteristic of the man and his style—"Never use a long word when a short one will do as well"—is excellent. Must have some rules to go by.)—I have been put to these shifts by the absence of my pens. For weeks they all disappeared; steel and quill, the heavy and the light-armed troops. Not to be found anywhere. Tradesmen called. I replied, "With pleasure. Here is the cheque-book; but there isn't a pen in the house." Then the ink dried up, or rather it reduced itself to mere mud. I found a stump of a quill with three slits in it, and tried a short letter in answer to a dinner invitation. I might as well have attempted writing with my thumb and oil paint. So I gave it up; sent verbal messages by Commissionnaires; walked miles, backwards and forwards; of course I did not walk many miles "backwards"; in order to write letters at my Club; dropped in on friends who hadn't seen me for years, on purpose to ask them, "Would you mind my writing a letter here?" on their paper, with (generally) their crests and addresses.

Happy Thought.—Also their stamps.

What an income may be saved by writing letters in other people's rooms. Polite friend invariably says, "My man, or the servant, will post it for you." Which appears to mean, "Don't trouble yourself about the penny for a stamp." As a matter of courtesy it is as well to keep a penny by you, just for the sake (entirely *pro forma*, as it won't be accepted) of producing it and saying, laughingly (don't forget to laugh), "Here's a penny for a stamp." Men of the humblest means (only it's just as well *not* to try anything of this sort on men of the humblest means) won't accept a penny for a stamp. Therefore, unless you are vain enough to give it to a crossing sweeper, because he has touched his hat to you, or to buy a box of lights, you may keep that penny by you for months or years.

"It may be for years and it may be for ever;
Oh, why shouldst thou leave me?
I never will 'part.'"

Happy Thought.—Ode to My Penny.

In the meantime, judging by the jerky character of my notes, and their accumulation in note-books—on looking back, I fancy my Memory must have had rather a hard time of it.

Result.—A dream—a fearful nightmare. It seemed to me (asleep) that for hours I was trying to remember the point of a story which I *knew* would set the table in a roar. There was the table feverishly waiting for the point of my story. It was something about the Spanish Ambassador, and somebody behind a door, laughing,—but what at, and why, and who was the other person (the whole thing depended on him, for I felt, in my dream, that I could have done without the Spanish Ambassador), I couldn't for the life of me recollect. I struggled—I detained the audience, I implored them to hear me out—I tried the story over and over again, but never got beyond the Spanish Ambassador behind the door. As to what he did, or what he would have done, or what the story had been before it got into my dream, is still a puzzle to me. I have tried since to account for it by "lobster salad" and a curious sandwich. For two days that dream, or, rather, that story, bothered me. The one question with me was, "Why did the Spanish Ambassador get behind the door? and what was he laughing at?"

Suddenly it occurred to me that this might be an incipient form of — well, to put it more pleasantly, I held a consultation with myself, and decided that the symptoms indicated "Over-taxed mental power."

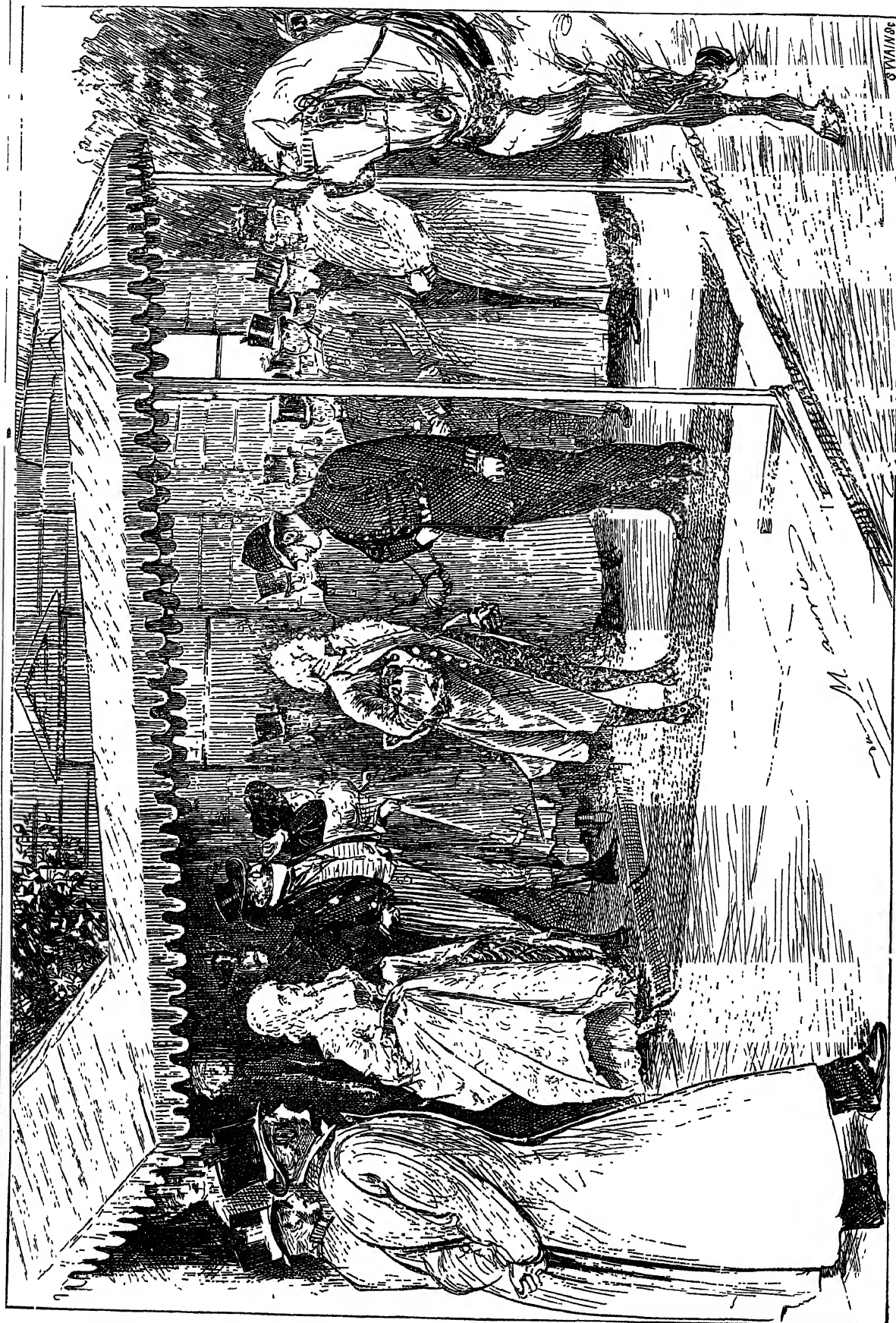
Happy Thought.—Consult Professional Friend. Prepare one sovereign and a shilling, wrapped up in paper inside an envelope, doubled up in my waistcoat pocket—easy to get at without fumbling and blushing; and then practise, alone, putting it into the palm of his (Professional Friend's) hand, or leaving it, as it were something I had forgotten in my hurry, on the corner of a table. Most difficult thing to give Professional Friend a fee gracefully. One idea is (only perhaps it is a trifle too much like a conjuring trick) to slip it under my own hat on the table; then, on leaving, lift up my hat, and—there it is. Only, to make things pleasant, one should begin this by saying to the Professional Gentleman, "You see there's nothing under this hat," and so forth. One great point is to wrap it up in as many little bits of paper as possible—also like the conjuring trick, where the ring is found in the smallest box after opening twenty at least.

The Interview.—Medical Attendant is puzzled. He asks me what's the matter. I tell him about the Spanish Ambassador. Medical Attendant meditates. I suggest that it indicates "Over-taxed brain." He nods. I am right. Over-taxed brain. And, as a remedy, I suggest, inquiringly, "I think I want a little change?" I am right again. My diagnosis of my own case was perfect, and only required this professional certificate—the guinea stamp, in fact. "Change of scene, air, people, ideas?" I go on to suggest, as though I were prescribing for him. In fact, before I leave I do prescribe for him. I tell him what medicine I think best in certain cases. I tell him that he appears to me to be overworked—that he wants change, that I advise him to go away and take a holiday,—and, jocosely, "give his patients a chance." I don't think he likes this last piece of humour. But, at this point the guinea comes in—softens down the jest, gilds the pill, so to speak,—and we shake hands; the best of friends. We quite understand one another.

On quitting, I feel as if I had taken my degree in medicine, and it seems to me (with the exception of the guinea) that I have just come away from seeing a patient, to whom I have been of the greatest possible benefit. But I feel I must take a holiday. Go away. Where? Perfect change? Constantinople? Too far—and too hot. France? Germany? Herzegovina? No.

Happy Thought.—Ireland or Switzerland. *Wanted*, not only change of scene, but change of manners and customs. The word "customs" suggests the *douane*, and search at the frontier. This is against Switzerland. But—four or five hours sea passage to Ireland.

Turn it over.



FANCY BALLS AGAIN.

(SCENE AND TIME.—An inaccessible North London Suburb, 3-20 A.M.)

Tomkyns (whose destination is Clapham). "ARE YOU quite SURE IT'S NOT COME, POLICEMAN? IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN HERE AT HALF-PAST ONE?" Policeman. "QUITE SURE, SIR! I'VE BEEN DOWN THE RANK FOUR TIMES!"
 Tomkyns. "WELL, YOU MUST GET US A Cab!" Policeman. "Cab, Sir! THERE AIN'T NO CABS HERE!" [Delight of Tomkyns, his wife, and his two Friends at the prospect of a long walk through London in their present attire.]



"BAD EXAMPLE."

Papa (à propos of a burning Family Grievance). "OH, MY DEAR GAL, DON'T TALK OF IT! HOW ON EARTH YOUR UNCLE COULD HAVE BEEN SUCH A D——!"
(Stops. The word was out before he noticed the Child.)

Master Tommy. "OH, DON'T MIND ME, PA! IT'S AN EXPRESSION I OFTEN MAKE USE OF MYSELF!"

PLUSH PROTESTS.

John Tommus (with languid surprise). I say, JEAMES, what do you think of this 'ere? (Reads from "Spectator.") "Flunkeys" are often, nay generally, distinguished-looking persons. With a slight difference in the cut and colour of their uniform, they would do admirably for Field-M Marshals and Dukes."

Jeames (calmly contemplating his calves). True, though rayther trite. That Spectator seems to have a hey for the distangay.

John Tommus. Yaas! More than most of them littery fellers.

Jeames (loftily). What can you expect! 'Tain't in their line at all (yawns).

John Tommus. This one seems to be a rayther superior sort. Bin one of hus 'imself p'raps.

Jeames (decisively). No! Wouldn't be so demmed offensive as to use the expression "Flunkeys" if he 'ad. Noblesse oblige, you know. Once a gentleman's gentleman, always a gentleman's gentleman.

John Tommus. ... who could look at your calves or my whiskers and call us "Flunkeys," would—haw—would begrudge 'Er Most Grashus her new title of Hempress.

Jeames. Jealousy is always invidjus!

*John Tommus. Well, one thing's pretty clear, you couldn't turn it t'other way about. Precious few Field-M Marshals or Dukes would do for "Flunkeys." They may pass muster in their own sphere, where build and beauty ain't a *sinner quā non*, but not among *hus*.*

Jeames. Haw! haw! haw! Should think not, indeed. 'Tain't the uniform as does it—it's the man inside. That's where we 'ave the pull of 'em.

John Tommus (yawning, thirstily). Well, suppose we now 'ave a pull at a pot of the Runnin' Footman's Entire.

Jeames. I'm agreeable. [Exeunt accordingly.]

Rinkita.

THE silvery moon is winking,
And so are the stars up there:
Of what is the old man thinking
As he sits in his old arm-chair?
He's thinking that he'd be Rinking,
If Rinking he'd only dare;
But, as he can not dare Rinking,
He sits in his old arm-chair.

MEDICAL OFFICERS ASKING FOR MORE.

By PHIL BUMBLE.

THOSE vicious Medical Poor Law Officers are not content with continually putting their employers to great expense by prescribing superfluities for pauper patients: they are now trying to saddle us with still more, by demanding relief for themselves. They beg for superannuation allowances on retirement after a long term of continuous service. The President of the Local Government Board, in reply to a deputation of Medical Men who waited on him the other day with that modest request, told them he "thought there were but few instances" of such long terms. Well said. Poor Law Doctors, as a rule, drop off early; for, as DR. WICKHAM BARNES unnecessarily remarked, they are "hardly worked and ill paid." Of course. They must be so in the present state of the Medical labour-market. Nor does anybody want to be told by DR. BARNES that—

"Their duties extended over many hours, and there was no certainty when they could call any time their own. They felt it was but right that they should look forward to a time when, if they survived their arduous labours, they might look to retire; but after serving thirty or forty years they had to resign, and then send in an application for an allowance. This was generally refused by the Guardians, and the Medical Officers now only asked that the refusal to grant an allowance of this character should come before the Government Board."

In short, the Guardians generally refuse what in fact is a request for out-door relief. Why, they think, can't superannuated Poor Law Medical Officers come into the House?

In answer to MR. SOLATER-BOTH'S question if any case where superannuation allowance after thirty or forty years' service had been refused was known, DR. BARNES cited the case of a DR. WESTALL of the Cookham Union, who had served upwards of forty years. A few other cases were adduced—among them that of a "Medical Officer of Kingston-upon-Hull, who lost his health after many years' service in combating an epidemic fever, and was left

without any compensation." Combats of this kind save the great majority of Poor Law Medical Officers from ever wanting any superannuation allowance; and the House can accommodate their bereaved survivors. Whatever Poor Law Guardians purchase for Poor Law purposes, they are bound by the principle of parochial economy to buy in the very cheapest possible market—particularly when buying in the Medical labour-market. They will grant superannuation allowances when the state of that market obliges them to, and not till then. They will then also, and not till then, grant their Medical Officers another request—that Union drugs shall be a charge on the rates. And then the expense of drugs will be greatly increased. Now, unless the Doctor finds it merely nominal, he is a fool. Any medicine will do for paupers that is cheap and nasty, if only nasty enough; otherwise, to be sure, they will complain. It is the Doctor's own fault if Union physic costs him anything to speak of.

Some Guardians may fear lest a Medical Men's Union, like that of the Amalgamated Engineers, may by-and-by be formed to dictate wages and other terms to Poor Law Unions. But the Medical Profession happily contains too many knobsticks for that. Competing practitioners eagerly accept medical officerships at the lowest hire in order to procure private practice. Ah, but that is the worst of it! As ratepayers and respectable people, for ourselves and our families, it may sometimes be disadvantageous, in case of dangerous illness, to have no more skilful an attendant at hand than a gentleman whose services have been bought at the lowest price in the Medical Labour Market. Parochial Economy exacts a personal sacrifice when it obliges us to let the Doctor who does for the paupers do for us.

USE FOR THEM AT LAST.

We trust the parties of Canadians and Iroquois Indians who are here just now, will play one double match of "Lacrosse" before they go, if only to prove that there is some use in double Lacrosse Sticks.



"SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD!"

Compassionate Curate. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LITTLE BILLY, MRS. DODDER?"

Suffolk Mother (who has been correcting her Son). "MATTER WUTH 'M? THERE'S ALLUS SUFF'N THE MATTER WUTH 'M! YOU CAN'T DEW WRONG A-HIDIN' OF 'M! IF HE BEAN'T IN MISCHIEF, HE'S JUST A-GOIN' IN, THELSE JUST A-COMIN' OUT!"

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEND.

(Song for the Stock Exchange.)

If you invest in foreign funds, brave boys, let cash be lent
With sole regard to int'rest—not per-sentiment, per cent.
The man who talks of moral wrong, upholding tyrant rule,
Aiding aggression, robbery, war, and bloodshed is a fool.

No matter if you should suspect, or even if you know
You're laying out your capital to help a foreign foe
With iron-clads and monster guns. Ne'er stick to lend him aid;
Care not but for the assurance that you'll get your interest paid.

But oh, make very sure of that, and keep a weather-eye
To the use for which your Despot wants the funds which you supply.
You can't be too particular, if all he gets he spends
As well upon unrighteous as unprofitable ends.

Oh lend not e'er a sixpence to be so much money lost
In wild attempts at plunder which will ne'er defray its cost,
Or on barren speculation spent, and sunk, and thrown away!
Gauge your borrower's means of payment; guess how long he's like
to pay.

On his palaces and pleasures if he simply wastes your cash,
When he no more can borrow, then he needs must go to smash.
Meanwhile he has but paid you back a fraction of your loan.
Like smoke the rest, both principal and interest, is flown.

Lend money with a keen and not a purblind eye to gain.
Think, will an o'ertaxed people bear oppression's further strain?
Blood from a post you can't extort by any power of screw;
And hence it comes that dividends are oft not paid when due.

In venturing an investment that will serve immoral ends,
Mind you've a borrower capable of cheating him who lends.
Whence, mourning love of lucre, too confiding City Gents
Wish they had been contented with their native Three-per-Cents.

MAGISTERIAL AUDACITY!

CHIEF JUSTICE GASCOIGNE and PRINCE HENRY have been left nowhere, like *Kisber's* opponents in the Grand Prix. A Duke's Steward has bowed to the decision of a bench of Magistrates! Here is the account, from a daily contemporary:—

"FINING A DUKE.—The DUKE OF PORTLAND was fined £5 and costs on Monday, at the Dronfield Petty Sessions, for allowing a locomotive engine to travel on the turnpike road without having provided a person to carry a red flag 'not less than sixty yards before the said engine,' as required by law. When MR. CRIPPLE, the Duke's steward, who appeared as his Grace's representative, heard the Magistrates' decision, he said, 'Gentlemen, I bow to your decision, but I am sure that the Duke will be very much dissatisfied.'"

Good Heavens! why did not MR. CRIPPLE say as much before? Of course the Magistrates would have had a more becoming sense of their situation than to have fined a Duke. Supposing the Duke were not only to be dissatisfied, but vexed, or even angry! But we forbear—such possibilities are too dreadful to contemplate.

PHYSIOLOGY IN FRANCE.

AN active interest in the Vivisection Bill now before Parliament is taken by the inhabitants, especially the shopkeepers, of Boulogne. They would, it is said, have petitioned the House of Commons for the enactment of that measure, but for the late decision according to which their petition could not be received. It is proposed, should the Government Vivisection Bill, in its present shape, become law, to establish at Boulogne a School of Physiology; which, being within convenient distance, will be easily accessible to British Medical Students, desirous of obtaining instruction such as can only be acquired under conditions of unfettered investigation; and whereat, also, British Professors will enjoy legal facilities for practising the experiments needful to enable them to prosecute Physiological Researches on terms of equality with Continental men of Science, and without being liable to be interfered with by a Policeman.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ERY much obliged to Mr. GORST (*Commons, Monday, June 19*) for looking after the case of the *Talisman*, whose Captain and Mate, after prolonged ill-treatment, have been banished—Heaven save the mark!—by the Peruvian Government. The Mate, like a sensible man, is thankful, to use a mild term, to get out of Peru on that, or any condition. The Captain, very oddly, declines the favour of banishment; and now, it seems, the Peruvian law, as it is called, will not allow any severance of the cases. Both must stay

and be tortured, or go and be banished. We are glad to learn that even LORD DERBY'S patience has been tired out at last—Patience takes longer tiring in my LORD DERBY'S snug room at the Foreign Office than in the fetid cell of a Peruvian prison—and that he has dispatched an *ultimatum* requesting what is called by courtesy the Peruvian Government to give immediate orders for the Mate's release.

Adjourned debate on LORD SANDON'S Education Bill. Question lies between direct and indirect compulsion. LORD SANDON takes our young asses to the water. MR. MUNDELLA and his friends would have him make them drink. MR. HARDY doubts the possibility of the feat, or JOHN BULL'S willingness to put up with the attempt. *Punch* agrees with him. So does the O'CONNOR DON, one of the Royal Commissioners. MR. KNOWLES, on the other hand, also a Royal Commissioner, maintains both the need and the practicability of direct compulsion. Even SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, however, declined to oppose Second Reading. So did MR. FORSTER, while supporting MR. MUNDELLA'S Amendment. LORD SANDON replied on the whole debate. His Bill steered clear of extremes, avoiding alike the secular Scylla and the clerical Charybdis; and in time, he believed, would bring about what everybody wanted—that not an English child should grow up without the rudiments of education. The House agreed with LORD SANDON by 309 to 163, against MR. MUNDELLA, and when SIR CHARLES DILKE insisted on dividing against the Second Reading, by 356 to 78. Let friends of Education remember that to them, too, applies the safe Italian proverb, "*Chi va piano, va sano.*"

Tuesday.—Vivisection in the Lords. Curious contradiction—Protection, by the Peers, of Cat (and Dog): cutting up of the Cat by PETER TAYLOR in the Commons. LORD CARNARVON showed his sound sense by the modifications he accepted in his Cruelty to Animals Bill; in particular, LORD CARDWELL'S extension of the object of the Bill to the advancement of physiological knowledge. A cat and dog fight over the cat and dog clause. On the one side it is to be extended to take in horses, asses, and mules; on the other, it is not to protect a licensed person from carrying out experiments even on these favoured quadrupeds, where necessary for the study of disease or the detection of crime. A new clause in this sense is to be brought up.

In the Commons, on the Commons, in the morning. MR. CROSS holding his ground, generally, against all Amendments calculated to tie the hands of the Commissioners. In the

evening, PETER TAYLOR'S fight with the Cat. Common sense reserves the offensive animal for extreme cases in the Navy. Eight out of 30,000 men were flogged last year, and only one of the eight on a Home Station. The Cat is evidently dying of decline. In the meantime, who slipped this into our letter-basket; eh, SIR W. F—

Why a TAYLOR would fain kill the Cat appears plain.

The ninth part of a man has some ground to complain,

That the Cat its nine lives and nine tails should retain.

Wednesday.—Difficulty in getting a quorum to listen to CAPTAIN NOLAN on an Irish Election grievance (which, next night, proved to be none, as usual), and to DR. CAMERON, on an attempt to do away with marriage by Church's banns in Scotland. We had always thought the Scotch Marriage Law already under ban of all thinking people, and so did not anticipate opposition to the Doctor's Bill; but, for a wonder, the Scotch Members had not squared their differences out of the House, so the Bill was defeated by 166 to 141,—the Lord Advocate maintaining that while the Scotch Marriage Law needed mending on so many more important points it was hardly worth while tinkering this little hole in it.

Thursday.—MR. DISRAELI, applauding the "safe forbearance,"—"he would even say, the patriotic reserve,"—with which the House has forbore from pressing Her Majesty's Government for answers to the Eastern Question, intimated, in answer to MR. BRUCE, that he would be very much obliged if the House would bridle its curiosity a little longer. All he could say just now was, that the Great Powers had agreed not to press the new Sultan. What well-bred person or Parliament then should press the Great Powers? Let all have time to look about them, and consider how they can turn the situation to the best advantage. The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition—albeit, the mildest-mannered man that ever paused for a reply—thinks the time has come when it would be "prudent, as well as politic, to make further communication to the House."

"Communication" is one thing, "Information" is another. For the one, LORD HARTINGTON is free to press; for the other, does he not wish he may get it, in the teeth of the Master of submissive legions? Besides, who knows if Ministers have any?

RYLANDS, shallowest of self-satisfied, and most self-satisfied of shallow men, moves that it is inexpedient to transfer the management of our Prisons from the Local Authorities to the SECRETARY OF STATE. MR. RYLANDS is a believer in formulae, and Local Self-Government, a famous formula, stands high in MR. RYLANDS' articles of belief. SIR MASSEY LOPEZ, on the other hand, went into elaborate calculations to prove a future saving, through the proposed change, of more than £100,000 a-year; while he showed that, since the Act of 1865, Local Authorities had very little control over the prisons, and ratepayers none at all. So there would be no such blow struck at Self-government as MR. RYLANDS seemed to think.

MR. EVANS (advanced Liberal) was heartily in favour of the Bill. SIR W. BARTELOT (staunch Conservative) as heartily opposed to it. MR. DODSON, not liking the Bill, recommended at least adjournment of the debate till after Quarter Sessions had brought the light of magisterial wisdom to bear upon it. SIR H. SELWYN IBBETSON backed up MR. CROSS'S calculation



DRIVING A BARGAIN.

Economical Drover. "A TEEK'T TAE FAA'KIRK."

Polite Clerk. "FIVE-AND-NINEPENCE, PLEASE."

Drover. "AH'LL GIE YE FIVE SHILLINGS!" *Clerk (astonished).* "EH!"

Drover. "WHEEL, AH'LL GIE YE FIVE-AN'-THIRPPENCE, AN' DEIL A BAWBEE MAIR! IS'T A BARGAIN?!"

of the probable saving in cost, and certain improvement in system that the change would bring about; and finally the debate was adjourned, on the motion of the LORD MAYOR, till the week after next.

En attendant, the weight of the discussion thus far, as far as *Punch* can estimate it, is heavily on the side of the Government proposal. If the Bill is carried, we should be inclined to rank it as about the best piece of work done this Session.

Friday (Lords).—Merchant Shipping Bill launched to a salvo of doubts, hopes, fears, good wishes. But look out, PLIMSOLL, or the Lords may yet undo the good done in the Commons. Bill read a Second Time.

(Commons).—Morning Sitting enlivened by the little game of Obstruction, played by the Irish Members, to keep the Irish Judicature Bill out of Committee. MR. O'CONNOR POWER—we need not wish more power to him—divided on adjournment, 6 to 210, and even after that said "No" to the Speaker, as bould as brass.

At the Evening Sitting CAPTAIN NOLAN delivered a carefully-prepared lecture on the organisation of the British Army. Pity it was not given at the United Service Institution. This was followed by a discussion of Mobilisation, in which HOLMS and HARDY, STANLEY and BALFOUR, LORD ELCHO and HAVELOCK—all the military talent of the House, egad!—took part. Quite a field-night!

MR. HARDY means to give the Mobilisation Scheme a fair trial, and promises to let the country know the truth about its working. He can't say fairer; and *Punch* has no doubt he will do as fairly as he says.

PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME.

MIDHAT PASHA, if he succeeds in his plans for reforming Turkey, to be called "BESTHATT PASHA."

THE WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE.—The Treadmill.

MAN'S PLACE AT MIDSUMMER.

'NEATH golden sun and sapphire sky
Here ambient flowers and verdure glow,
To-day, where all, some months gone by,
Was cloud above, and, under, snow.
'Tis but by landmarks' aid I ken
That I am now where I was then.

"Where then you were you now are not"—
To first thought second thought replied,—
"More than a Tar is in one spot,
On the same deck though he abide,
Throughout his transit o'er the brine,
From freezing Pole to burning Line.

"The shrouded Sun, from Pisces' fold,
Frowned on another point in space.
Now fiery Cancer's claws infold
Apollo's broadly beaming face;
Our Earth has reached another clime:
So we move on in Space and Time."

Pleasures of Hope.

SITTING till you get the cramp amid the rushes on the bank, in the hope of catching that big perch which is seen once in a twelvemonth somewhere in your neighbourhood.

Starting off with energy a sentence you have learnt as a beginning to your speech, in the hope that it may help you to think of something *à propos* to say in the middle, and finally to reach a conclusion.

Accepting a bill drawn by a Jew money-lender, in the hope he may forget it on the day of payment.

Hurrying out to dinner in the hope to be in time, and finding all the guests assembled and glaring hungrily upon you as you timidly approach them.

Diversion from Drink.

THE Sabbatarian section of the foes of personal freedom rave for an Act of Parliament to enforce "Sunday Closing" on the community. Instead of a compulsory measure for Sunday Closing they had better try to obtain a permissive one for Sunday Opening—the opening of Picture Galleries and Museums on Sunday. This Sunday Opening, by attracting people from the public-houses, would, leaving liberty intact, go far to answer all the desirable purpose of Sunday closing.

SEEING THE FLOWERS.

(Royal Botanical Garden, June 21st, 1876.)

ANGELINA. We shall be kept waiting here for hours.

Edwin. Well, then, we can walk to the gate. We had better get out. There are about a mile of carriages before ours.

Angelina. How about my train?

Edwin. Oh, it's quite fine. Everybody's doing the same. You can hold it up.

Angelina. We can never cross in front of the horses' heads!

Edwin. It's all right—the police arrangements are excellent.

Angelina. Here we are at last! What an enormous crowd!

Edwin. Yes. You know the last was put off on account of the weather; so to-day they've a double allowance of visitors.

Angelina. I see. Which band shall we go to?—the Blues or the 1st Life's?

Edwin. Impossible! Look! Every seat entails a pitched battle.

Angelina. Well, we can sit here—on the grass. The *toilettes* remind me of the Bois—three months ago! Well, now we have seen everything, we had better go home. The Princess went away hours ago.

Edwin. But how about the flowers?

Angelina. Oh, it's much too hot to look at them!

(*Exeunt.*)

Hymen v. Low Wages.

"At a recent meeting of Joiners out on strike in Glasgow, the Chairman advised young men in the trade who had entered into matrimonial engagements to postpone their execution for a time."

AFTER giving such advice, how dare the Chairman call himself a Joiner?



GOOD NEWS FOR THE HORSES.

IS IT THE DULNESS OF THE SEASON, OR CAN IT BE THAT WE ARE GETTING SENSIBLE, AT LAST, THAT WE SEE SO MUCH OF THIS SORT OF THING IN THE PARK? IF ONLY THEY WOULD DROP THE BEARING-REIN IN HARNESS, THE HORSES WOULD BE ALL RIGHT—BOTH HEADS AND TAILS.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST CRUELTY.

DON'T suppose our Crusade will but check Vivisection
So-called. We propose to march on by degrees,
To the length of extending the shield of protection
Over all living things, down to mites, gnats, and fleas;

To guard them not merely from Med'cine's professors,
Or physiological students alone:
'Gainst your unscientific and common transgressors,
O'er all victims as well shall our legis be thrown.

We're determined to screen the live eel from the skinner;
Living cod we'll from crimping secure by-and-by—
Though that process may make it the better for dinner;
And your lobster, before your cook boils it, shall die.

And your oyster shall be, in its native condition,
Consigned, at a gulp, to your epicure's maw,
Unscathed and unstung by the painful addition
Of pepper and vinegar—banished by law.

And the gates of a prison your butcher we'll shut on,
If without anæsthetics to yield them relief
He fit lamb for mint sauce, reduce live sheep to mutton,
Turn calf into veal, or cut ox up for beef.

Under chloroform save when the patient reposes,
No farrier's blade shall prune cattle or kine;
Either ether shall lull pigs when rung through their noses,
Or laughing-gas make it but fun for the swine.

But, as for your sportsmen, there's no mitigation
Of pain which as plea for their acts will avail;
A live bait could scarce, by humane legislation,
Have an anodyne ointment applied to its tail.

ROUSED AT LAST!

URGED by the Deputation from the Meeting held at Lambeth, the Authorities propose issuing the following Memoranda for the public guidance in the event of a recurrence of flooding by the Thames:—

1. When an extraordinary high tide is threatened all male persons should tuck up their trousers. In the case of females petticoats should not be worn long.

2. Carpets should be taken up: by the police, if necessary.

3. During the continuance of the flood, anything like *ennui* may be dissipated by making an analysis of the Thames water. Fishing from sitting-rooms will not be forbidden. No extra water-rate will be charged.

4. The moment the water is seen coming out of the chimneys it is time to leave the house.

5. Flat Irons, being liable to sink, should be conveyed to a place of safety.

6. Drags in constant readiness. Office, Charing Cross.

7. Any person wanting compensation will be permitted to want it.

8. In the event of anybody's Mother-in-law being drowned, the Authorities will require to be recompensed.

9. Children in arms should be taught to swim.

10. The best method of accustoming oneself to the effects of water could, no doubt, be ascertained from SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

BY ORDER.

A Moral Converse.

ANOTHER American gentleman besides MR. WINSLOW, a MR. BRENT, wanted by his country's Police for alleged forgery, has had to be discharged from custody by the Queen's Bench, on account of a legal disagreement on the part of our Government with that of the United States about the joint effect of the Extradition Treaty of 1842, and the Extradition Act of 1870. Replying to the application for his release, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL stated in Court that:—

"The two Governments had been engaged in a correspondence on the subject, and had not succeeded in coming to an agreement."

The old proverb runs—"When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own." It would seem that the converse holds, and "when honest men disagree, rogues come by other people's."

We won't let the squires, sensibility blunting
By cruel amusements with rod, dog, and gun,
Go wantonly fishing and shooting and hunting
And mangling and maiming poor creatures for fun.

Against Vivisection the victory winning,
By the facts we pervert, and the "crams" we allege,
The fissure we'll widen from that small beginning
By use of our friend, the thin end of the wedge.

Sayings for the Marines.

ONCE a Lieutenant, always (at least for fifteen years) a Lieutenant.

Patronage is the Mother of Merit.

Take care of the Subalterns, and the Field Officers will take care of themselves.

Promotion has no laws.

'Tis a long Military career (generally over twenty years' service) which has no majority at the end of it.

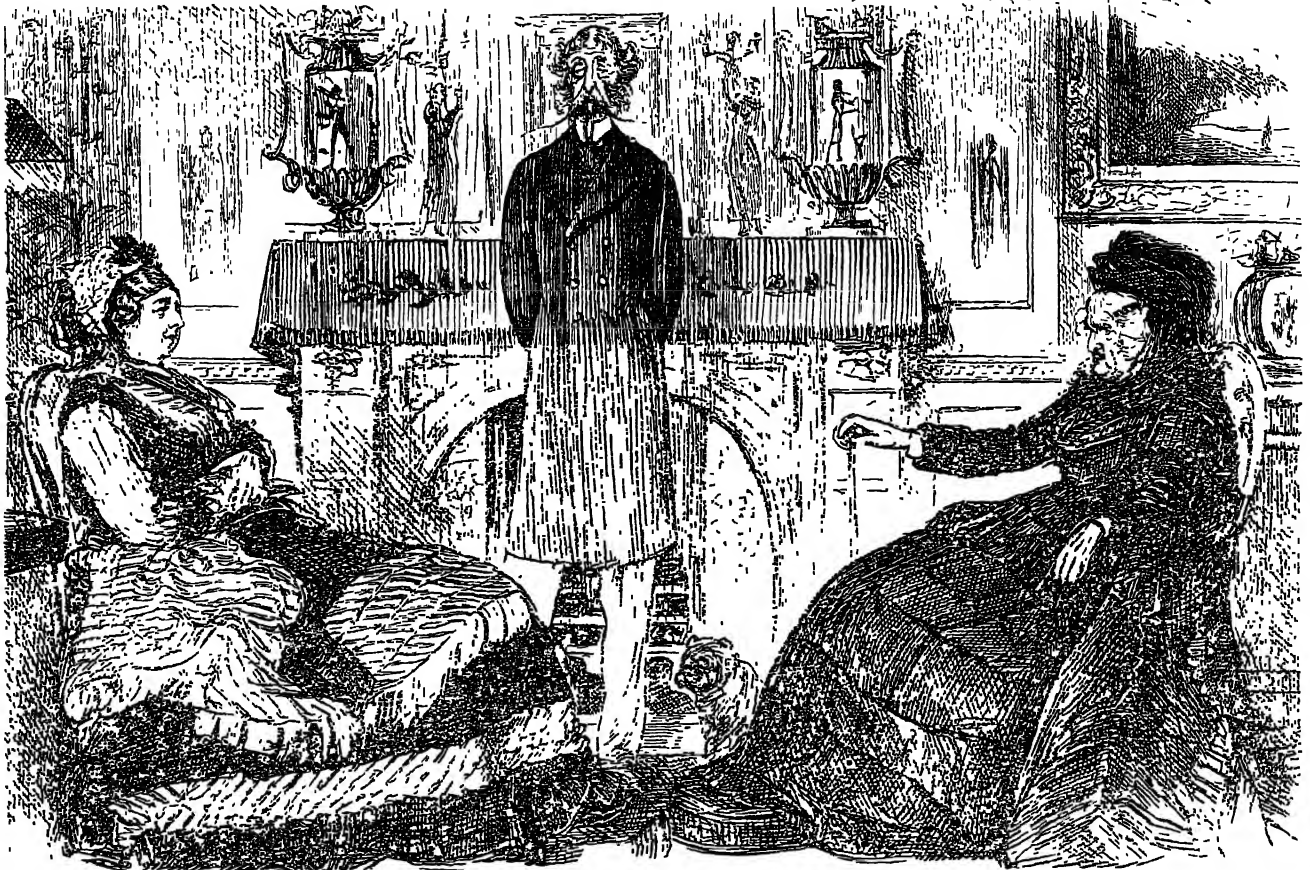
A step in time often saves nine (husband, wife, and seven children.)

A friend at Whitehall is worth two in Somerset House.

A Colourable Pretext.

"INDIGO.—This year the indigo imported was valued at £1,545,473; last year in the same period, £1,375,439."

If therefore we hear from Correspondents at Glasgow and Dundee that this year, in comparison with the year gone by, things are looking more generally blue, it is not such a bad sign—for the indigo-importers.



A FORLORN HOPE.

The Dowager. "NOW, YOU'VE GOT ALL THE GIRLS OFF YOUR HANDS SO SUCCESSFULLY, EXCEPT POOR MARIA, YOU OUGHT TO GIVE HER A CHANCE."

My Lord. "YES—A—GIVE A BALL—A—OR A GARDEN PARTY—A—"

My Lady. "OH, POOR MARIA'S NOT WORTH A BALL—NOR EVEN A GARDEN PARTY. WE MIGHT GIVE AN AFTERNOON TEA!"

THE FOUNDER OF THE COMMISSIONNAIRES.

"I do not know, CAPTAIN WALTER, how sufficient honour can be done to you. With little aid you have quietly and unobtrusively opened a new page for the soldier, and have given him a most honourable position in civil life."
LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

A HAPPY thought that touched a generous mind
With strong desire the old soldier's fate to alter:
Such the good work, sore needed, that we find
Adding a lustre to the name of WALTER.

Hence the Commissionnaires: a useful race.
We Metropolitans know all about them;
And, when we see some worn, true, fearless face,
Oft wonder how the deuce we did without them.

They have fought and bled: and war's a noble trade
When nobly waged beneath a hero's ken;
And, though we wish that war were never made,
Yet may we see by these that war makes men.

It made these veterans, to whose well-bred care
We trust to shield our ladies in their shopping,
Our letters, messages, nay cash, to bear,
Nor fear their fing'ring, dirtying, or dropping.

'Tis well that they whom battle's brunt and soil,
And discipline's hard test, prove worthy trust,
Should find retreats of honourable toil,
Nor in their evening lack a well-earned crust.

This their friend felt: *Punch*, for the public, thanks
One who before cold-shoulder did not falter;
And now promotes the Captain several ranks,—
Henceforth Commissionnaires' FIELD-MARSHAL WALTER.

REASONS FOR NOT SUBSCRIBING TO THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

SQUIRE REDCOAT'S.—Because now all the Hospitals are given over to the cruelties of Vivisection. Because no English gentleman, of course, could think of subscribing to funds devoted to brutality to animals. Because after the charges for this year's fishing, and the keep of half-a-dozen horses (kept for fox-hunting, &c.) have been paid, there will not be much margin left for charity.

Alderman Sir Benjamin Bumble's.—Because the Charities of London are the pride of the country. Because it is beneath the dignity of the Charities of the First City in the World to ask for voluntary subscriptions.

Mr. Malthus Grind's.—Because the Hospitals are intended for the poor, and Poverty ought not to be subsidised.

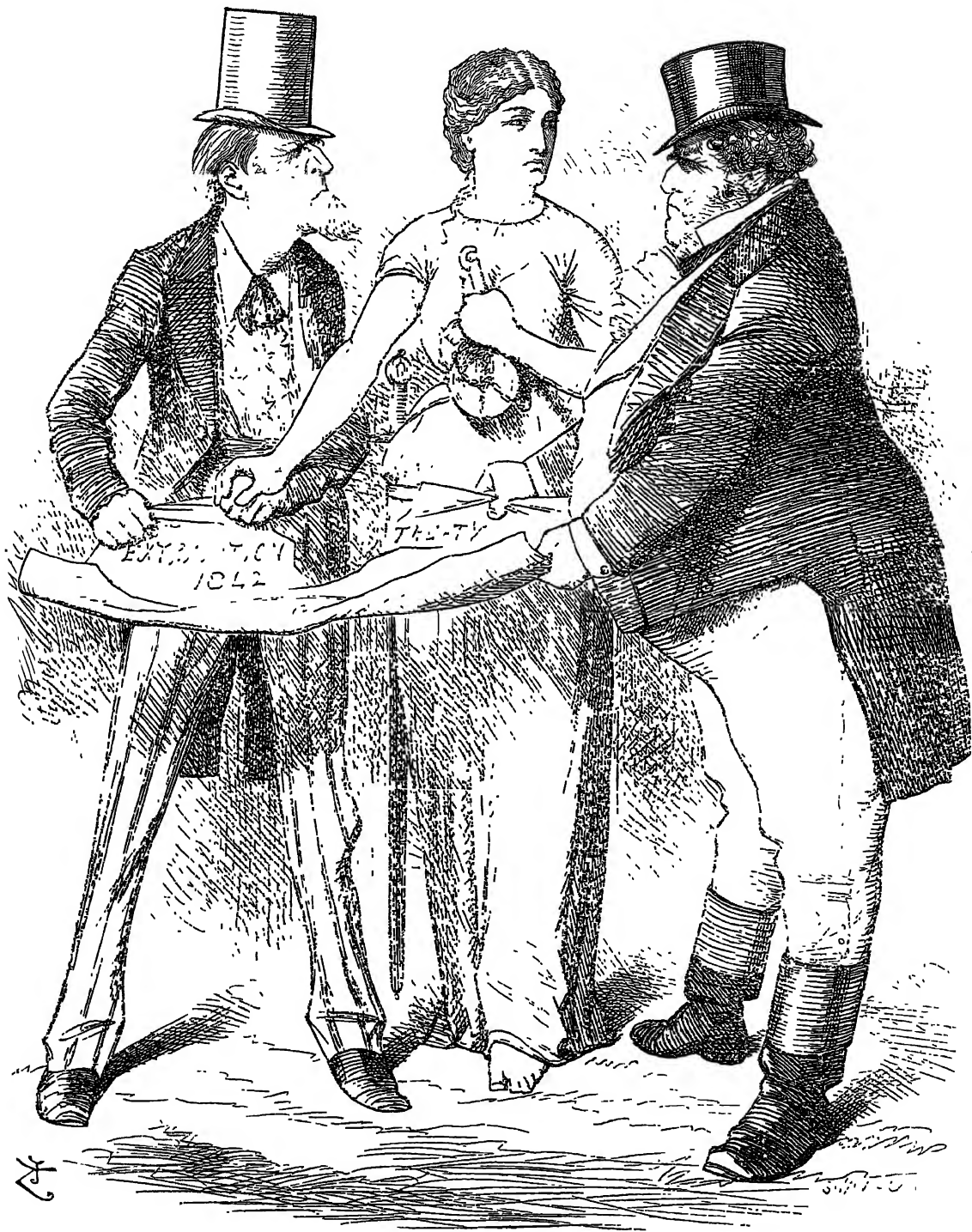
Mrs. Prim's.—Because some of the Hospitals may not be orthodox. Because she feels a holy call upon the little she can spare to supply the Savages of Central Africa with copies of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* translated into their native languages.

Miss Peacock's.—Because bonnets and dresses cost so very much. Because her allowance is so ridiculously insufficient, that she really has no small change. Because if people are ill, they ought to go to their own doctors, without bothering about Hospitals.

Mr. Bung's.—Because if a man takes his fair share of liquor, he should be able to keep his health without assistance from his friends. Because paupers have the Union Infirmary ready to hand. Because the Hospitals do not increase the revenue.

Mr. Pump's.—Because there is not a single Hospital in London conducted upon Temperance principles; and if people can't be cured without the use of alcohol, they had better not be cured at all.

Mr. Sand's.—Because trade is really so very bad this year, that the Boys' autumn trip (during the Long) must be confined to Europe. Because one of the Girls' horses went lame in the Row, and another had to be purchased in its place. Because he's a self-made man, and has no sympathy "with them as isn't."



“JUSTICE TO THE RESCUE!”

“STOP, GENTLEMEN! YOU’VE BOTH OF YOU TOO MANY ROGUES LOOSE, TO DO WITHOUT THAT!”

AT THE OPERA.



PRODUCTION of "Aida" at Covent Garden. House crammed and brilliant. Temperatures, ninety in the draughts. People having determined to arrive punctually, the carriages at 8.30 are in a line down to Leicester Square. House, at first, about a quarter full—no habitués, except the real Opera-amateurs in the gallery, liking to be considered as excited on any operatic subject whatever, and the non-habitués coming late in the hope of being taken for habitués, but lamentably failing in their attempts to look as if they knew where their stalls were, and soon reduced to ask the man at the door.

The Overture commences.

Elderly Gentleman (who has arrived early, and is seated in stalls fourth from the entrance, which he has taken "because," as he says, "he can get out so

easily;" he finds that it is also a place where everybody can come in easily, and consequently throughout the whole of the short Overture, people are continually passing in, treading on his toes with, or without, begging his pardon.) Dear me! what a remarkable thing it is people can't be in time. (Tries to listen to Overture. Soft music. Enter a party of four, including two stout Ladies, over his toes. Old Gentleman growls. Then presently looks along the row, and smiles.) Ah! it's all full now, thank goodness. (Begins again to try and pay some attention to the Overture.)

Lady (enough for two ordinary Ladies. One of the party recently passed in). My dear GEORGE (to her son, probably), I'm afraid we haven't got our right stalls.

GEORGE screws his head round and refers to numbers. Old Gentleman groans. Shall HE pass out so as to leave the way clear? No: for the four stalls between him and the door are now filled. Overture continues. Fuss at the stall entrance. Excited Gentleman with a party of three gesticulating. Stall-keeper referring to numbers. Stall-keeper telegraphs to parties in wrong stalls. They won't see. Stall-keeper begs pardon and plunges recklessly in, over old Gentleman's toes. More growls. Overture winding up. The stout party of four are fetched out trying to appear indifferent, but stepping viciously on all the toes they can, in their "march past." Entry of victorious party, over toes as before; restitution of rights to the lawful owners. Growls of pain and dissatisfaction from the old Gentleman, who wishes he had taken his stall right in the middle. Applause. End of short Overture.

Elderly Gentleman (to himself). There's the Overture over, and I haven't heard a note of it. (Considers that this is at least twenty-five per cent. of his money lost for ever. But there is a ray of comfort—the two stalls exactly in front are unoccupied, and he has a magnificent view of the stage. He feels better.) Ah! a very fine scene. Let me see, who are these people? Wonder what they're saying? (Refers to book.)

(N.B.—The mise-en-scène throughout is as splendid as anything yet seen at Covent Garden.)

Enthusiastic Young Gentleman (here for this night only). By Jove! Splendid! (This is later on, when the stage is full.)

Blasé Friend (drawing). Ye-er (he means "yes") not bad. But—ar—(slowly, and as if under a great mental strain), it's nothing to what t'wa' i' Cair'. (His Friend understands him to mean that "it is nothing here to what it was in Cairo"—where, you see, it was got up by our dear friend the Khedive "regardless of expense,"—so, like him, bless him! "That's the way the money goes, and pop goes" . . . everything that can be "popped.")

Near-sighted Lady (determined to follow every word in the book, and looking up through her glasses every other second so as not to let

'em out of her sight on the stage for an instant longer than is absolutely necessary—reads to her hot and uninterested Husband from English libretto). That's NICOLINI—he's saying—I mean he's singing:—

"Round thy fair brow a diadem folding,
Thine were a throne next the sun to stand."

Perspiring Husband (exhaustedly). Horribly hot idea. (A murmur "Here's PATTI!")

Elderly Gentleman in the fourth stall rubs his glasses, adjusts them, and heartily congratulates himself on there being no one in front of him.

Elderly Gentleman (to himself). Now then we shall see how PATTI looks.

[Enter lounging into the two vacant stalls in front of him two very tall, broad-shouldered Swells. They take some time in settling down, having a good deal to do with their coat-tails, gold-headed sticks, opera hats, programmes, tooth-picks, books, and looking round the house generally. Great applause announcing the entrance of PATTI.]

Elderly Gentleman (in despair, and vainly endeavouring to catch a sight of PATTI between the shoulders of the two tall and restless Swells). I can't see PATTI. What a nuisance it is that—(growls louder). I wonder why people can't—

Persons (about him wishing to catch every note). Hsh!—Hsh!

Elderly Gentleman begins to wish, more than ever, that he had taken his seat in the centre, as he sees in front of THAT seat only a little boy in jackets. He wishes, too, that tall people were not allowed in the stalls, or else that they should have a row to themselves.

Habitué (with glasses). Why the doose has PATTI made herself so hideous! She's more like a Red Indian than an Egyptian. Why couldn't she have got herself up like LUCCA, in *L'Africaine*? LUCCA looked well.

Just and Generous Person (his Friend). I suppose her difficulty was to avoid being like Sehka, in *L'Africaine*. (They think over it, while the Opera continues.)

Entrance of Royal Party. A Box full. Their Royal Highnesses with the children in Sailor costumes. The Prince in the character of the Royal Paterfamilias. Great excitement among the Ladies, specially in the Boxes above, on the same side, where they can't have any view at all of the Royal Box. H. R. H. nods to the music, and keeps time with his book. The children are much interested. Grand Spectacle. Enter "The King of Egypt," name unknown, but alluded to in the book as "one of the Pharaohs." Proposal made by the King to go to Vulcan's Temple. Evidently "one of the Pharaohs" has been reading "Lemprière." His attendants give him a golden stick with a splendid golden Goose at the top. Grand Quintette, PATTI, Mlle. GINDELE (the new Contralto), NICOLINI, CAPPONI, and M. FEITLINGER (the Pharaoh). Vociferous recall. They return to bow. Difficulties arise, owing to "one of the Pharaohs" not clearly seeing how to dispose of the confounded Golden Goose, while he holds PATTI's hand on one side, and GINDELE's on the other. Some one, "a Priest," or "a Messenger," relieves him of it rather angrily, having perhaps been sent on hurriedly by the Stage Manager for this purpose. Exeunt Quintette.

AIDA sings charmingly an appeal to the "Merciful Gods," and exit, applauded to the echo. Curtain descends.

Short-sighted Lady (who has been most carefully following the book). Why the curtain oughtn't to come down now! There's another scene. (Her Husband, still perspiring, is puzzled, but says he'll go and ask the Stall-keeper. He departs, and does not return for twenty minutes, with just the slightest suspicion about him of brandy and soda iced.)

Blasé Friend (to his companion who is disappointed at the apparent omission). They had 'nother scene at Cair'—Grand scene.

[Exit Blasé Friend.]

Exeunt several knowing people, who think it's the end of the Act.

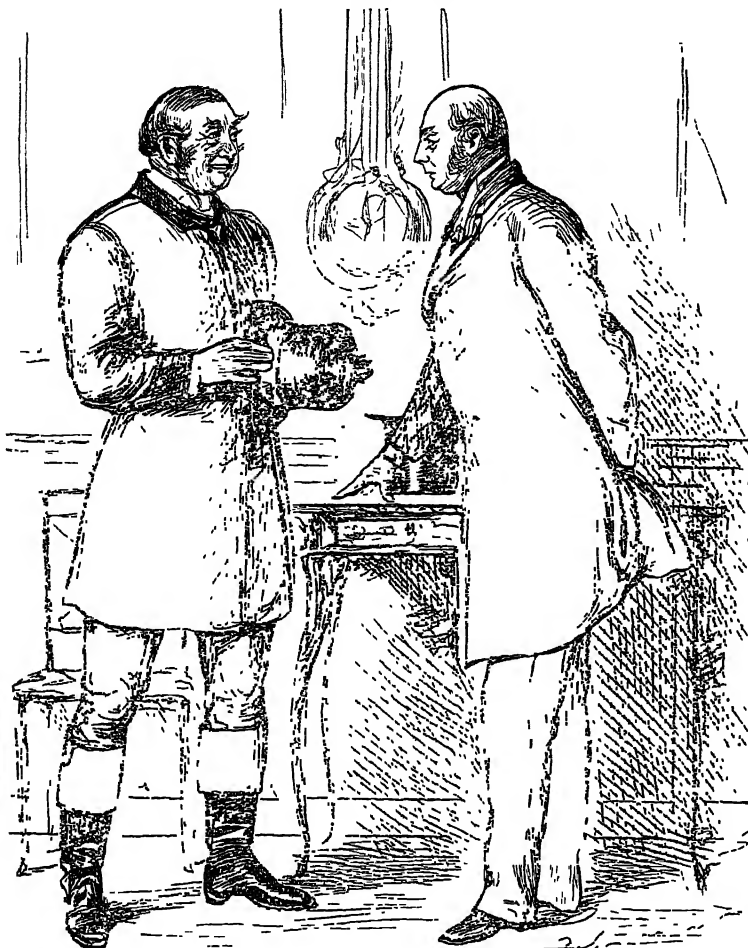
Elderly Gentleman sees the two giants depart, and once more has a clear view of the stage. He is well repaid. The curtain rises for last scene of Act I., representing "The Temple of Vulcan at Memphis," or the Egyptian Court at the Crystal Palace. A religious service is going on in which the Ballet has a considerable part.

Facetious Friend (to Interested Spectator). I suppose the Egyptian Priest of the Temple used to advertise for Ladies of the Ballet, Wanted for Vulcan's Temple; apply at the Vestry-door.

Facetious Person No. 2. Yes; the Vestry Virgins.

Grand spectacle. Noisy music. End of Act.

The Entr'acte is employed in the Refreshment Saloon. Timid people are trying to find out how to pronounce "Aida" and "Gindele." Bold people are calling it "Ida," and the new Contralto, "Gindeler." Facetious persons, being uncertain, are



BY SPECIAL LICENCE.

Paterfamilias (impressively, to his Coachman). "JARVIS! YOU WILL HAVE TO DRIVE US FIRST TO THE CHURCH, THEN BACK HERE TO THE WEDDING-BREAKFAST, AND THEN YOU WILL TAKE MY DAUGHTER AND HER NEWLY-MARRIED HUSBAND TO THE STATION AT LONDON BRIDGE; SO I PARTICULARLY WISH YOU TO KEEP THOROUGHLY SOBER ALL DAY!"

Jarvis. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE A DROP TOO MUCH THIS EVENING, SIR!"

speaking of her as "Gin-dealer," and "Mlle. Gin-gerbeer." People who know all about everything, are setting everybody right, and giving opinions generally. People who want to talk about it afterwards, and have no ideas of their own on the subject, are getting as near the known musical critics, or musical celebrities, as possible, and picking up opinions to be retailed with additions, subsequently, as their own original notions.

ACT II.—More spectacle. Grand scene. Apparently Hall in an Egyptian Theatrical Agent's house with a set of melancholy people waiting to be engaged by some enterprising Manager, and a band of Nigger boys (who "never perform out of 'a Hall in the Apartments of Amneris'") practising for the coming pantomime.

Enlightened Audience encores the nigger dance madly. Opposition. Row. Nigger dance repeated, while slaves condole with Mlle. Amneris on the bad taste of the British public, which prefers the "break-down" to the solo she has just started and has been compelled to give up.

Habitué (much distressed). It really is a pity that PATTI has made herself such a red-brick-dust fright.

Facetious Party No. 1. Yes! look here! (points to book.) See what Amneris is saying about her (reads).

"Amneris (fadedly looking towards Aïda. Aside). Yon deadly pallor—her bosom panting."

She's panting hard enough, but I'll be hanged if she could show any deadly pallor, unless some one would kindly empty a flour-bag over her. However, her singing is admirable.

Act continues. More magnificence, and at the end of the scene there is a great recall, when, instead of taking it all to herself, PATTI goes off, and returns, leading on Mlle. GINDELE, whose hand she warmly shakes. Tremendous enthusiasm, evoked by this graceful act, and on we go to Scene III.

More magnificence. Priests' and Vestry Virgins in full force. Then comes the already celebrated March (which is certain to be popular), played by an Egyptian Brass Band ("time of the Pharaohs"), with instruments of the nineteenth century. But Habitues are accustomed to this in "Semiramide," and in "Norma," so it astonishes no one! More Golden Geese, carried by talented "Supers," specially selected by the Management, on account of their experience in keeping the "right side uppermost," and in sight of the Audience, in whatever direction they happen to be marching. But, for an extra sixpence, where so much has been spent, the Birds might surely have been done on both sides. They only have one gizzard-wing, and no more; but that, as carried, is effective.

Triumph of the Bold Egyptian Army. Entrance of captives, apparently wives and other female relatives of the conquered Ethiopians, who, we suppose, must somehow have got into the battle by mistake, and so have been captured, while the Ethiopian heroes ran away—which is just what the ancestors of the Ethiopian Serenaders would have done—at least from what we know of them by Massa Bones, and "Massa Ginger, sare, who play de tambourine."

Enter SIGNOR GRAZIANI as Amonasro, King of Ethiopia, looking blacker than Othello or the above-mentioned Massa Bones.

Facetious Person No. 2 (struck by the fact of his colour). I say, he's supposed to be Aïda's father. He's as black as my hat, and she's as red as a brick wall. I say, this won't do, you know.

[Appeals to his Friend, who can't account for it himself, but suggests writing to DARWIN on the subject.

Magnificent finale. Brass everywhere, voices nowhere. Then comes Act III., which is, as an Habitue says, "a gem." Charming duett between PATTI and NICOLINI. Fine scene, musically and dramatically, between PATTI and GRAZIANI. Late finish, but people stop to the end, and the verdict generally is success.

From Opera to Theatre.—*Les Danicheff*, at the St. James's, is well worth seeing. Important advice to late diners—on no account miss the first Act. The most dramatic action of the play is in the first and third Acts. The dialogue in the second is very good, and admirably delivered. MADAME FARGUELL is of course consummate, but the part is by no means a strong one, after the first Act. The difficult part of *Ossip* is admirably played by M. MASSET, and HELENE PETIT in *Anna* is really pathetic. We hope to return to *Les Danicheff*.

At the Criterion, *The Great Divorce Case* is very amusing, and is capitally played all round. It has the advantage of a good company of eccentric comedians, numbering among them MR. RIGHTON (whose sleepy old man is excellent), MR. CLARKE, and MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM, whom the part fits like a glove. The Ladies are all pretty, and MISS COVENEY is an admirable Mother-in-law.—*Aviz Important*. The play does not begin until close on nine o'clock, so that the dinner-hour need not be materially disarranged, and a good laugh (which is certain) is a first-rate digestive.

HAVING YOU BOTH WAYS.

"LAUNCHED in the edipse, with curses rigged,"—

If e'er craft braved the sea,
Or puffed along the stream of Thames,
A Steam-launch it must be.

Their steam distils the bitterest drops

In the Thames rower's cup;

And yet what good to run them down,

When they can blow you up?

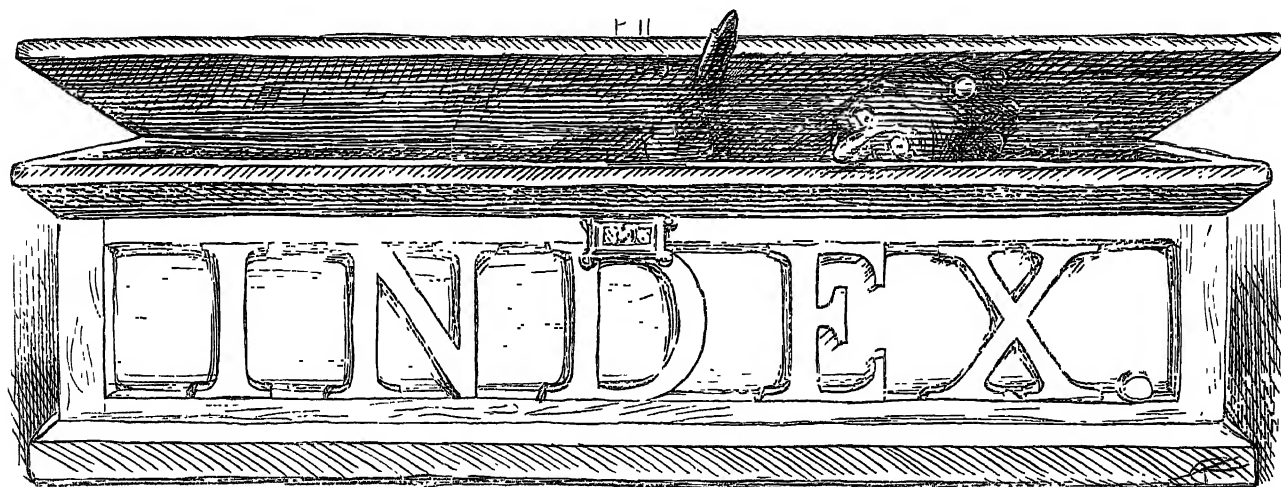
And why should they your curses heed,

Or slack speed for your frown?

What good is it to blow them up,

When they can run you down?

A PATTERN PROFESSOR.—When is MR. MASKELYNE, at the Egyptian Hall, like a Lecturer on Philosophy?—When he is "floating over the heads of his audience."



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